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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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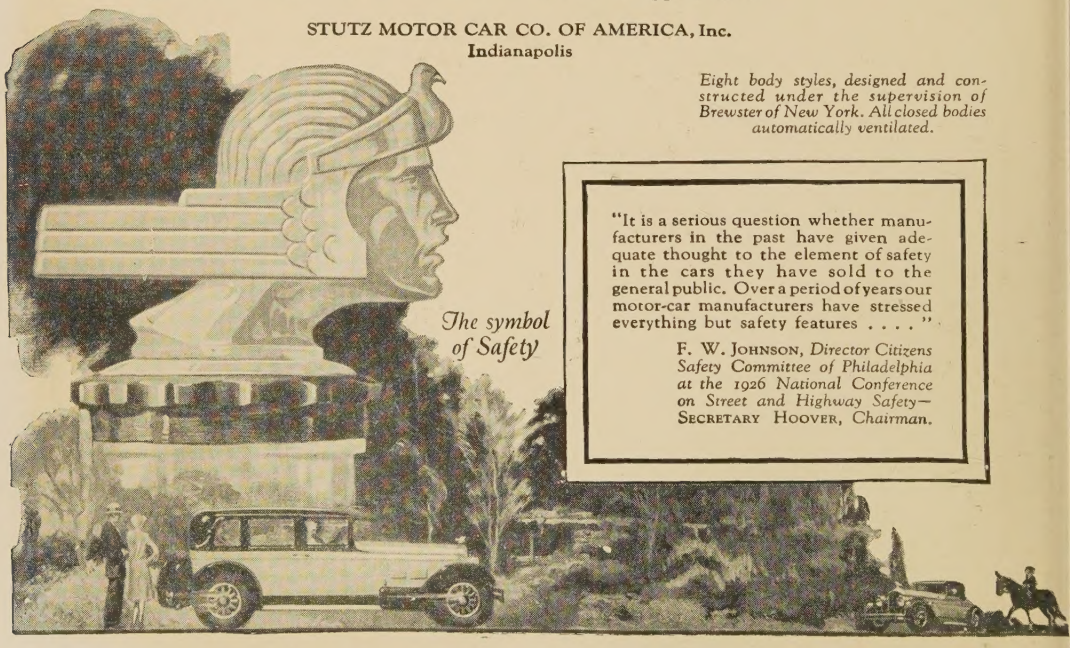

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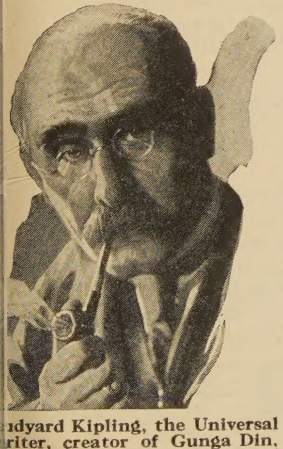

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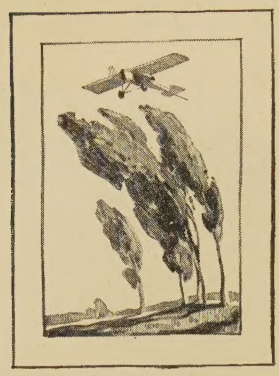

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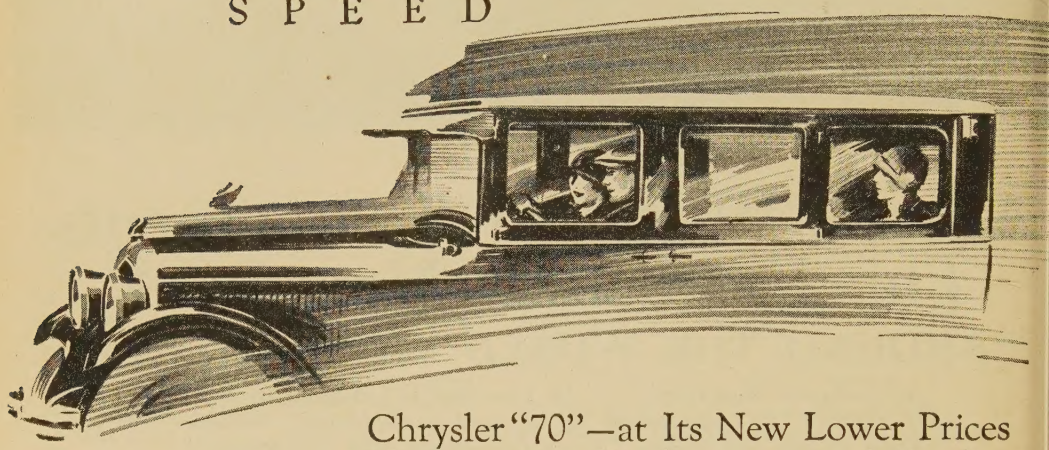

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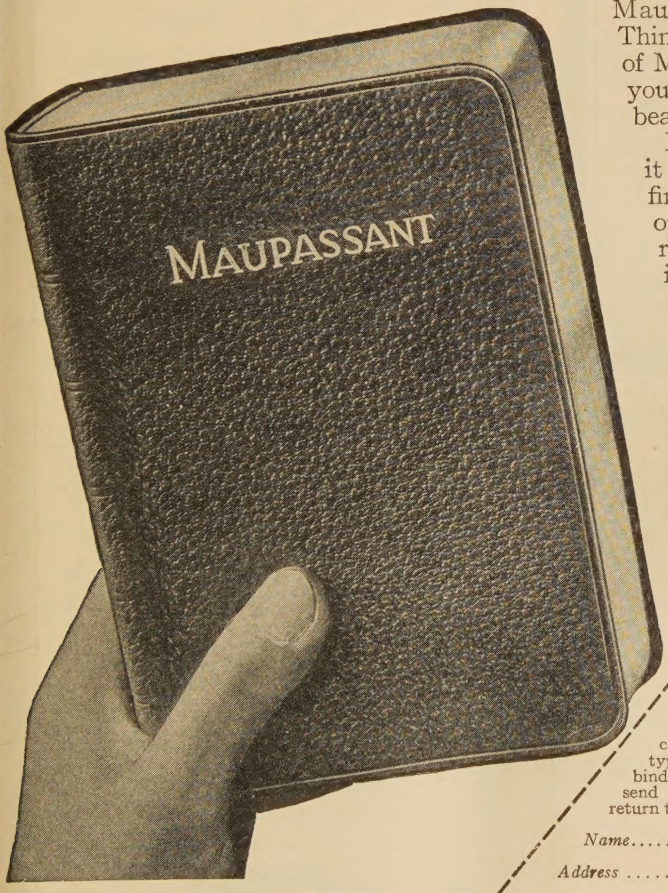

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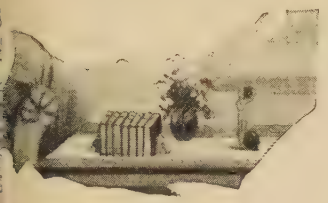

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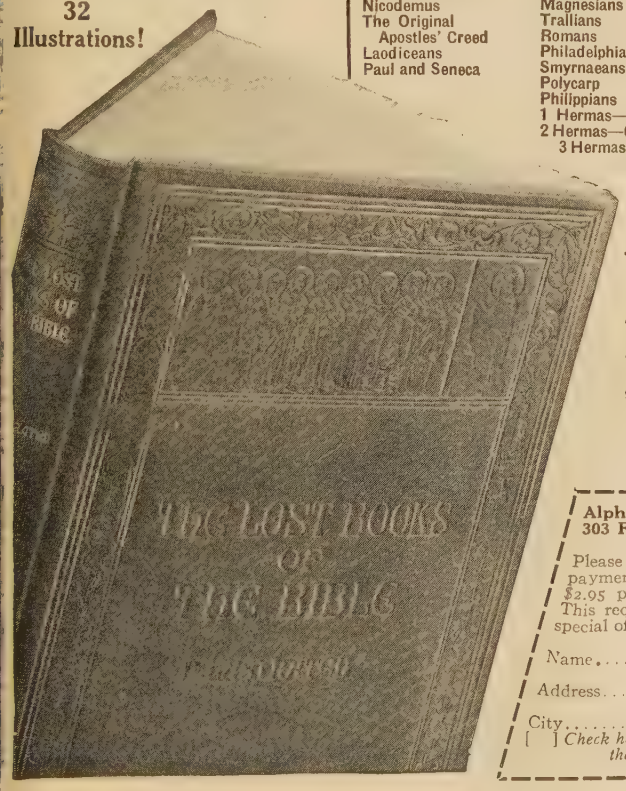

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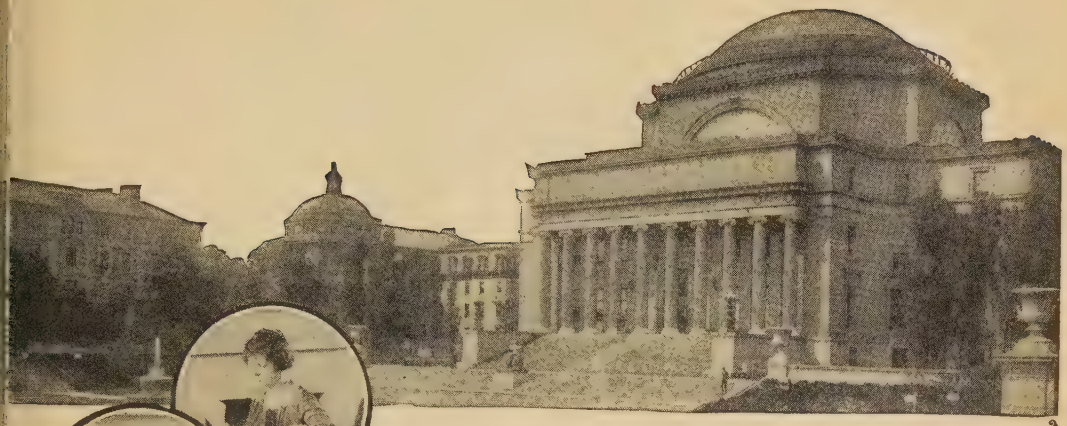

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VOLUME VIII NUMBER 32

The American MERCURY

August 1926

GROVER CLEVELAND

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Though Grover Cleveland already belongs to the misty days of more than forty years ago, he is, nevertheless, one of the first and perhaps the most notable character of modern American statesmanship. He emerged as a sort of Hercules out of the scatologic days of Grant, Hayes and Blaine, and with indomitable will and tremendous strength he socked the first wrecking pick into the rotting years which followed the Civil War, and were dominated by its chauvinism. He slew hydras and strangled serpents from the first. He was greatly fitted for this task and he found his work as most men do when they realize that they are the possessors of a particular gift or strength.

On his father's side he was of English blood, and on his mother's of Irish and French. According to a genealogical table examined by Dr. David Starr Jordan and accepted by him, Cleveland, Washington, Henry V, Roosevelt, Robert E. Lee, Jonathan Edwards, Grant, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Pierpont Morgan and Rockefeller all descended from a common ancestry, each showing one of the many direct lines leading down from Isabel de Vermandios, who died in 1131. Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister, and he grew up in an atmosphere of Sunday-school, Bible reading, Sabbath observance and Puritanical Calvinism. He was a pious boy and became a pious man and remained so to the end.

He was born March 18, 1837, while his father was holding a charge in Caldwell, New Jersey. The family was hard-pressed financially, and Cleveland, who had an aspiration for a college course, was destined to be defeated in the hope of a degree. After a common school education, he went for a while to Hamilton College, at Clinton, N. Y. But the family money gave out and he was obliged to quit college and go to work in a village store. This was when he was about fourteen years of age. He pursued this occupation for two years, and, having saved some money, he again began to prepare himself for college. But now his father died and once again his ambition had to be postponed; so he took a position in the New York Institute for the Blind. In after life, even when he was President, he was twitted for this service, and reminded that he had begun life by leading the blind and was continuing to do so.

In 1856, when he was nineteen, he was living with an uncle who had been a Whig but who had turned Republican and become chairman of the Republican county committee. The conversion of this uncle had no influence whatever upon Cleveland. At this age he chose the Democratic

party as the object of his political devotion, and gave as his reason for doing so that he thought it represented greater solidarity and conservatism than the other parties. It was in those days that Stephen A. Douglas, in Illinois and elsewhere, was denouncing the Republican party as a sectional organization, made up of the dreamers, the Know-Nothings, the discontented, the anti-Masonics, the Fourierists, the Abolitionists, the Maine temperance cranks, the old-line Whigs, the Federalists, the Loose-Constructionists, the anti-Constitutionalists, the Barnburners, the Loco Focos, the free-lovers, and those who were hungry for office. Cleveland's abiding contempt for radicals of all sorts thus early expressed itself in his choice of political allegiance.

It was in 1856 that Frémont ran for President upon a platform which declared that all men were endowed with the inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that the Constitution conferred upon Congress sovereign powers over the territories, and that in the exercise of those powers it was both the right and duty of Congress to prohibit polygamy and slavery in the territories. Cleveland didn't believe this, and he suspected those who professed it. The Democratic platform of that year declared that the Federal government was one of limited powers which should be strictly construed, and that the people of the territories had the right to form a constitution for themselves, with or without domestic slavery, and to be admitted into the Union upon terms of equality with the other States. Cleveland believed in the Democratic doctrine. At nineteen he was an adherent of established and conservative principles and he kept his purposes close to them to the end of his days. Like Douglas, he was spiritually hard against the vagaries that arose from sentiment and made war upon logic and facts.

While living with this uncle he began the study of law, which he pursued for four years with all possible diligence. From the beginning, he was a man of incredible vitality and of indefatigable application. His labors were always of the heaviest sort, and at the end of four years he was admitted to the bar. Not long after this the Civil War descended upon the country. With himself included, there were three brothers in his family of military age. But some one had to support the widowed mother. She accordingly made three slips and placed them in the family Bible. The other two drew the lots which sent them to the war, and Cleveland stayed home to practice law and support his mother. In 1863, when he was again confronted with the call to battle, he was assistant district attorney of Erie county, New York. On this occasion he hired a substitute. The impression is somehow inescapable that he did not sympathize with the war and did not want to have anything to do with it. Unquestionably, he could have joined the army either time if he had wanted to do so.

II

These were the days when he kept over his bed in his bachelor quarters the motto, "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be," around which were grouped allegorical figures of Life, Duty and Death. In his office and in his law business he began a habit of work which he followed to the end of his days. He did everything for himself, spending long hours at his desk in the examination of legal papers and books, working far into the night and often into the morning. He was a fat man, with a fat man's nervous organization, strength, application and industry, and so continued until he was worn out after his second term as President.

In 1865 he ran for district attorney on Erie county on the Democratic ticket and was defeated. This took him out of the district attorney's office entirely and he went back to private practice. In 1870 the Democratic party of Erie county appealed to him to become its candidate for sheriff. As elsewhere in America, that county was

flooded with the corruption which followed the Civil War, and which had its most conspicuous overflow in the Carpet Bag government of the Southern States. Cleveland from the first hated dishonesty, particularly in public life. He hated the reign of oppression, malversation and deliberate crookedness which dominated the country. He saw a chance as sheriff to bring about honesty and efficiency in office, and after deliberating carefully upon the subject he decided to take the nomination. His election followed. He did as sheriff of Erie county much the same thing that Caesar did to the Roman Senators. He took hold of the crooks and shook them until their ill-gotten gains spilled out of their pockets. He supervised the public expenditures, and made severe economical retrenchments; he even watched for himself, and not through a subordinate, the purchase and delivery of supplies; and he was accustomed, with his own hands, to measure the cordwood furnished the county to see whether or not the full amount which had been purchased had been received. At this beginning, public office was with him a public trust. During his term as sheriff a culprit had to be hanged. He did it with his own hands, saying that so disagreeable a duty should not be thrust upon a deputy. Surely, personal responsibility could have no greater expression. It was almost caricatured by this extreme emphasis.

He held the office of sheriff for two years and then went back to the practice of law. Meanwhile the country at large was sinking more and more into the mire of political filth. Grant's administration became a stench; and the Civil Service was debauched; nearly every one was a thief, and the country was redolent of bribery and corruption. A picture of these days was once given by Senator Hoar. General William W. Belknap had been Secretary of War under Grant since 1869. He was guilty of malfeasance in office, and to escape impeachment resigned. Senator Hoar had been one of the members of the impeachment committee, and on May 6, 1876, he addressed the Senate in the following damnatory language:

> My own public life has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of senatorial office. But in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption or maladministration. I have heard the taunt, from friendliest lips, that when the United States presented herself in the East to take part with the civilized world in generous competition in the arts of life, the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption. I have seen in the State in the Union foremost in power and wealth four judges of her courts impeached for corruption, and the political administration of her chief city become a disgrace and a by-word throughout the world. I have seen the chairman of the committee on military affairs in the House rise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privilege of selecting the youths to be educated at our great military school. When the greatest railroad of the world binding together the continent and uniting the two great seas which wash our shores was finished, I have seen our national triumph and exaltation turned into bitterness and shame by the unanimous reports of three committees of Congress—two of the House and one here—that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. I have heard in highest places the shameless doctrine avowed by men grown old in public office that the true way by which power should be gained in the Republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service, and the true end for which it should be used when gained is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge. I have heard that suspicion haunts the footsteps of the trusted companions of the President.

If an era had been specially created for the Cleveland genius, the decade between 1870 and 1880 could not have fitted him better. The times demanded a man able to attack corruption and perversion of public trust, and he was the man. The defect in him was that he saw the flower, but not the root, of corruption. As presently shown, he did not comprehend the evil possibilities of the tariff; and the rise of monopoly beginning in the seventies escaped his scrutiny in his zeal for Civil Service Reform and for honesty in office. He was really the political son of Tilden, whose watch-word was reform, but he knew as little of the greatness of the country and the movements of the world spirit as any

other New York lawyer. Cleveland's tragedy followed from the fact that a fast-changing scene called upon him to do more fundamental things than to reform the Civil Service, and to be something more useful than a merely honest executive. He couldn't meet the task. Catastrophe came to him for not doing more than he did do; and what he did wrecked his party organization. What he did not do fell by the way in the rapidity with which events moved, and has not been done to this day.

III

Nevertheless, he was a marked man in 1880. He was a refreshing type, standing amidst the gorged and reeling figures of corrupt interests and the hypocritical patriots waving the bloody shirt to get office and make money. The contemporary of Garfield, Conkling, Arthur and Blaine, Cleveland stands out today bold and clear-cut, remembered for the fights he made, the intentions he harbored, while the others are chiefly remembered because their era is ridiculed and abhorred.

Cleveland was elected the Democratic mayor of Buffalo, and he set about with strong, imperturbable industry to clean up the office and the city. He vetoed ordinances right and left and stepped upon political machines with an elephantine foot. He began now to disregard party claims and the demands of partisans. He considered himself a trustee for the people, bound to administer the office with strict regard to the people's rights and as economically as possible. The agitation for Civil Service Reform found fruitful lodgment in his nature and his convictions. And in spite of his contempt for henchmen, and his refusal to dole the patronage to political workers, so conspicuous did he become in the office of mayor as a resolute and unapproachable administrator, that in 1882 he was elected Governor of the State of New York, with David B. Hill as Lieutenant-Governor, who was destined to trouble Cleveland to the end of his political life. In his campaign he announced that if elected he intended to make the office a matter of business between the people of the State and himself, and that he had no idea of reëlection.

Grant's humanism, his inherent capacity for fellowship, sharpened by his humble experiences in the Middle West, in a word, his liking for people and his gratitude towards those who had advanced his political fortunes, led him to yield to appeals for patronage, to dispense favors and to tangle himself in the insatiable tentacles of political rapacity. Because of Grant's democratic nature, there has been a tendency to forgive him, while condemning the corruption with which his administration was overwhelmed and for which his complacency was in part responsible. The contrast between Grant and Cleveland is, indeed, definite at all points. Cleveland was not a humanist of the same warm quality or to the same degree that Grant was. His associations were not so wide, nor so free as Grant's; he had less than Grant a feeling for the masses as blood and flesh; he had no gratitude because he believed that those who worked and voted for him only did their duty, and deserved nothing for it. If they worked and voted for him from motives of self-interest, still less did they deserve reward. Hence Cleveland, by nature, could stand firmer than Grant against the appeals of office-seekers and privilege-seekers. Beside all this, a touch of cruelty and definite obduracy helped him to do it. It seemed to give him delight to reject the spoilsmen in the name of the people. He rejoiced when the spoilsmen wept and the people laughed. Trouble came to him for this course at the hands of Tammany and Hill and from the remotest parts of the country. He tripped, not from party vines growing round him, but because he had kept most of the vines away from him, both those that might have pulled him down and those that might have held him up.

His training in the law had made him a stickler for rule and precedent and con-

ventional rights. One wave of the rising agrarian movement which afterwards affronted him as Populism and read him out of the Democratic party as Bryanism struck him while he was Governor of New York. A bill was passed by the Assembly reducing the fare on the elevated railroads of New York City from ten cents to five cents. It was a very popular measure and one that was really demanded by the conditions existing in the city. Nevertheless, he vetoed it because, after examining it with care, as he did all documents pertaining to his office, he believed it to be unconstitutional. At the time that he vetoed it he said that he knew he would be the most unpopular man in New York for doing so, but that it was a duty and he could not escape it. As sheriff he had hanged a man with his own hands, and now he was willing to strangle his own political fortunes in obedience to his oath of office.

This episode furnishes material for analyzing the Cleveland nature. He had a genuine passion for the right, but he was a legalist and sometimes the right that he saw took root in a purely conventional rule. It was so with the money question and with the Pullman strike. If the managers of the elevated railroads were thieves, as Roosevelt at the time called them, and if the ten-cent fare was too high, what law was sacred enough to let thieves make away with their plunder? Could any law be sacred to a certain intent when legislators and publicists differed from Cleveland about its meaning? The truth is that Cleveland loved the martyrdom of being honest; at least he loved it before there was too much of it. He sought and relished punishment. And another thing: he did not at this period of his life, or at any other, take the tactful or the easy way. He was Hercules, to be sure, but without the ingenuity of Hercules. Never did he clean out stalls by diverting rivers through them. He tackled the spoils system and the excreta of its insatiable cattle, herded by Blaine, Colfax and Grant, with a pitchfork in his own fat hands, with which he pitched corruption into the back lot.

He was Governor of New York when his name began to be suggested as a candidate for the Presidency for the campaign of 1884. His intention was to serve his term as Governor and then retire to private life and the practice of law. In those times it was a far cry to the Presidency for any Democrat, with the Republican party so thoroughly entrenched in power by reason of its tariff and its banks and its horde of office-holders. When the Presidency was first suggested to Cleveland, he spoke of it much in the same terms as Lincoln had done. Lincoln said, "No one looking at my homely face ever expects me to occupy the Presidency of these United States." "I have always regarded," said Cleveland, "any suggestion of my candidacy for a place higher than the one now occupied as a serious mistake, on every ground except merely personal ones, and on such latter grounds as entirely inadmissible. I have but one ambition, and that is to make a good Governor—to do something for the people of the State."

IV

Nevertheless, the nomination for President came to him and he took it. His Calvinism and his fatalism now made him regard himself as a man of destiny. Songs were composed in his honor, in which he was described as the people's choice, the man of fate. On the other hand, his whole career from his youth up was combed by the Republicans. His failure to take part in the Civil War was used as the basis of bitter attacks upon his patriotism. His records as sheriff, mayor and Governor were given the most cynical interpretations. His veto of the elevated-railroad bill was charged to have been in the interests of the corporations, of which he was the secret and evil friend. In the reckless and disgraceful personalities of the campaign he was charged with being the father of a natural child, whose mother he had cruelly deserted. When his terrified friends went

to him for suggestions for a denial of this or for suggestions how to meet it, he simply said, "Tell the truth." What a tonic that was in the days when Senators and Congressmen went up the back alleys to bagnios on Saturday night and entered the front door of the church in tall silk hats and white cravats on Sunday morning, while using the Presbyterian entrance of the beer saloons many times a day every day in the week! Strangely enough, they missed entirely, or did not stress to any extent, a charge that might have been sustained, and which in those days might have proven disastrous to this man of destiny. He was really a gold man at this time, when both parties stood for bi-metalism. Opposed in the campaign by Blaine, who had been scented by the corruption of the times, Cleveland stepped on the bloody shirt and walked into the Presidency. His fame as an honest administrator, his ponderous commonplaces speaking for economy and reform won the people.

The checks and balances of the Constitution, however, were now manifest, but as checks, not as balances. Cleveland's Congress was like an army sent to a general, some of whom were against the war and many against the general beside. Selected from the various districts of the country, it represented the principle of local self-government and interest with a vengeance, as on the tariff, for example. The greatest document ever struck off at a given time by the wit and wisdom of man is great, indeed! If we had had the ministerial system of government when Cleveland was first elected, he could have done a great deal. As it was, because of the complexion of Congress, he found it difficult to do much of anything.

The platforms of 1884, and as far back as 1872, told a different and a more significant story than that of Civil Service Reform and economy in government. The troublesome questions were the tariff and the currency, and they had been so from the beginning of the government. Before 1880 the Supreme Court of the United States had held that the paper money issued by the government and popularly called greenbacks was legal tender; and the Greenback party for years had been waging a war upon the national banks for the monopolistic privilege which had been given them during Lincoln's first administration of issuing paper money. The Democratic platform of 1876 made no pronouncement on the subject of coinage, perhaps because Tilden was a gold man; and as to the tariff, it confined itself to the single demand that all custom house taxation should be for revenue only. Its real slogan was reform and its real indictment was the corruption and profligacy of the Republican party. Thus was Cleveland the political heir of Tilden and the fit product of the platform of 1876. But in 1880 the Democratic platform declared for honest money consisting of gold and silver and paper convertible into coin on demand, and it declared for a tariff for revenue only. In 1884 the platform upon which Cleveland ran and was elected President declared for honest money, the gold and silver coinage of the Constitution, and a circulating medium convertible into such money without loss. This matter of gold and silver coinage and money belongs to the realm of black magic, and though whole libraries of books have been written on it by the most eminent economists of the world, the solution of its difficulties has always fallen to the subtle pragmatists who deal in money and know from experience how to manipulate it. Its psychology is that of the stock market or the poker game; and economists and theorists can lay down rules and expound theories to their hearts' content. Bankers and bondsmen alone know its secrets well enough to control the game and win at it.

Now, though the platform of 1884 made the declaration referred to and though both political parties had never dared to do otherwise than stand for bi-metalism and to declare for it, too, when it was necessary, the strange revelation came to light

about 1892 that Cleveland was a pioneer adherent of the single gold standard. Elected, as he was in 1884, upon the platform referred to and which he accepted as a declaration of principle with which to gain the suffrages of the people, he, nevertheless, in a little more than a week before taking the oath of office, wrote a letter to members of the Forty-eighth Congress in which he said that it was of momentous importance to prevent the increasing displacement of gold by the increasing coinage of silver and to prevent the ultimate expulsion of gold by silver. He was induced to do this by Tilden and other gold men. With laborious care, for the purpose of this letter, he had examined the statutes and the reports of the Secretaries of the Treasury from 1878 to the date of his letter, and he embodied in it a synopsis of the history of the currency and what he deemed were the ill effects upon gold of laws and administrative practices.

V

Being inducted into office, he went to the White House a bachelor, and plunged into his duties with the colossal energy that had distinguished him as sheriff, mayor and Governor. Everything that he could do for himself he did, seeming to dislike assistance. He toiled late into the night and into the early hours of the morning. At first he had no stenographer. There was only one telephone in the White House, and a good deal of the time he answered the telephone calls himself. He threw his great executive bulk against the Senate and refused to submit documents from the Department of Justice which the Senate called for in one of its investigations. For this the Senate censured him, but he stood his ground, lonely and austere.

The office-seekers swarmed about him and took his peace. They poisoned every hour for him. His irritation over office-seekers was that of a fat man, nervous and half angry. To read of it today is to have a wonderful laugh. It did not occur to him to do what Wilson did later—to make the heads of departments bear the brunt of applications. It was his nature and his habit to perform the whole job himself. The psychology that kept him out of the Civil War now expressed itself when he appointed distinguished Confederate officers to places in the Cabinet and to other important posts. For this he was roundly denounced by the remnants of Grant and Blaine and the others who were still using the Civil War as political capital. He tried to do the gracious act of returning to the Southern States the Confederate flags captured in battle. The Republican press went into a fury of indignation over this. He found himself balked by a technicality and had to retreat, but later the flags were returned. He waded into the pension tangle and corruption, and vetoed pension grants right and left. This gave color to the charge that he was a copperhead and a rebel, and the Republicans made all possible scandal out of it.

He took a firm stand with reference to Samoa and stayed for a time the beginning of that imperialism which blossomed through the weakness of President McKinley. His courage and his audacity knew no bounds. His deep-seated piety, his devotion to the Bible and his legal training furnished the foundation upon which he stood; and from this foundation no power in heaven or hell was able to move him. He caught Sackville-West in the indiscretion of writing a letter giving directions to a supposed American citizen in reference to his vote, and, having caught him, he promptly bounced him back to London.

During this first term as President he forsook his bachelorhood and brought to the White House as his bride a beautiful woman whom he had known since she was twelve years of age. It was not long before the country was permeated with political mendacity touching his conduct as a husband. The Republican ranks resounded with chatter that he was a wife-beater, and that it was a common thing for people passing the White House to

hear the screams of Mrs. Cleveland as the President laid on the disciplinary whip. Stories of his debaucheries and his drunkenness spread over the land. He was supposed to sit at a desk drinking quart after quart of whisky while gleefully vetoing the pensions of loyal patriots who had lost legs, arms or eyes in the defense of their country. He never was a man to take exercise. He had two diversions—one was when his great bulk was planted in a swivel chair at his desk, and the other when he was in a boat fishing with his boon companions, on which occasions it was commonly reported that he was so drunk he did not know a black bass from a whale.

In spite of the fact that the masses can be deceived and led away on false trails, they seem, nevertheless, at the core to have the saving grace of common sense. The Republicans on the stump and through the press might lie ever so much about Cleveland; he could not be robbed of a certain persisting esteem. His industry, his sincere but awkward pronouncements and messages carried conviction; and all the while he was sustained by a great many of the strongest men of the country who had known him since he was Governor, and even before, and who caused fair reports touching his character and the administration of his office to be circulated through the land. He had sufficiently disregarded the fine balance of political expediency and popularity, however, to ensure several defeats. Still, as the year 1888 arrived, it was foregone that he must again make the race for President. At this time he said something with a touch of humor in it: "What is the use of being elected and reëlected, unless you stand for something?" One can imagine him sitting at his desk, and with solemn and almost pained expression, uttering this half-indignant interrogation. And some one might have replied: "What is the use of being elected unless you do something?"

Already reference has been made to the platforms of the parties on the matter of the tariff. In his first message to Congress he had suggested that the customs should be reduced in the interest of an economical administration, but in such a way as not to injure "interests which have been encouraged by such laws." Think of this! How could this be done? What Republican wanted much more?

The amazing revelation was made by Carl Schurz that Cleveland, at the time of his first election as President, did not know anything about the tariff question. When it is considered that Cleveland had allied himself with the Democratic party as early as 1856 and had been in politics ever since the time of the Civil War, it seems incredible that he should have entered the White House, and upon a platform which denounced the abuses of the existing tariff, and declared in favor of taxation maintained only for the needs of the government, economically administered, and yet should have known nothing about this pressing and historic issue. Carl Schurz, however, related that shortly after Cleveland's first election he had an interview with him, in which Cleveland asked Schurz what big questions he thought he should take up. Schurz answered that the tariff question was the thing to be considered. Then Schurz reported Cleveland as follows: "The man bent forward and buried his face in his hands on the table before him. After two or three minutes, he straightened up and with the same directness said, 'I am ashamed to say it, but the truth is I know nothing about the tariff.'" Accordingly, Schurz told him about it and gave him a list of books to read; and, with characteristic drudging industry, Cleveland set to work to master the subject.

In December, 1887, he decided to send a message to Congress on the tariff and in that way to bring the pressure of public opinion upon that body to act. After reviewing the oppression, extravagance and corruption to which the Republican tariff led, he disclaimed any purpose to dwell upon theories of protection and free trade.

"It is a condition which confronts us, not a theory," he said. When the message reached Congress, the country was plunged into a turmoil of applause and execration. He was equally praised and censured; but in his own party it was believed that he had thrown away the Presidency. His letters of this time disclaimed any desire for a second term. He wanted to end his public life, according to numerous declarations which he made. It is hard to say whether he fully understood himself as to this matter. One feels that he was to an extent dramatizing his emotions for honesty, and that the old capacity for punishment received for righteous acts figured in his psychology. For he must have known that this tariff message increased the animosities of the Republicans, already plentifully stocked with curses for pension vetoes, the return of Confederate flags, the appointment to office of Confederate generals, and, lastly, the secret whispers of the Republicans, McKinley being one, that Cleveland had dishonored silver, and was an enemy of the money of the Constitution.

Pursuant to his tariff message, the Mills bill came before Congress, providing for free lumber and wool and some reduction of tax on other articles. It passed the House in July, 1888, but was defeated by a Republican Senate. In June before this Cleveland had been nominated, and his fighting spirit had been aroused by the Mills bill then pending, and he saw no one could lead the party as he could do it. Out of a convention which approved his administration and the tariff bill, soon to be defeated, he plunged into the battle for a second term. The popular vote proved the estimation in which he was held. He lost the Electoral College, but he won the people.

So Cleveland went back to the practice of law, at this time in New York City; and the Republicans proceeded in due course to enact the McKinley tariff, one of the most disgraceful laws that this country has ever seen. In 1891 Cleveland made a Jackson Day speech in Philadelphia in which he set forth his conception of democracy in the following language: "Equal, and exact justice to all men; peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expenses; the honest payments of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith; the encouragement of agriculture and commerce as its handmaid, and freedom of religion, freedom of the press and freedom of the person." Thus, by the use of these words of Jefferson, he stated his democracy, and in terms the clearest that he ever expressed himself. Later in his life he was accustomed to speak orphically of "historic democracy." If this meant anything, it meant what he said in the Philadelphia speech.

VI

In March, 1892, he decided that he would be a candidate for the Presidency again; but by this time it was understood that he was a gold man, and he was talking of the free-silver heresy; so much so that the emerging Bryan out in Nebraska tried to get the State convention to adopt a resolution favoring the unlimited coinage of silver, and was defeated. Hill, Cockran and others did their best to prevent Cleveland's nomination in the convention of 1892, but were rudely stepped on and cast out. The platform declared for the "coinage of both gold and silver without discriminating against either metal," but the dollar had to be of equal value. The campaign, however, was waged on the tariff, not the money question. When it was on its way and the hearty support of Tammany was desired by the leaders, Cleveland, after much entreaty, was in-

duced to leave his Summer home and come to New York, there to show Sheehan and others that he was a better fellow than he had been supposed to be. The conference had not progressed far before the question of patronage was broached; whereupon Cleveland smote the table with a mighty fist, declaring in substance that he would enter the Presidency a free man or not at all. It was a great popular stroke, for in the superficial morality of reformers and mugwumps, Tammany was the symbol of everything corrupt and slick. There might be a difference of opinion about the tariff barons, about big stock-brokers, and franchise-grabbers, and about monopolies. But who could overlook the depravity of the saloonkeeper, the race-track man, and the gambler, and their great boss, Croker? It was the old story of Jesus and the Pharisees—something remaining unlearned these two thousand years.

Cleveland won the popular, as well as the Electoral College vote; and thus three times had he carried the people with him. He was also this time the first Democratic President since Pierce to be in control of the Senate and the House; but after all, the Democrats in Congress were divided on both the tariff and the money questions. The Treasury was in deplorable condition, owing to the currency laws, and so Cleveland set about to remedy them. To do this, he neglected the tariff.

Then came the bond issues to maintain the gold reserve, and the coöperation of Pierpont Morgan and other financiers to that end. Cleveland was accused of favoring the rich and being hand-in-glove with monopolists. When, finally, a tariff bill was passed, it was so bad that Cleveland refused to sign it and it became a law without his signature. His nerve for duty that sustained him as a hangman had abated. The country was in great distress and confusion. The Pullman strike took place in Chicago. Government by injunction was just beginning to get hold of American jurisprudence. Instead of considering that the strikers had rights as well as the railroads, Cleveland had no conception of the situation, except that the law should be enforced. Labor may get some rights by arbitration, but never by troops. It is capital that gets troops, having the law on its side, because business makes the law. It did not matter to him that Edwin Walker, a railroad lawyer in Chicago, had been invested with governmental power which he was using in the service of his clients and against labor. Nothing mattered with Cleveland except that the commerce of the country should not be interrupted, and that the law against violence should be enforced. He, accordingly, sent troops to Chicago, over the protest of Altgeld, the Governor of Illinois, and brought about a bitterness which helped to wreck his administration. Roosevelt's humanism or Wilson's tact would have averted the sending of troops. He could have settled the railroad strike as Roosevelt settled the coal strike in 1903, if his heart had burned with a gospel sympathy for labor and his intellect had not stiffened itself with the iron precepts of monarchial jurisprudence.

Cleveland paid no attention to the utterances of many jurists that the labor injunction was an unfair trick which forbade what the law did not forbid and denied a jury trial for what was only a species of lese-majesty. He followed the legalist Olney, who uttered the sophism that Illinois territory was not Illinois' exclusively, but was also that of the United States; and by that trick of language ignored the constitutional provisions that States are required to enforce Federal laws and that Federal troops cannot be sent into a State unless they are requested by the authorities of the State. In this term of office he made many very strange appointments—that of Edward D. White, of Louisiana, to the Supreme Court being, perhaps, the most conspicuous. White was a Democrat by name, but a tariff man by practice; and he was not in key with the democracy of the day. Another was the appointment of Walter Q. Gresham to be

Secretary of State. Gresham was an able lawyer, but there were plenty of Democrats as able as he. It was Cleveland's infatuation for disregarding party claims for the country's good that achieved this climax of contempt for party interests and Democratic notables.

Cleveland's attitude in the Venezuelan matter braced the backs of the American people; and his splendid handling of the Cuban situation and the imperialistic plot against Hawaii deserves the gratitude of all times. He held to the old Democratic faith which opposed conquests and expansions that could not be reduced to the American principle of assimilation as States of the Union.

VII

In consequence, however, of the bond issues, and the so-called gold conspiracy, Bryan came to the front in 1896, and Cleveland was read out of the Democratic party, in spite of the protests of men like Hill, who had for many years been Cleveland's political enemies. He was now an abettor to the launching of the Gold Democracy, headed by Palmer for President, who had played the Altgeld rôle when Grant sent troops to Chicago in 1871. There never was a greater political fraud than the Gold Democracy party. It was organized with the sole hope of beating Bryan and it largely accomplished that end. Its vote was insignificant enough; but what it did do of great harm to Bryan was to quiet the consciences of Democrats who voted for McKinley.

With the inauguration of McKinley, Cleveland, at sixty years of age, retired to penal isolation, setting up his household gods in the Presbyterian community of Princeton, N. J. He felt keenly the mortification of being rejected by the party which he had thrice led, and he tried to persuade himself that it was not the Democratic party that had discarded him. In point of fact, the Democratic platform of 1896 declared for all the things to which Jefferson and Jackson had devoted their public lives. It even declared for the historic democracy which Cleveland had delineated in his Philadelphia speech. It declared for the money of the Constitution which both political parties had frequently professed to advocate. It declared for a tariff for revenue only, which had almost preoccupied Cleveland's political thinking since 1885. The trouble was that it protested against government by injunction, denounced the interference of Federal troops in local affairs and genuinely menaced the monopolistic principles of the national banks. They were told to get out of the governing business. In other particulars it gave evidence that its candidate would more realistically and exactly enforce historic democracy, if elected to be President, than it had ever done before.

Cleveland must have had hard work to make himself believe that historic democracy had a setback in the convention of 1896. So far as he believed it, it was due to pique, to the fact that he was an Eastern man, without much comprehension of the country as a whole, and because his associates were men who did not realize that there was anything of moment in America beyond Buffalo, N. Y. If he had not seized upon the tariff as the issue of 1888, wherewith had he salted the Democratic faith of that year? It may be questioned if he actually threw away the Presidency that year. But there can be no doubt that he threw away his party in 1896, and particularly in 1900.

In the shaded ways of Princeton, in his apotheosis there at the hands of people eager to honor him, he had to endure the deplorable advent of another disgraceful protective tariff law; and he had to see the country under McKinley drift into imperialism through a recrudescence of that weakness and corruption of spirit which Cleveland had opposed at the beginning of his political life and which in his strength and in his clarity of mind he would never have permitted to come to pass. He found himself saying in one of his speeches, "Our country will never be

the same again." It was after the acquisition of the Philippines and the ruling of the Supreme Court upon the status of Porto Rico.

In the years 1900 and 1904, and as the campaign of 1908 approached, he was indulging the futile hope that some man like Gray of Delaware or Olney of Massachusetts or Harmon of Ohio would come into control of the Democratic party and make an end of Bryan, whom he never forgave. He wanted to rid the country "of Rooseveltism and its entire brood of dangers and humiliations." So much did he desire this that he strained himself to the belief that unpopular Alton Brooks Parker could carry the country and dispel the "dreadful dreams of Populism." The truth was that, in spite of all that men could do, in spite of their prayers and hopes to the contrary, a new era had arisen in America which Cleveland did not understand, and for which his training as sheriff and Governor, and even as President, did not fit him to cope. From 1897, when he got off the train at Princeton, after a fishing trip, a private citizen in great loneliness and humiliation of soul, until the day of his death, he felt the bitterness of his political exile. The attitude of his own party and the continued supremacy of Bryan effectually broke through the massive concrete of his former self-sufficiency and entered into his inner life, with their passions of depreciation and disvaluation. When he broke silence he betrayed the subjection of spirit with which wide-spread distrust and hatred had inoculated him. On one occasion he said mournfully enough, "My dog still loves me." All that the people of Princeton could do and his old friends could do to sustain his ego and lighten his spirits was without avail.

In addition to all this, his health became increasingly bad and, perhaps worst of all, he found himself as Roosevelt did later, with days on his hands without anything of real importance with which to occupy them. Magazine articles, speeches on occasions, and his work in the university did not suffice to make him forget the great days of his labors as President and his prestige as the first man in the country. All this was gone. There is something infinitely pathetic in the spectacle of Cleveland approaching seventy years of age, not well, and with the resounding praises of heretical Bryan constantly assailing his ears. People who saw him in these days describe his bent figure and his drawn, solemn face as he sat on the front porch of "Westland," in contemplation, perhaps, of his past, and in sorrow over the country which had gone a way that he so much deplored.

It is surmised that he did not vote at all in 1900, when the issue was imperialism, and perhaps for the very good reason that Bryan had brought about the treaty for the acquisition of the Philippines. Many of the gold Democrats, including Hill, and many of the staunch Clevelandites supported Bryan in this year of imperialistic menace. But not Cleveland. His mind was set; his heart was gall. And he had the satisfaction of seeing Bryan defeated on an issue, the democracy of which was beyond dispute. At this time many Cleveland admirers cooled to see him deny his support of a cause that meant everything to democratic America. But Cleveland remained inexorable to the end, like Cromwell.

As the campaign of 1908 was approaching, he declared that if Bryan should be again nominated he would vote for a Republican; and he was now advocating the nomination of nonentities like Harmon or Gray. Finally he thought that Governor Johnson of Minnesota was the man. On June 24, 1908, about ten days before Bryan was nominated for the third time, Cleveland died. His last words were, "I have tried so hard to do right." This sounds as if he had been struggling to persuade himself that he had not done wrong, as he had been so habitually charged with doing since 1896. Like Hercules, he was exiled, and like Hercules, he built his own funeral pyre, in the sense that he did much to wreck his party, after which he elevated

himself upon its ruins. Like Hercules, he was carried to Olympus amid the clouds of Bryanism and Rooseveltism, and the Cleveland tower in Princeton may be deemed to mark the spot of his ascension. He has grown into reverence as radicalism and its exponents have fallen by the way, manifesting their shallowness and their irresponsibility. Eugene V. Debs should be excepted from this designation. In standing for free speech, he showed a resolution equal to Cleveland's, and he is likely to be remembered as long.

VIII

The actual harvest of the Cleveland era is a different matter. The protective principle took no hurt from him. It defeated the Mills bill and triumphed in the McKinley bill; it made a mockery of the Wilson bill and rose victorious in the Dingley bill and the Payne-Aldrich bill, and finally in the Fordney-McCumber bill of 1922. By all accounts, corruption in government is still with us; and the latest political platforms spoke for Civil Service Reform. With or without Cleveland's help, banks of issue still flourish. In 1924 they had over seven hundred millions of their notes in circulation; and the Federal Reserve banks many millions more. Gold may be the standard of money, but in December, 1923, there were more than eight hundred million dollars of silver in circulation, and more than five billions of paper.

On the other hand, out of the stormy days of the seventies, the eighties and the nineties, the Populist ideas of an income tax and the election of Senators by a direct vote of the people received confirmation in constitutional amendments. And the Prohibitionists got the Eighteenth Amendment. For the rest, and on top of all of it, monopolies attained supremacy and keep it still. The fundamental secret is that business always has ruled, and probably always will rule. When it cannot use Clevelandesque courage and integrity, it breaks them. They may inspire rising Herculeses of later generations to try their strength against oppression and iniquities, and make some headway, and then leave the game to other hands. But as to radicalism, the words of Goethe tell the story. We may be democrats in youth, when we have nothing, he said; in maturity we want the laws that protect property and the fruits of toil. I myself have seen Socialists who were willing to assassinate a man for wearing a Tuxedo, become prosperous at the law or in literature, and then themselves wear silk hats and carry canes, and talk law and order. A full stomach cannot be aroused to revolution over the empty dinner-pail of someone else.

THE BALLAD OF THE GALLOWS-BIRD

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

I lay in wait till he reacht the rock
And then I dirked him dead,
And left a blood-drip on the road,
A scribble of rusty red.

For a hundred sleepless years the feud
Had leaped from sire to son,
The blood-lust burning hot in our hearts,
And now the war was won.

No more should I be forced to see
That carcass glower and gloat—
Nor see the snake in his eye, nor hear
The jackal in his throat.

So as I hurled him into death
My glad hate gave a yell;
For I knew his deeds had dug his name
In the iron Book of Hell.

II

And now on the old abandoned road
Where many a man had bled,
I was stamping out the new blood-marks,
The scribble of rusty red,
When a horde of men stormed down the glen,
And doom was in their tread.

With mongrel howls and tiger scowls,
They beat me to my knees:
They spikt on high a gallows-beam
Between two blasted trees.
There came a crash of curses, then
A rope . . . a wrenching twist . . .
And I was floating away, away,
Into a world of mist.

Ages I seemed to swirl and swirl,
Like driftwood on a sea;
And then I came to life again,
And all was well with me!

I had seen the lynchers crowd the road,
Had heard their yells condemn.
But now I had slipt from the strangling rope:
I had outwitted them!

'Twas joy to see the dark boughs shake
Against the evening red;
To see the birds go, one by one,
To their high nests overhead;
To sense the old familiar earth
And know I was not dead.

To drink the air was wonderful,
To smell the ground was good;
And it was comforting to hear
The nightjar in the wood.

III

'Twas joy to feel the firm old earth,
Save that I knew I must
Trample and hide from the eyes of men
That scribble of bloody rust.
But I could not stamp the red marks out,
The indictment in the dust.

And then in the deep of my brain I heard
A loud cry: "You are a gallows-bird,
And you must flee from men!"
Yes, I knew I would swing on the hempen string,
Be strung to the beam again,
Unless I fled into unknown lands
From the blood of the murder-glen.

Then suddenly I saw my dead
Stretched out across the road.

I knew I must rid the world of him;
So I lifted the body, gray and grim,
To carry away the load.

And I said I would go by the way of the sea,
By a lone road winding far;
Yet a road that would reach the friendly shore
Before the morning star.
For down in the sea you can hide your dead,
Where millions of dead men are. . . .

And then a thought of her at home
Flasht on my troubled brain:
I saw her face, her anxious face,
Pressed to the window-pane.
I saw the supper table spread,
My old chair ready and warm:
I heard the steaming kettle sing,
Glad of the rising storm.

Yet on I strode: I dared not turn,
Nor any pleasure win
Till I had reached the all-welcoming sea
And flung the body in.

IV

So into the night I carried my load
With slow unsteady tramp;
While over the hell-black clouds a moon
Was holding a ghostly lamp.

On, on I strode to the brink of voids,
Where suddenly I came
On a mighty gateway in a wall,
Which must have had old fame.
Carved on the cross-bar overhead,
There gloomed a word could not be read—
A half-obliterate name.
The gate's vast shadow on the night
Lookt like a gallows-frame.

Like some huge cromlech rose the shafts,
Prodigious in their girth—
Rose ruined by the winds and rains
Of ages old as earth;
And high on the pillars were cryptic words
In crumbling letters held—
Words chiseled there by unknown powers
Of mystery and eld.

The seven that had eluded Time,
I read from a rocky shelf:
"Be hard!" . . . . Then thundered the final five:
"Each man is for himself!"

When the clouds rolled back, I chilled as one
Whose body is bled white;
For out on the voids a Monster Man
Stood brooding bane and blight.
Lifting aloft his massive form,
Like some sky-filling thunder-storm,
He leaned over hollow and hight,
And shook contagion from his hands,
And from his charnel breath
Blew down upon a hundred lands
The slow black snow of death.

Were the voids upbreathing this Monster Shape
As the soul of all below?
How strange that under the awful form,
Under the cold black snow,
Thousands were dancing in reckless whirls
As if they did not know—
Their crackling laughters breaking the night
As they flickered to and fro!

V

I saw, yet I dared the roads ahead:
Strangely they did entice.
I swung down canyons that seemed to be
A ruined paradise;
Yet Something trying to hold me back
Plucked at my garment thrice.

But I heeded not the cryptic sign;
For I felt my spirit leap,
As I heard far voices calling me,
Like music heard in sleep—

Far voices calling, calling me
To join them in the deep.

And then there came a burst of jeers,
Of wranglings, curses, groans;
As if huge Powers in monstrous mills
Were grinding stones on stones.

Yet over it all my own made call;
So on I carried my pack—
On, on I trampt, although I saw,
In the grime of the trodden track,
Thousands of footprints going down,
But saw none coming back.

And searching the marks in the dust, I found
No footprint of a child;
Nor ever heard on that lonesome road
Young laughter light and wild.

Night deepened, and a strange wind stirred
The boughs with mournful gust;
And in some lonely wood I heard
An owl forebode the dust.

VI

Oh, weary it was to carry my dead,
Although my back was strong;
So to lighten the load on the winding road,
I chanted a tavern song
We had roared aloud in our college crowd,
When nights were never too long.

But the burden sagged and my footsteps dragged,
Till high on a lonely dune,
I flung the accursed body down
Beside a salt lagoon.
I flung it down on a haggard cliff,
Under a haggard moon.

A moment I drew my breath with might,
Then into the husht and spectral night,
I carried my dead away.
But out of the ground there came a sound,
A voice that seemed to say:
"On, on, for a man must carry his dead,
And carry till Judgment Day!"

VII

The gulfs were hungry and the roads
Were scorcht with ancient thirst;
And the starving trees reacht out their boughs,
Like leprous arms accurst.
At dawn some crumbling castle walls
Upon my vision burst.

And there I stoopt with parching lips
To drink from a sluggish moat;
And I saw my face in the watery glass,
Like a dead man's face afloat;
And I saw a streak below my chin,
A black bruise round my throat!

And then I knew, as never before,
My going must be fleet;
So tightening my arm around my dead,
I started to my feet.

Breathless, I fled toward the lower voids,
Scoopt out in grim ravines,
With bottomless tarns and pitchy pools
Spotted with sulphurous greens.

Strange crowds were scattered along the way,
Each drifting to his own,
Wild fancies flashing from their brains
With jeer and laugh and groan.

I saw nine beggars under a cliff:
Each on his separate stone,
Stood boasting of his kingly realm
And of his golden throne!

And under other cliffs were crowds
Babbling with loud ha-hahs.
From a shelving rock a reasoner cried:
"The God-fear has no cause:
The 'black coats' try to set you quaking,
But evil is only good in the making.
Sin? We have pulled her claws:

"Their Jah has no avenging rod:
Great Nature is the only God—
Her laws the only laws."

A listening host stood under his spell,
And gapt their long applause.

At last he cried: "Behold—'tis day!
Light has dispelled the fears.
You need no battling soul, I say:
We all are going the upward way—
Up to the Higher Spheres!"

Another reasoner from a rock
Shouted the name Voltaire,
And cried: "There is no other world,
There is no Over There."

His logic flasht with light: I knew
The truth of every thrust:
I knew that the dead are *dead*, that men
Rise never from the dust.

VIII

I shifted my load and kept the road
Till the noise of the babblers thinned,
Till I saw dead boughs of the devil-trees
Laugh white in the iron wind,
As if the gaunt and naked ribs
Of huge Behemoth grinned.

And roots, like serpents stabbed with pain,
Upsprang without a sound,
Writhed in the red air terribly,
And plunged into the ground.

And then I came to shattered shapes
On roads they did not know:
They could not see their way, nor name
The place they had to go.
For all were blind, and with blind hands
They searcht the empty air,
As if to find a friendly door,
A door that was not there.

Never had men on earth before
Such tortured starving lips:
Had they battled, bare-breasted, with demon seas,
On doomed and desperate ships?

I could almost hear a silent cry
In their scared mouths gaping wide.
And I shouted: "What Thing has sent you here?"

And the oldest shape replied:
"Seeking, seeking, we came this way:
We know not why we came:
We know not why we took this road,
Nor where to put the blame.

"Ever we sought our happiness,
A frail, sea-going band.
We ventured every wind that blew
Toward rock or reef or sand;
Till we all went down on a floating wreck,
A wreck we took for land!"

IX

Far down in a craggy gorge below,
Where the broad highway gropes,
A shaggy man was rolling huge stones
Up the steep mountain slopes,
To build him a tomb, a tomb that now
Was the goal of all his hopes.

Time-eaten was his parchment face,
Blood-rusted was his beard;
And battling with his boulder, he
Clutcht at the ground with foot and knee,
And slowly the stone upreared.
And man and boulder seemed one beast
In a silent battle that never ceast—
A battle fierce and weird.

I lookt, I quaked: he was a man
That I had known of old,
The man I dirked that night in Nome,
Over the cards and gold.
I long had thought him in his shroud
Under the graveyard mold.

He saw me. Starting up, all hate,
He let the boulder plunge—
Go whirling to the nether deeps
In ever glad and greatening leaps.
Then with a lion lunge
And bursts of hot carnivorous breath,
He sprang at me with curdling yell. . . .
I suddenly heard my burial knell,
I felt the strangle of death!

In a crash of dread I turned and fled
From Death's descending will;

For who can fight a man once dead,
Whom daggers cannot kill?

And then by the barren river shore,
The dead man on my back
Upstarted alive, his hate aflame;
And gliding to the ground, he came
With curses on my track!

My murdered men now came abreast,
Their cries a panther blast;
And I was fleeing down the voids,
Death-dreading and aghast.
I heard their breaths behind me strive,
Their dead feet coming fast.

I sped by a chain of river pools:
Before me rusht the moon;
And I caught the gleam of her baleful eye
In many a dark lagoon.
And high on the ridges I saw the stooped
And tortured tamaracks,
Fleeing like witches down the gale
With burdens on *their* backs.

A twisted, blasted, ominous oak,
Curst by some ancient ban,
Reacht out its naked and knotted arms
To seize me as I ran.

Wild terrors winged my canyon flight;
My foes were left behind,
Fading away until they seemed
Mere phantoms of the mind.

X

That night I walked a roaring town,
Where all were pleasuring, king and clown.
Spewed out of every den,
The scarlet girls, in whispering skirts,
Were picking up the men,
With laugh of twisted mirthless mouth
And leer of loveless eyes.
One offered to me her painted lips,
The kiss that money buys;
And made the secret Cyprian sign,
The signal lewd and bold,
Which even in Sodom was old.

One skinny hag, a wreck of wrecks,
A harlot withered out of sex,
Was squat upon the ground,
Her fingers twitching at her skirts
In never-ceasing round.
Now staggering to her worn-out feet,
She blinkt a watery eye
And pointed with a shaking hand
And piped a quavering cry:

"Once I was young and happy as they:
My head was high, my gowns were gay.
Gallants came riding in golden coats,
With jewels at their ruffled throats.
(Ha, still they're fastened to my chain:
I keep them riding in my brain!)
Whew, but these fools, these nibbling mice,
Take anything that has the price!
Ho, ho, but I came high—
Not every passer-by!
Once I had silk-embroidered beds . . .
Now with the dogs I lie,
And all men turn away their heads.
Not even a hooted slave
Will take me now, for whom a king
One time a kingdom gave!"

XI

At this, she ogled with horrid eyes,
And I fled from the bag of bones.
At times I passed enormous cirques,
Heapt with gigantic stones,
Where beast-men labored in the night
With mutterings and huge groans,
Building (for whom?) vast citadels
And palaces and thrones.
A grim host heaved at mighty boulders,
Or carried them high on bleeding shoulders.
Some with terrific might
Battered the cliffs; while an awful storm
Of curses tore the night.

And then I came to a Babel tower,
Half-builded in the sky;
And some one from its misty top
Sent down a warning cry.

I lookt, and high on the soaring peak
A shape I seemed to see
Lean out from the fading tower, and wave
A phantom hand to me.

Then from the cast-off boulders heaped
About the monstrous base,
A chained shape lifted in agony
A charred distorted face.

Heaving his body slowly up,
He shook his shattered hands,
And strove with stammering lips to speak
Some language of dead lands.

Fear quickened my feet; but as I swung
Into the gulfs ahead,
I still could hear those ruined lips
Cry to me as I fled.

XII

At dawn I passed a tottering shape,
Bent with a load of earth,
A shape the lust of a dragon-man
Might gender into birth.

"Caliban, where do you go?" I cried,
And the bent shape answered me:
"I go to pay an incredible debt:
I am doomed to fill the sea.

"The last load must be carried down,
The debt must all be paid:
All mountains, all must melt before
The pecking of one spade.

"Tell me if when the ages end
The task will all be done?
Can I survive the trampling years—
Can I outlast the sun?"

I answered not, but fled aghast
From the horror of the hill—
Fled deeper, deeper into the voids
Curst by an Evil Will,
By a Power that seemed to be grinding men
In some prodigious mill.

XIII

Now I heard wild uproar in the rocks.
I lookt: a host of shapes
Came up from a pit, like blackamoors
With visages of apes.
And soon each one of the mongrel crowd
Was shouting from his stall:
"I am the lord of the Higher Spheres:
I have the key to all!"

And now I strode to a turn in the road,
Where I peered into mammoth caves,
Dusty as ancient graves,
Where monster man-bats clung to the walls
With skinny hands that seemed
Long vulture-talons; while their heads
Hung downward as they dreamed.

But one awoke and lookt at me
With staring owl-like eyes,
And screecht, "I am all wise!"
Whereat the caverns from end to end,
Chimed hoarsely, "Wise, all wise"—
A chorus that slowly died away
Till slumber husht their cries.

Then I past great heaps of human bones;
But as I swung along,
I heard come out from under the bones
Snatches of obscene song,
Mixt with wild curses at some God
Who seemed to have done them wrong.

XIV

I had reacht the floor of the last abyss,
Where some one, in his flight,
Had raised a giant wayside cross,
Which once had stood upright.
It is now a Winter-ruined wreck,
Where wild birds roost at night;
Lightnings have shattered it with fire,
Storms blackened it with blight.

Here, too, at the end of the canyon roads,
A cliff soars huge and high,
A cliff that has for ages dared
The terrors of the sky.

And on its mighty front defaced
By the slow tooth of Time,
I read this ancient warning traced
(By whom?) in earth's mysterious prime:
"O traveler, at last you tread
The second death. O comrade, know
You must not any farther go:
Dare not the awful dust ahead,
Where sleep the inframundane dead!"

Yet I dared the fate that lay in wait,
Defied the ancient ban:
Now I was free of the Thing Accurst:
I was the superman!
So I shouted to the void ahead:
"You have waited ages for this:
Do you not feel me drawing near—
Feel me, O last abyss?"

I knew I was lord of that land abhorred
Where nightmares breed their spells,
Where buzzards swing in the brazen sky,
Over deserts and dead wells.

A viper with ever-moving heads,
Red scorpions spitting scorns,
Tarantulas with shaggy thighs,
Reptiles with waving horns,
Were crawling among the carrion flowers
And cacti thick with thorns.

And here were shapes—half man, half beast—
Who glared from dune and den,
Or lunged as swine upon all fours,
Or bellied in the fen.
A beast is hid in the human, they say:
Had the hidden pusht outward then—
Had the beast pusht out in these fearsome shapes,
In these grunting hogs, in these grinning apes—
Monsters that once were men?

From their giant jaws shot yellow tusks,
Like roots that cleave a cliff;
And grisly manes from their shoulders sprang,
Bristling and iron stiff.

And some were crunching at naked bones
Cramming their hungry maws;
And as they ate I heard the grind
Of crocodilian jaws.

One shape sat humpt by a heap of gold,
At a cavern mouth alone.
He was watching, watching his golden hoard,
A beast-man turned to stone—
All dead but the eyes, his lips beyond
The comfort of a groan.

XV

Now far behind me soared the cliffs
With naked precipice;
And on before was the shattered floor
Of some unknown abyss.

Onward I strode; the hot air baked
The tongue within my head;
In vain I searcht for water-pools
In a dried-up river bed.

Gasping, I thought of that day in youth
When I stretcht by a river brink,
And the green frogs leapt from the mossy rocks,
And peered to see me drink,
While I beheld at the water's edge
The cool bright bubbles wink.
And over me swung a wind-toucht bough
Where there were nest and song;
And an April flower came circling down
And lightly sailed along.

Then I dreamed of the time when I fordeed streams
On my horse's splashing hoofs,
Feeling a cool delicious air
Come down from leafy roofs.

I remembered too that ocean cliff,
Cooled by a thousand waves,
Wild tides that crasht on the windy shores
And thundered in the caves. . . .

Then the sand's breath came like a furnace flame;
The cool bright waters fled;
The frightful thirst was back; the blood
Was pounding in my head.
And now I rose on a plain of tombs,
A kingdom of the dead.

Yes, I was tramping the desert roads
Of cities gone to dust;
For here were watered gardens once,
And winds with fragrant gust.
It seemed that the ashes under my feet
Still pulsed with the ancient lust.

The sands reacht out to the brazen sky,
A sea of silent waves;
For all the plain, from rim to rim,
Was husht with ancient graves.

Ages the graves had been empty mouths
Gaping against the sky—
Graves damned with a death that has no name,
A death that cannot die.

It was a pulseless, shrouded world,
Save for one thing of dread:
I saw in a hollow skull a snake
Lie coiled with flattened head,
With lidless, cold, inscrutable eyes—
The living in the dead.

The sense of ruined Babylons
Lay on these somber lands.
Up from old graves the skeletons
Lifted imploring hands;
While slow years crumbled them, and blew
Their ashes to the sands.

XVI

The mesquites watching the road were husht
And white with alkali;
But soon the ghosts of little winds
Began to whisper by,
And slowly the boughs began to stir
With the world's primeval sigh.

Now rumors ran in the rusty sage,
While one tall thistle-stalk
Leaned to a comrade by the road
As if in hurried talk.

Then lightnings darted their serpent tongues
From caverns in the cloud;
Black thunders tramped the shaking world:
Mad torrents bellowed loud.
Wild terrors leaped on my heart: I felt
The mold upon the shroud!
For heaven on heaven cracked overhead:
I saw far lightnings smite
Canyon and crag with bolts of red
Insufferable light.

A bearded comet passed: it seemed
A specter in the gloom;
And craggy-throated Tempest blew
The trumpets of the doom.

A whirlwind as a monster worm
Twisted and bellied by,
Sucking dead cities up to spew
Their ashes on the sky.

And the dead leapt out of a million graves,
Rusht from their narrow rooms:
The dead went dancing with the dead,
Upon the plain of tombs.

Then high on a whirlwind's shining top,
High on its giddying gyre,
I saw a host of warriors ride,
Harnessed in awful fire.

Was it a host of seraphs rode
High over peak and plain,
Shining in splendid zones of light
Like rainbows after rain?
Were they watchers out on a mercy quest
To ease the souls in pain?
Or were they only fever-forms
Whirled in my crazing brain?

XVII

I was there in a terror and wonder world:
Was it builded all of dream?
If so, it was more strangely real

Than all the things that seem
So true, so tried, so undenied
In life's familiar scheme. . . .

And then I thought of her at home—
How long she had to wait,
Her life now curdled to one hope,
The click of the garden gate.

I could almost see her call my hound
And stroke his shining fur,
And tell him to go and search the roads
And bring me home to her.

So with sharp longing in my heart
To see her face again,
I turned to climb from the awful void,
The void that swallows men.
I would steal at night to our hidden home
High up in the mountain glen.

And I wondered how her face would shine
When she saw me home once more.
Ah, would she look as when first she came
Laughing into the door,
With the rain still flashing on her hair
And on the rose she wore?

So I turned and trampt the roaring roads
Till night was at her noon;
And slowly out of the crags came up
A blind and bloody moon.

And then a new day reddened the East,
Then reddened on the West;
And yet my wild thoughts drove me on
Toward her and life's one rest.

XVIII

For I hated all in the world beside:
My heart was dead as stone,
And I knew that I was a wolf in the world—
Alone, alone, alone.
And I knew though I mixed with a world of men,
I still should be alone.

So I wandered, wandered many trails,
Until one night of dread
I was back on the old abandoned road
Where I had struck him dead
And left the blood-drip in the dust,
The scribble of rusty red.

That ruined bridge, that jutting cliff,
That blasted sycamore—
The very rocks of the roads—their old
Familiar likeness wore.
And yet they were toucht with a spectral air
I had never seen before.

Yet on I strode through the ghostly night;
My heart was wild and hot;
One turn in the road, and I would see
The roof of our lighted cot!
One turn, and I would be with her—
And all the roads forgot!

But as I panted the last long mile,
A-stumble and agape,
I suddenly came on a gallows-beam,
Where swung a strangled shape—
Two blasted trees with a beam across,
Where swung a dangling shape!

Naked and lone the gallows loomed—
Its black on the black of night.
Then sudden lightnings lit the sky
A swift and terrible white;
And the gallows leaped with its ghastly load
Against the shaking light.

And high on the gallows-beam I saw
Two ravens making mirth;
While the huge frame of the gallows flung
A shadow on the earth.

It was the ghost of a gallows-tree
Loomed with its awful load:
It was the ghost of a gallows flung
Its shadow on the road.

And there in the shadow lay my hound,
Watching the gallows-tree;
But why did he suddenly startle up,
Whimper and run from me?
I curst the beast that ever such
Ingratitude should be.

XIX

And now my nearing steps disturbed
The ravens at their feast,
There where the dead man swung in the wind
With sound that never ceast.
For they drew their heads from out his brain
(Still did the swung rope creak)
And little crumbs of carrion
Clung to each happy beak.

And now they whetted their beaks with care
Upon the gallows-beam;
Then slowly turned their knowing eyes
Upon me with a gleam.

A sudden gust, and the strangled shape,
That humped and dangling thing,
Wheeled round its face, with holes for eyes. . . .
'Twas *I* that hung against the skies:
'Twas I on the rope a-swing!

It was my own, *own* body I saw
A-swing in the spectral night:
It was my own, own body I saw
Fade slowly from my sight.
And with it faded the hills of home
And all my life's delight!

Then a sudden shout crasht into my brain,
The truth on my spirit fell. . . .
God of my soul! I was *dead* . . . and *damned*. . . .
And trampt the roads of hell!

AN ADVENTURE IN GEORGIA

BY CHARLES F. PEKOR, JR.

WHEN, toward the end of 1920, Julian Harris and his wife came back to Georgia to settle down there were few signs that anyone took more than a polite and passing interest in the event. Even to their fellow journalists of the State it was of only the mildest importance. What they noted was simply the fact that a former managing editor of the Atlanta *Constitution* (more recently editor and general manager, for a brief space, of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*) had returned to his native parts and bought a half share in the inconsequential Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*. The *Enquirer-Sun* was a dull paper in a town on the Chattahoochee river, facing Alabama across the stream. It had little circulation, and rather less influence. The general belief in Georgia editorial rooms, no doubt, was that Harris had tired of the great world and its wickedness, and yearned only to spend the remainder of his days in the placid round of a respectable editor in a Christian town.

But that notion did not prevail for long. At once the *Enquirer-Sun* began to show an enterprise and an energy long passed from Georgia journalism. The old editor, Loyless, had been protesting against the excesses of the Klan, then in full blast in the State; when Harris joined him that protest suddenly became sharp and devastating. The other newspapers of the State were all afraid of the dragons and kleagles. But not the *Enquirer-Sun*. It tackled them head-on, and early in 1921 its own denunciations were reinforced by the blistering articles of the New York *World*. No other paper in Georgia dared print those articles, but Harris printed them. And simultaneously he began printing other articles of a daring and unprecedented character. He tackled the Fundamentalists; he tackled the Volstead Act; he tackled the State's camorra of tin-horn politicians; he even tackled the courts. In six months the *Enquirer-Sun* began to be talked about; in a year it began to acquire a following; in two years it was leading the journalism of Georgia; in three years it was the most quoted and probably the most influential newspaper south of the Potomac.

Last May the syndics of the Pulitzer Foundation had one of their somewhat rare attacks of sound judgment. Canvassing the United States for the paper that had rendered the "most disinterested and meritorious public service" during 1925, they at last became aware of the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*. They had overlooked it in 1924 and 1925, but they saw it in 1926. So they gave the Harrises the Pulitzer gold medal, and elected Julian Harris a member of the Pulitzer Advisory Board. He succeeded the late Solomon B. Griffin, of the Springfield *Republican*. The fact, no doubt, caused rejoicing throughout the South.

II

When Harris came home to Georgia, in the Autumn of 1920, he came into as dispiriting an atmosphere, journalistically speaking, as Christendom could offer. Thomas W. Loyless had sold the Augusta *Chronicle* and he and R. L. McKenney of Macon, an absentee, owned the half-moribund Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*. Harris heard that McKenney wanted to sell. The tradi-

tional hankering of every newspaper man to control some sort of newspaper somewhere, sometime, and run it precisely "as a newspaper ought to be run," had been long stirring in him. Once, he had said nay to Lord Northcliffe when offered the advertising managership of the London *Daily Mirror* because he did not want to give up the hope of achieving his dream back home. Likewise, he had a great affection for the State of his nativity. So he went to Columbus to look into the thing.

Columbus crouches on the red banks of the muddy Chattahoochee, at the head of navigation. Across the stream, as I have said, lies Alabama, whose motto is "Here We Rest." In 1828, the same year that Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, first Vice-President and second President of the Republic of Texas, established what is now the *Enquirer-Sun*, the Georgia Legislature laid out what are now the town's broad and shady streets, catalogued the place as a trading-post, and called it Columbus. Atlanta was raw and shabby when Columbus, solid and superior, cast cannon and built gunboats for the Confederacy. It is now a cotton-mill town and once called itself the Lowell of the South. But even the local Chamber of Commerce claims only 70,000 souls within four miles of the courthouse, and this area includes the faubourgs of Phenix City and Girard, over in Alabama, centers in the manufacture and marketing of corn liquor. Perhaps a fourth of the community looks to the mills for its bread and goes to work too early to read a morning newspaper. The city was governed until January, 1923, by a council that, with a score of men, seemed to get along with the yeomanry with less fuss than the present city commission of five, elected from the city at large and usually from the commercial nobility.

Not in the city limits, but hard by, is Fort Benning, an army post supporting also the Army Infantry School. The school is a sort of teachers' institute for officers, and a large proportion of the post's population of about 5000 is of the officer class. These officers lend color to the community life, and scores of them have carried away wives from the civilian population. Fort Benning was named for a Confederate general hailing from Columbus. It quarters without friction in city or on reservation a Negro regiment, the historic Twenty-Fourth, lately of Brownsville, Texas. Officers from the late enemy hordes occasionally visit Fort Benning. One such, there recently, was Lieutenant General Schirmer, retired, who during the last two years of the war was chief of artillery of the German Army. Captain Pat Leiber, the weapon specialist, asked him whether the Germans really ever had a gun that would shoot seventy-five miles.

"Ah!" the veteran war-horse replied. "Ninety miles plus. But we made one grave error. First, we should have investigated your Georgia corn liquor, and mixed some of it with the powder we used in the big gun. Then we could have shot two hundred miles."

Columbus has no Watch and Ward Society, but it has a public library that recently barred Sherwood Anderson's "Dark Laughter." Most of the books in Columbus homes are there only after school hours. Such was the chosen theater of Julian and Julia Harris' journalistic operations in 1920.

Julian Harris began his newspaper career in his home State and had something of a reputation in the craft before he ever left Georgia, for at twenty-four he was managing editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, with but two predecessors, the distinguished Henry W. Grady and Clark Howell, the latter now editor. After several years on the Atlanta dailies and in various other jobs, including the editorship of the *Uncle Remus Magazine*, he sold his home in Atlanta and took Mrs. Harris abroad. Returning after a year, in December, 1913, he was offered the Sunday editorship of the New York *Herald*. He agreed to take the post if Mr. Bennett would kill the so-called Sunday Committee, which had supervision over the

Sunday editor, and the committee's death warrant was duly cabled from Paris. In the Summer of 1915 Harris was made advertising manager of the *Evening Telegram*, and in December went to Paris as editor-in-charge of the European edition of the *Herald*. In the Fall of 1916, he resigned, returned to America, trained at Plattsburg, and then served as captain in the Military Intelligence Department until December, 1918. After a few months as assistant to the managing editor of the *Herald*, he went to Europe again as correspondent, and in 1920 again took charge of the Paris *Herald* as editor and general manager. A month or two later, when Munsey bought the Bennett papers, Harris left and traveled a while on the Continent. Then he came home and heard about the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*.

There was a definite understanding when the alliance was made with Loyless at Columbus that not only would the anti-Klan crusade Loyless had begun be continued with increased energy, but that the paper would stand determinedly against race prejudice, religious intolerance and social injustice to the poor whites and blacks. The new ownership was acclaimed by the unsuspecting Rotary Club as "the greatest thing that has happened to Columbus since we got the camp." Then everybody went to work, Loyless as editor and the Harrises in the background—Harris eclipsed under the title and grind of business manager, and his wife reading proof, writing an occasional special article, and running a weekly book page. Harris, at this time, had scarcely been identified by the community save as a son of Joel Chandler Harris, "who wrote 'Uncle Remus.'" Mrs. Harris had published a "Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris," and had translated into English "The Foundling Prince," a collection of Roumanian folklore. She had also contributed a number of syndicated articles to the New York *Herald*. But in Columbus she was known only as the wife of the son of Joel Chandler Harris.

Automatically, as such, she and Harris were received into the homes that matter in Columbus. Today they know and are interested in everything and everybody in the town, but they betray a weakness for young people with ideas. In their suburban apartment, walled with books, many of them bound by Mrs. Harris herself in the days when she had leisure for the crafts, all comers are made charmingly welcome. The Harrises themselves are as youthful in appearance as in tastes and feeling. Julian's stature is slightly below the average, his figure is a little plump, and his face is round, boyish and animated. Mrs. Harris dresses the part of neither uplifter nor intellectual. Short, red-brown hair, coifed skilfully to afford the convenience without the appearance of a bob, a rosy, pleasing face—there you have her. Her laboratory is at home: a desk and a typewriter in a corner of the dining-room.

The *Enquirer-Sun* office is distinctly Southern and old-fashioned. One scents printer's-ink at the front door. Circulation, advertising and news departments and the composing room are merely partitioned off. The editor has his little compound with shellacked page matrices as mural decorations, newspapers piled high over his desk, and hook-files full of editorials and news stories. It is not a shrine of Service; it is a very business-like workshop.

III

The Klan saluted the *Enquirer-Sun* with a full-dress parade even before Harris succeeded Loyless as editor. Harris and a reporter stood in front of the office, pretending to recognize individual marchers and write down their names. There really were no names, but neither were there any more parades. The klan found it more comfortable thereafter to threaten by the process of anonymous letters.

Harris' first day as editor got him into trouble. A county peace officer conspicuous for his zeal in Law Enforcement had slaughtered a former county officer sus-

pected by the drys of trafficking in the stuff. The W. C. T. U. held a prayer-meeting at the leading Methodist church for the comfort of the accused. Judge George P. Munro, of the Superior Court of Muscogee county, without motion from either prosecution or defense, ordered a change of venue. He reasoned that the prayer-meeting had inflamed the friends of the deceased and that consequently the life of the accused, if he were tried in Columbus, would be endangered. Harris, in an editorial on his first day as editor, entitled "Putting Out a Fire With Gasoline," characterized the Judge's action as an insult to Columbus and Muscogee county, and argued that he had contributed more toward inflaming the passions of the deceased's friends than would a hundred prayer-meetings.

The new editor was arrested for contempt of court, marched to the bar between two officers, lectured for an hour on the sanctity of the law and of the Superior Court of Muscogee county, and invited to defend himself. He replied in kind, informing the Court blandly of the responsibilities and privileges of the press and reserving the right to do it all again if necessary. "In the language of the Scriptures," said the prudent Judge, finally dismissing the charge of contempt, "go and sin no more."

Circulation managers of the *Enquirer-Sun* have led unhappy lives, and been hard to keep. The Harris-Loyless coalition started with a modest 3400 net. This moved up to 5000, but the initial attack on the Klan cost a round thousand. When the Harrises came into full control of the paper in 1922, they began to call the Volstead Act bad names, and 300 old subscribers abandoned ship in a body. This was the first breath of any suggestion from any Georgia newspaper that Prohibition was not quite perfect. For a full year, the *Enquirer-Sun* carried on without a kind word from any contemporary editor or subscriber. But not now. The people of Columbus, battered by Harris' arguments, gradually began to see the light, and today fanatic Prohibitionists among them are very few, indeed. As for Harris, all he asks for is "properly percented beer and light wines, and true temperance."

When the Scopes trial began in the adjoining State of Tennessee, the Harrises were discovered among the small company that saw in the contest a struggle for liberty. Their paper was still far from opulent, but they recognized in the trial the newspaper story of a lifetime, so they went to Dayton as their own reporters, and were amazed to find no other Georgia newspaper represented there. Beside the expenses of the trip and the cost of telegraph tolls, the *Enquirer-Sun's* service in reporting the buffoonery cost it 400 Fundamentalist subscribers. But 250 of these have come back into the fold since.

"What do you think of those Harrises!" exploded a pious member of the Columbus bar while the trial was in progress. "Taking dinner with that low-down Clarence Darrow up there at Dayton—and writing about it!"

But for the *Enquirer-Sun* Georgia instead of Tennessee would have been the scene of the trial. In 1924 the Georgia House of Representatives committee on education, by a vote of 13 to 0, reported favorably a bill withdrawing State funds from any school teaching the theory of biological evolution. Until then, William Jennings Bryan's devout crusade to check the advance of science had been taken seriously only by Kentucky, and even in Kentucky his bill had perished. But this Georgia business was serious—a unanimous committee report. The *Enquirer-Sun* surrendered its entire editorial page to the subject, with Mrs. Harris explaining Darwinism and narrating its history while her husband addressed himself to uncompromising editorials of protest, day in and day out. When the bill came to a vote at last, it met an overwhelming and, to Georgia, astonishing defeat. The majority of Georgia legislators were (and are) on the *Enquirer-Sun's* mailing-list. Once again, since the

Scopes trial, the issue has been brought to life in the Georgia Legislature. But the *Enquirer-Sun* squelched it a second time—and denounced the pedagogues of the State for not speaking out. I quote from a characteristic editorial:

> Something is wrong somewhere when educators, the men and women who are supposed to be willing to sacrifice everything to their ideal of integrity of intellect, have no word in defense of learning. The *Enquirer-Sun* invites from any educator in Columbus or elsewhere in Georgia some word on this unusual condition, this amazing symptom—clear-eyed Knowledge apparently cringing at the misshapen feet of Ignorance.

Many letters poured in from pedagogues in praise of the paper's stand, but all of them were marked "confidential" and "not for publication."

A specialist in municipal management was imported from Pennsylvania when Columbus adopted the commission-manager form of government. The commission was given plainly to understand by the local patriots that Columbus did not need a Yankee to run the town, but the Yankee was brought in, anyhow. However, after Mayor J. Homer Dimon's residence had been dynamited and his front porch blown away, the Yankee was waylaid and beaten and went away in disgust. Then the community entertained itself with rumors. One of them concerned a plot hatched, appropriately enough, in a cemetery at midnight, with private detectives listening in, to blow up the houses of the city commissioners and an apartment-house owned by the mayor and fortuitously sheltering Julian and Julia Harris. The commissioners had faith enough in the report to employ guards so alert that even Harris was held up one night at his own doorstep.

Catchwords appeal to the Georgia imagination. *Exempli gratia:* "It's Great To Be a Georgian." Whatever its origin, the Georgia press took a fancy to it. It made an arresting lead for any old editorial and a clinching conclusion for any old argument. Governor Clifford Walker officially indorsed it and its future became assured. Julian Harris then helped himself to the slogan for the first time, but he made a rearrangement of the words, and it became, "*Is* It Great To Be a Georgian?"

> Is it great to be a Georgian? Is it great to be a son or a daughter of a State which seeks to cover its many shames with the unceasing utterance of an unmeaning slogan? Is it great to be a citizen of a State which indorsed the lynching of a prisoner and insulted and defamed a Governor [John M. Slaton] who as a man and a leader stood and still stands head and shoulders above any person who assailed him? Is it great to be a citizen of a State which is the proud parent of a cowardly hooded order founded and fostered by men who have been proved liars, drunkards, blackmailers and murderers? Is it great to be a citizen of a State whose Governor is a member of and subservient to that vicious masked gang and whose officials are either members of or in sympathy with it? Is it great to be a citizen of a State where a mob openly lynches a lunatic and no effort is made to capture and condemn the murderers who committed this revolting crime? Is it great to be a citizen of a State which has a larger percentage of illiteracy and which spends less *per capita* for education than any other State in the Union?

Then the general condition of Georgia was surveyed under the caption, "Well, Who Cares?" Thus:

> Claude West, thief and forger, got away with $140,000 of the State of Georgia's money. He was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary and was pardoned last week after serving four years. Mule Hicks, an ignorant 17-year-old Negro, stole a mule worth less than $100. He was sentenced to serve twenty years at hard labor. After serving twelve years he was still in the chain gang, and as a result of his treatment attempted to escape. He was convicted of murder and sentenced to hang, although not a witness saw the killing. Mule Hicks is a Negro. *Who cares?*

An obscure dispatch reporting the Ku Klux Klonvocation in the Fall of 1924 mentioned the address of "the Governor of a great State." Governor Walker was absent from Georgia, having informed newspaper men he was going to Philadelphia "to rest." The Klonvocation was at Kansas City. Julian Harris, handicapped by limited finances, appealed successfully to Herbert Bayard Swope for the coöperation of the New York *World* in covering the Kansas City end, while the *Enquirer-Sun's* Atlanta correspondent, John W. Hammond, pestered His Excellency for an answer to the paper's editorial demand

that he confess or deny that he was the Governor and Georgia the great State. Eventually, Walker came through. It was too much for one editorial. The *Enquirer-Sun* reviewed the episode in a blazing three-installment serial entitled "Smoked Out."

IV

But the *Enquirer-Sun* is a great deal more than the usual journalistic crusader. There is absolutely nothing sensational about it. Its news matter is printed under decorous heads, and its editorial page, with Harris' trenchant and well-written editorials, Mrs. Harris' reviews of books and other articles, the "Home Brew" column of W. H. Tucker, and the "Good Morning" column of W. C. Woodall, is dignified and extremely readable. Very few big city papers, indeed, have editorial pages so intelligent. The great and growing influence of the paper, not only in Georgia but throughout the South, is due less to its assaults upon the prevailing stupidity than to its patient expositions of the new common sense. Its brief career shows how much may be accomplished, even in the most unfavorable surroundings, by one resolute and intelligent editor. There were plenty of enlightened men in Georgia before Harris came home, but they were scattered and unorganized, and very few of them were newspaper editors. Harris simply awoke them to a consciousness of their power.

His example, so far, has had but little effect upon the big dailies of Atlanta. In 1921, after Harris had nearly completed printing the New York *World's* series of articles against the Klan, Hearst's Atlanta *Georgian* entered the fray and lost 8500 subscribers thereby, but the other sheets of the town are still political hacks of the old sort. It is in the smaller towns that most of Harris' influence shows itself. Half of his editorials are addressed to their editors, and the response grows more hearty month by month. Few Southern States, indeed, can show more vigorous and enlightened small-town papers than the Macon *Telegraph*, the Albany *Herald*, the Americus *Times-Recorder*, the Greensboro *Herald-Journal*, the Dalton *Citizen*, the Madison *Madisonian*, the Cartersville *Tribune-News*, the De Kalb *New Era* and the *Cobb County Times* of Marietta. Of this refreshing group the *Enquirer-Sun* is the leader—and it gets valuable help, too, from the excellent Montgomery *Advertiser*, across the Chattahoochee. Some time ago someone thought to find out which paper in Georgia was most quoted by the rest of the State press. In the period under review the Atlanta *Journal*, run by John S. Cohen, Democratic national committeeman for Georgia, was quoted eleven times, the Atlanta *Constitution*, Clark Howell's paper, fourteen times, the Macon *Telegraph* thirty-eight times, and the *Enquirer-Sun* eighty-five times. Yet the *Enquirer-Sun's* circulation is still only 7,000 a day.

Once the Atlanta papers were immensely influential throughout the South. All the other smaller Southern dailies and all the country weeklies took their cues from the awesome Atlanta editorial pages, with their stalwart indorsement of the Boys' Pig Club movement and their dashing condemnation of crime. But things are changing under the generalship of the *Enquirer-Sun*. Once groveling little weeklies are becoming cocky and demanding to know the why of this or that. Meanwhile, Harris plugs along under the hot Columbus sun, and Mrs. Harris and the rest of the staff work double time. An occasional Baptist preacher still denounces him as "a menace to the community," but even the Baptists, no doubt, will be flabbergasted by the gold medal. Some time ago, when the most intelligent of them, Pastor Ashby Jones, of Atlanta, quitted the State for St. Louis, he wrote to Harris:

> I wish I could tell you what I think you mean to the State and the South. Your high ideals, your sympathetic understanding of social conditions, and your splendid courage are an inspiration to all the forward-looking forces of Georgia.

Harris, I daresay, would delete "inspiration" and "forward-looking." They never appear in his editorials.

EDITORIAL

A MOOD of constructive criticism being upon me, I propose forthwith that the prevailing method of choosing legislators be abandoned among us, and that the method used in choosing juries be substituted. That is to say, I propose that the men who make our laws be chosen by chance and against their will, instead of by deliberate fraud and against the will of all the rest of us, as now. But is the jury system itself imperfect? Is it occasionally disgraced by gross abuse and scandal? Then so is the system of justice devised and ordained by the Lord God Himself. Didn't He assume that the Noachian Deluge would be a lasting lesson to sinful humanity—that it would put an end to all manner of crime and wickedness, and convert mankind into a race of Methodists? And wasn't Noah himself, its chief beneficiary, lying drunk, naked and uproarious within a year after the ark landed on Ararat? All I argue for the jury system, invented by man, is that it is measurably better than the scheme invented by God. It has its failures and its absurdities, its abuses and its corruptions, but taking one day with another it manifestly works. It is not the fault of juries that so many murderers go unwhipped of justice, and it is not the fault of juries that so many honest men are harassed by preposterous laws. The juries find the gunmen guilty: it is the judges higher up who deliver them from the noose, and turn them out to resume their butcheries. It is from judges again, and not from juries, that Volsteadean padlocks issue, and all the other devices for making a mock of the Bill of Rights. Are juries occasionally sentimental? Then let us not forget that it was their sentimentality, in the Eighteenth Century, that gradually forced a measure of decency and justice into the English Common Law. It was a jury that blocked the effort of the Department of Justice to railroad Senator Wheeler to prison on false charges. It was another jury that detected and baffled the same Department's perjurers in the O'Leary case, during the late war. And it was yet another jury that delivered the eminent Fatty Arbuckle from what was, perhaps, the most disingenuous and outrageous persecution ever witnessed in a civilized land.

Would any American Legislature, or Congress itself, have resisted the vast pressure of the bureaucracy in these cases? To ask the question is to answer it. The dominant character of every legislative body ever heard of, at least in this great free Republic, is precisely its susceptibility to such pressure. It not only leaps when the bureaucracy cracks the whip; it also leaps to the whip-cracking of scores of extra-legal (and often, indeed, *il*legal) agencies. The Anti-Saloon League, despite its recent disasters, is still so powerful everywhere that four legislators out of five obey it almost instinctively. When it is flouted, as has happened in a few States under an adverse pressure yet more powerful, the thing is marvelled at as a sort of miracle. The bureaucracy itself is seldom flouted at all. When it is in a moral mood, and heaving with altruistic sobs, the thing simply never happens. Is it argued that Congress has nevertheless defied it, and Dr. Coolidge with it? Then the argument comes from persons whose studies of Washington pathology have been very superficial. At least nine-tenths of the idiocies advocated by Dr. Coolidge and his highly dubious friends have been swallowed by both Houses with no more than a few reflex gags. Even the astounding Warren appointment was defeated in the

Senate by only a few votes—and the few votes were delivered, as connoisseurs will recall, by a process indistinguishable from an act of God. It is my contention that a jury of plain men, issuing unwilling from their plumbing-shops and grocery-stores and eager to get back to work, would have rejected Warren without leaving their box, and that the same jury, confronted by the World Court imbecility, would have disposed of it just as quickly.

Why were the learned Senators so much less intelligent and so much less resolute? For a plain reason. Fully two-thirds of them were not thinking of Warren or the World Court as they voted; they were thinking of their jobs. The problem before them was not whether elevating Warren and going into the World Court were reasonable and laudable measures, likely to benefit and glorify the United States, but whether voting for Warren and the Court would augment or diminish their chances of reëlection. In other words, they were not free agents, and in consequence not honest men. They had sought their jobs on their bellies, and they were eager to keep them, even at the cost of grovelling on their bellies again. Say the worst you can say against a box of twelve jurymen, and you can never say that. Not one among them sought his job. Not one among them wants to keep it. The business before them presents itself as a public duty to be done, not as an opportunity for private advantage. They are eager only to get it done decently, and go home.

II

My proposal, in brief, is that our Legislatures be chosen as our juries are now chosen—that the names of all the men eligible in each assembly district be put into a hat (or, if no hat can be found that is large enough, into a bathtub), and that a blind moron, preferably of tender years, be delegated to draw out one. Let the constituted catchpolls then proceed swiftly to this man's house, and take him before he can get away. Let him be brought into court forthwith, and put under a stupendous bond to serve as elected, and if he cannot furnish the bond, let him be kept until the appointed day in the nearest jail.

The advantages that this system would offer are so vast and so obvious that I hesitate to venture into the banality of rehearsing them. It would, in the first place, save the commonwealth the present excessive cost of elections, and make political campaigns unnecessary. It would, in the second place, get rid of all the heart-burnings that now flow out of every contest at the polls, and block the reprisals and charges of fraud that now issue from the heart-burnings. It would, in the third place, fill all the State Legislatures with men of a peculiar and unprecedented cast of mind—men actually convinced that public service is a public burden, and not merely a private snap. And it would, in the fourth and most important place, completely dispose of the present degrading knee-bending and trading in votes, for nine-tenths of the legislators, having got into office unwillingly, would be eager only to finish their duties and go home, and even those who acquired a taste for the life would be unable to do anything to increase the probability, even by one chance in a million, of their reëlection.

The disadvantages of the plan are very few, and most of them, I believe, yield readily to analysis. Do I hear argument that a miscellaneous gang of tin-roofers, delicatessen dealers and retired bookkeepers, chosen by hazard, would lack the vast knowledge of public affairs needed by makers of laws? Then I can only answer (*a*) that no such knowledge is actually necessary, and (*b*) that few, if any of the existing legislators possess it. The great majority of public problems, indeed, are quite simple, and any man may be trusted to grasp their elements in ten days who may be—and is—trusted to unravel the obfuscations of two gangs of lawyers in the same time. In this department the so-called expertness of so-called experts is

largely imaginary. The masters of the tariff who sit at Washington know little about the fundamental philosophy of protection, and care less; the subject, if discussed on the floor, would send the whole House flying to the Capitol bootleggers. The knowledge that these frauds are full of is simply knowledge of how many votes an extra ten cents on aluminum dishpans may be counted on producing, and how much the National Association of Brass Cuspidor Manufacturers deserves to be given for its campaign contribution of $10,000. Such is the science of the tariff as it is practised by the professors who now flourish. It is my contention that a House of malt-and-hop dealers, garage mechanics and trolley conductors, brought in by the common hangman, would deal with the question with quite as much knowledge, and with a great deal more honesty. It might make mistakes, but it would not, at least, be pledged to them in advance. Some of its members might sell out, but there would remain, at worst, a minority of honest men.

III

The tariff, in any case, is no longer an issue. Neither are most of the other great politico-economical puzzles that harassed the statesmen of an elder day. They have all been solved; the two great parties agree upon them, with a few wild fellows dissenting. Even Judge Elbert H. Gary is satisfied. But as economics and finance go out, morals come in. The legislation of today is chiefly made up of quack cure-alls, invented by fanatics and supported by the bureaucracy. Well, I ask you what sort of Legislature is the more likely to swallow these cure-alls: one made up of professionals eager only to hold their jobs, or one made up of amateurs eager only to get rid of their jobs?

My scheme, indeed, would have th capital merit, if it had no other, of barrin the professionals from the game. The would lose their present enormous ad vantages as a class, and so their class woul tend to disappear. Would that be a dis service to the state? Certainly not. On th contrary, it would be a service of the firs magnitude, for the worst curse of de mocracy, as we suffer under it today, i that it makes public office a monopoly o a palpably inferior and ignoble group o men. They have to abase themselves i order to get it, and they have to keep o abasing themselves in order to hold it The fact reflects itself in their genera character, which is obviously low. The are men congenitally capable of ignobl acts, else they would not have got int public life at all. There are, of course, ex ceptions to that rule among them, bu how many? What I contend is simply tha the number of such exceptions is bound t be smaller in the class of professional job seekers than it is in any other class, or i the population in general. What I contend second, is that choosing legislators fro that population, by chance, would reduc immensely the proportion of such crawl ing, slimy men in the halls of legislatio and that the effects would be instantl visible in a great improvement in th justice and reasonableness of the laws.

Are juries ignorant? Then they are stil intelligent enough to be entrusted wit your life and mine. Are they venal? The they are still honest enough to take ou fortunes into their hands. Such is th fundamental law of the English-speakin peoples, and it has worked for nearly thousand years. I have launched my pro posal that it be extended upward and on ward, and the mood of constructive criti cism passes from me. My plan belongs t any reformer who cares to lift it. H. L. M.

CHICAGO: AN OBITUARY

BY SAMUEL PUTNAM

When Mrs. O'Leary's cow, on a certain fateful evening in 1871—October 8, to be precise—kicked over the old lady's lantern, the critter started something more than a conflagration. For with that one well-aimed kick Chicago's famous "I Will" spirit was born, the phoenix-rising-from-the-ashes stuff, and it has provided fodder ever since for the Association of Commerce press agent and the Rotary Club rhetorician. More, Chicago was thereby irredeemably launched upon a Career of Culture.

The natural center of railway and Great Lakes transportation, the point of conflux for the corn, wheat, lumber, coal and live stock of the West, is it any wonder that the perilous word "capital" slipped a bit too easily from her lips? Nor is there occasion for marvel if her ordinary burgher, when he closed his office for the day and donned his soup-and-fish to sit through a Theodore Thomas symphony, was inclined to carry, at times, the logic of the market place over into the realm of a longed-for culture, and to speak, somewhat largely, of "capitals" of another sort. It was a temptation, when he chanced to pick up a novel by one of the home town boys, brought out by a real New York publisher —"Graustark," maybe, or "Rose of Dutchers Coolly"—to puff out his chest and talk of showing those New-Yorkers something. After all, if Chicago produced more canned beef than any other city in the world, why not, also, more literature? The reasoning may have been a trifle dubious, but it was surely typically American.

And there was some logic in it, too. With the economic rise of the Middle West, mid-Western writers and, later, a mid-Western literature sprang up. The small town youth with a hankering for print naturally looks to the nearest big city as the outlet and market for his wares. In his initial modesty and fright, he is attracted first to the neighboring provincial metropolis rather than to the distant and overaweing glamor of New York. And so, from his home in Des Moines or Kokomo, he comes to Chicago to get his breath and look about him before hiking on to (speaking contemporaneously) the painted purlieus of Greenwich Village or the penumbra of the Algonquin.

It is not strange, therefore, that Chicago, at two periods of her history, came dangerously near to being, if, indeed, she was not, the literary capital of These States. During the decade, roughly, from 1892 to 1902, she was, without doubt, the stop-over capital to all the brilliant young comers who were to slay the Sweetness and Light tradition of the late William Dean Howells. It is true that they—practically all of them—subsequently left her flat, but at all events she had her hour. Again, during her "renaissance," from 1912 to the outbreak of the war, she earned, probably, the right to call herself capital.

If only she had not been *told* so! It may not have been this recognition, thus thrust upon her,—it was more likely the war—that caused the snuffing-out of the creative candle. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that the legend so established has been, since the war, a most pernicious influence. Chicago, as a matter of fact, was told too late. Today, she is, æsthetically and creatively, a cactus desert. Desolation every-

where. The burned-out crater of a once quite lively young Vesuvius.

Statements of this sort are, one realizes, easily made. To be effective, they must be backed by facts. One might, of course, proceed negatively, by inviting the Home Town Boys to produce their facts. The Association of Commerce displays no hesitancy in adducing its data. It even stages an Association of Commerce Week, to air the city's annual bank clearings, its real estate transfers, and the like. We know that Chicago, with the coöperation of Cleveland, can keep the world in false teeth. But does that mean that it can still keep the world in red-blooded he-man poetry, as it came near doing for some four or five years before the war? In short, a simple survey, on the part of a good reporter, of "literary" Chicago as it is might be enough. Contrast, on the other hand, is always most convincing. For this reason, it may be well to compare the Chicago of today with the Chicago of the past, with the Chicago of the late and miscreant nineties and that of the early teens. A graph of the more or less literary scene, running from Mrs. O'Leary's stable to Herr Schlogl's back room, may not be without its value.

II

For, as has been hinted, it all starts from that October evening. Up to the time of the fire, Chicago had been busy getting itself sprawled along the banks of the river from which it takes its name, selling fire-water to the Indians and hardware to the settlers, buying hides and starting in the leather business, squirting tobacco juice over Lincoln, Douglas and the slavery question and, finally, fighting its share of the Civil War. True, its first magazine, the *Youth's Gazette*, had been founded as far back as 1843. This had been followed, in turn, by the *Gem of the Prairie*, in 1844, the *Youth's Western Banner*, in 1854, and the *Little Corporal*, in 1865. These, however, had been merely sweet young things, forerunners of *St. Nicholas*, the *Youth's Com panion* and similar publications of today The *Little Corporal* actually attained a cir culation of more than 100,000 in its firs year. There also blossomed, about thi time, the *Western Magazine*, the *Literar Budget*, the *Chicago Record* and the *North western Quarterly Magazine*, the last edite by James Grant Wilson. The first real lit erary magazine, however, was Franci Fisher Browne's *Lakeside Monthly*, publi cation of which was begun in 1870. The *Lakeside* ran from 1870 to 1874, when Browne, who had sprung originally from the David Swing-Robert Collyer school o religious thought, gave it up to start the *Dial* six years later.

With the fire and the consequent straining to rebuild on the usual bigger and better scale, things began to look up. In June, 1874, the city's oldest organization nominally devoted to letters, the Chicago Literary Club, was formed. It is still in existence today, with Henry B. Fuller a one of the surviving early members. From 1871 to 1892, there was a steady rise, particularly from 1880 on. The launching o the *Dial* has been mentioned. During th nine years from 1871 to 1880, forty-seven periodicals, in all, saw the light of publi cation. The *Dial*, passing from liberal religious to parlor-pink, was to tarry til 1918, when it migrated to New York and shed its radical skin, to become, eventually the organ of the unprinted Harvard boys

The first really important literary event perhaps, was the publication, in 1888, o Major Joseph Kirkland's "The McVeys." It signaled the rise of the mid-Western theme in fiction. Close on Kirkland's book came Henry B. Fuller's firstling, "Th Chevalier of Pensieri Vani," in 1890. This likewise, was important, though for a dif ferent reason. It was Fuller who first sounded, in an atmosphere already scented with the stock yards, a mildly decadent note. Master of a prose of an ecstatic puri ity, and with a background of European sophistication, he became the forerunner of the "light touch" brigade, and on

from whom our contemporary Van Vechtens, in reality, stem. He toyed with the indigenous motive, but daintily, and always with an air of un-American—above all, un-Chicagoan—aloofness. This detachment caused him to be looked upon as slightly finicky, not to say persnickety, by that Chicago which was and is hog-butcher to the world. The advent, none the less, of the stylist in the wilderness is always significant, announcing, as it does, a degree of consciousness, not to say sophistication, that is precedent to real creation. So the Fullers have their place, even though it be an unappreciated one, in the frontier picture. However much of the proverbial thorn they may be to their contemporaries, they exert, in their insistence upon an objective self-vision, an influence that is to the good.

In 1892–93 came the World's Fair. This was the turning-point. If it wasn't Mrs. O'Leary's cow, it must have been the Exposition that was to blame for Chicago's Career of Culture. It is significant that in this same year, 1892, the new University of Chicago, under the presidency of the late William Rainey Harper, was founded, Standard Oil, backing the Baptists, thus putting one over in the Armours' front yard. There was, undoubtedly, something in the air. It was at this epoch, one may believe, that Chicago began to be conscious of itself outside its killing pens, its railroad yards and its river wharves. Let us not fail to note that the author of the commemorative ode, written for the opening of the World's Fair and fully as awful as such compositions inevitably are, was Miss Harriet Monroe, who, twenty years later, was to become the founder and editor of *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse* and the publisher of Masters, Sandburg and other "renaissance" poets. It was in the same year that A. C. McClurg and company brought out her first book, "Valeria, and Other Poems."

And now things begin to happen. From 1892 to 1902 was, as has been said, the stop-over-capital period. In the course of that decade, a number of first-rate and near-first-rate writers came, stayed a while and went—usually on to Manhattan, though sometimes back to their native burrows. Among them were Theodore Dreiser, Frank Norris, Finley Peter Dunne, Ernest Poole, Emerson Hough, George Ade and Upton Sinclair. And among more popular writers were George Barr McCutcheon, Samuel Merwin, Rex Beach, Ray Stannard Baker, Harold MacGrath and William Hard.

It is to be noted that a majority of these neophytes, while, for the most part, good craftsmen when not actually artists, were simply young fellows on the make, with a dream of New York somewhere back of their organs of vision. They served to provide that fresh country blood which, for years, has maintained New York in the illusion that it is the native home of the American writing species. Their output was, often enough, of the Howells-Garland vintage, rather static and frequently more than a little reminiscent. Yet even out of that era an authentic literature, of America and of the mid-West, was beginning to emerge in the work of such men as Dreiser, Norris and Sinclair, while others, such as Dunne and Ade, were discovering, flirting and experimenting with the American language.

Fuller, who, in his first two books, "The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani" and "The Châtelaine of La Trinité," had dealt, respectively, with Italian and Alpine travel, now blossomed out, in 1893, with "The Cliff Dwellers," which, with his next novel, "With the Procession," 1895, was listed by its publisher as a study in "contemporary Chicago." Both of these books, and the former in particular, were social criticism, done in Fuller's exquisite salad-fork manner. "The Cliff Dwellers" even gave its name to that club in Michigan avenue which is now the rendezvous of tired dramatic critics, a few writers of Henry Kitchell Webster calibre, a long demoded painter, and a lonesome sculptor or two. Then, for some reason, Fuller

seemed to tire. He returned to his stories of European travel. Save for "Under the Skylights," a volume of tales which, the publisher tells us, are "novelettes of Chicago's art life," he did not come back to the native scene in his writing till 1918, when he published "On the Stairs."

If Fuller was wearying—and it may be doubted if he ever had much energy for his task,—there were others coming up. In 1893, H. Chatfield-Taylor, a home town writer with aspirations somewhat beyond his abilities, published his "American Peeress." In the next year, 1894, came an event of wide-reaching importance in the literary annals, not alone of Chicago but of the nation. This was the arrival upon the scene of the Messrs. Stone and Kimbell, the former the son of Melville E. Stone, founder of the Associated Press. They were two young chaps just out of college, with a passion for the exotic, with sufficient capital to start a publishing business, and with a fund of editorial daring. They were the original publishers of George Barr McCutcheon, Lillian Bell, Harrison Rhodes and others who were, doubtless, exotic enough for their day. They published, too (at least, Herbert S. Stone, successor to the original firm, did), the purple passions of Mary MacLane. And they began publishing the *Chap Book*, which ran from 1894 to 1898. This periodical brought a whiff of the *Yellow Book* to compete with the permeating odor of premium cured hams. Among the men whose work appeared in its pages were Fuller, Claude Bragdon, with his early fourth-dimensionalist fantasies, Ibsen, Maeterlinck—even Beardsley! It would be difficult to overestimate the effect which this enterprise was to have upon a literature still centering lifelessly upon the Atlantic seaboard. The *Chap Book* had no less than twenty-six imitators.

Meanwhile, the idea that books coming out of the mid-West ought, possibly, to have something to say about the mid-West was continuing to find expression. In 1895, Opie Read put out "The Jucklins" and Garland, soon to become an emigré, "Rose of Dutchers Coolly," while Stanley Waterloo was exhibiting the exotic motive in his paleolithic "Story of Ab." In the same year, as has been noted, came Fuller's "With the Procession." In 1898, Dunne began his Mr. Dooley stories.

But it was with the publication, in 1900, of Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" that Chicago earned the right to scratch its literary back and tell the world where to go. Here, at last, was big time stuff. The city of pork and lard, in the person of an underpaid and vagrant newspaper man, had put itself on the writing map. It could now pull down its vest and spit, right cockily.

Dreiser's was but the first of a two years' sunburst of names which, from 1900 to 1902, brought Chicago's first brilliantly productive period to a close. The year 1901 does not stand out so much as the other. In it we have the publication of McCutcheon's "Graustark" and of "Calumet K," one of Henry Kitchell Webster and Samuel Merwin's collaborative industrial novels. But in 1902, we have, all at once, Frank Norris' "The Pit," George Ade's "Fables in Slang" and Robert Herrick's "The Common Lot." Add to these Hough's "Mississippi Bubble." The surgence of the close-to-home social-industrial theme, on the one hand, and of a native man-in-the-street idiom, on the other, are to be noticed.

III

Chicago's literary history appears to go in waves, a series of crests and troughs. From 1871 to 1902, there was, as we have seen, a rise, especially from 1892 to 1902. From 1902 to 1912 come the dark ages. Only a few mediocre writers, like Webster, stand out. In 1906, Rex Beach published "The Spoilers." The period was chiefly one of fecundation and of criticism. Fuller, in 1902, had become the first literary editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*. He was succeeded, in 1908, by Francis Hackett, who held the place till 1911, producing some

of the most urbane book criticism America has ever known. It is enlightening to contrast his work with the "criticism" that Chicago has today. In the creative interval, something was preparing in the provinces, in the neighborhood of St. Louis and *Reedy's Mirror*—in Chicago, too, where Carl Sandburg was plugging along on the old *Day Book*, a tramp publication that made a specialty of printing news which had hit the spike in other newspaper offices. Masters, a country lawyer with more time than clients on his hands, was turning out small bales of poems and plays. Sherwood Anderson was at a copy writer's desk in an advertising agency. Ben Hecht was completing his course in the Racine, Wis.,high-school and migrating to Chicago, with the ambition to become a violinist in the Thomas Orchestra. Vachel Lindsay, down at Springfield . . . The list might be prolonged.

Then, for some mysterious reason, in 1912, Harriet Monroe suddenly conceived the idea of starting a magazine, the first of its kind in the country and the parent of a dreadful progeny, to be devoted exclusively to the publication of poetry. When, in October, 1912, she left her elocution class to become the editor of *Poetry*, the odds were all in favor of its being as innocuous as its successors and imitators have, without exception, turned out to be. It might have been merely a small town airing place for maidenly inanities in verse; but by a miracle, it wasn't. The moment, it appeared, was ripe. The seed which had been planted back in the nineties, and which had flowered so brilliantly about 1902, was now, after a Winter of creative dullness, to bear fruit. Sandburg had mastered that idiom which the bo and the hunky and the American citizen speak. Anderson had learned much of the same subject from another angle. Masters was transferring his activities from the lower Mississippi to the head of Lake Michigan, and Vachel Lindsay was buying a round-trip ticket from Springfield to Chicago. The "renaissance" was on.

Poetry, at the outset, from 1912 to 1918 or thereabouts, manifested an amazing vitality. The initial number made a fair start with poems by Arthur Davison Ficke (an Iowa product), William Vaughn Moody and Ezra Pound. Ezra had proceeded at the time as far as Philadelphia *en route* from his Idaho heath to the left bank of the Seine. Far more vigorous fruitage was soon to be borne, but at first *Poetry* felt its way. Among contributors for the first three years were: Tagore, Francis Thompson, Arthur Stringer, Joyce Kilmer, Alfred Kreymborg, Charles Vildrac, Bliss Carman, William Butler Yeats, Sara Teasdale, William Carlos Williams, Padraic Colum, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, William Rose Benét, Ford Madox Hueffer (now Ford Madox Ford), Rupert Brooke, Richard Aldington, Charles Hanson Towne, Ridgely Torrence, Witter Bynner, Amy Lowell, James Branch Cabell and T. S. Eliot. *Poetry* was a very hospitable organ.

Then along came Sandburg, in 1914, with the first of his "Chicago Poems," Lindsay with his "General Booth" and "Chinese Nightingale," and Masters with his "Spoon River" elegies. At the same time, *Poetry* was giving Robert Frost his first publication in this country, and bringing out D. H. Lawrence. The Imagists—Amy Lowell, H. D. Aldington and others—were springing up and making use of the magazine as a vehicle for the expression of their ideas. Edwin Arlington Robinson was contributing.

Close on the heels of *Poetry*, in 1913, came the *Little Review*, founded and edited by Margaret Anderson, a young woman who had come to Chicago from the backlands with high æsthetic ambitions. Associated with her was one Jane Heap. About these two and their weird magazine, "making no compromise with the public taste," there soon grew up a little band of exotics. The *Little Review* began bringing out the most bizarre examples of contemporary European literature and art. It brought the expiring gasp of cubism and the first rumblings of dada to State street

and the Boul' Mich'. Glancing over the early numbers one finds among the contributors Jean de Bosschere, Jules Laforgue, Arthur Rimbaud, Emile Verhaeren, Laurent Tailhade, Francis Jammes, Aldington, Pound, Wyndham Lewis, Eliot, Lady Gregory, May Sinclair, James Joyce, Hueffer, Arthur Symons, John Rodker, Yeats, Sherwood Anderson, Maxwell Anderson and others. One discovers a De Gourmont Number and a French Poets Number, the latter printed under the editorship of Pound and much to the disgust of unilingual fans, almost wholly in French. Among the graphic and plastic artists introduced were Laurencin, De Segonzac, Pascin and Max Weber. In short, the *Little Review* strove to be a little ahead of the first with a little later than the last. It was in the direct line of the Fuller-*Chap Book* tradition. Like the *Chap Book*, it pursued a double policy. While publishing the first and shocking instalments of Joyce's "Ulysses," it also published Anderson's early work, as well as that of Hecht and Emanuel Carnevali. If the group that clustered about it did nothing else, they kept Chicago properly shocked for a year or two, with neo-Hellenic shindigs by moonlight on the lake front and Continental art. Shortly before the war, the *Little Review* transferred its printer's bills by way of San Francisco to New York.

Next to *Poetry* and the *Little Review*, Maurice Browne's Little Theatre, a pioneer in America, was the most important phenomenon of the period from October, 1912, to April, 1917. Browne, assisted by his wife, Ellen Van Volkenburg, did valiant service in familiarizing such Chicagoans as could be lured into the ninety-nine-seat playhouse in the Fine Arts Building with the best of contemporary British and Continental drama. Dunsany, Lady Gregory, Yeats, Synge, Shaw, Ibsen and Strindberg were but a few of the playwrights whose work was represented in the Little Theatre's repertory. Occasionally, a native play was essayed, though the institution did not last long enough to get a good start in that direction.

There was also the Players' Workshop which grew up in Fifty-seventh street about this time. Here, Hecht, Bodenheim, the late Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, one of Hecht's early collaborators, George Cram Cook, Susan Glaspell and others did their best to rival Margaret Anderson and the *Little Review* coterie in the matter of annoying the public. It was here that Hecht's dramatic shocker, "Dregs," which called down the wrath of the local clergy, was given its first production.

Art colonies are, almost invariably, horrific things; but this may depend somewhat on who the colonists are. To Fifty-seventh street and the row of ramshackle one-story frame structures, abandoned stores of the World's Fair era, on the edge of Jackson Park, came at this time Masters, Sandburg, Bodenheim, Hecht, Floyd Dell, George Cram Cook, Maurice Browne and his wife, Dreiser, Lindsay, Arthur Davison Ficke, Witter Bynner, Margaret Anderson, Eunice Tietjens, Kreymborg, Vincent Starrett, John Cowper Powys and many others. Of them all, every one save Sandburg has since left.

Among the younger men who came up to Chicago at this time was Floyd Dell, a beardless youth from the woods of Davenport; he became literary editor of the *Post*. But soon he left for New York, Max Eastman and the old *Masses*. The last of the line of brilliant young fellows who worked on the *Post* was Burton Rascoe. He quit to become literary editor of the *Tribune*. He remains the only real critic the *Tribune* to this day, has ever had. He was possessed of a youthful crusader's enthusiasm for French literature, among other things, and a determination to make 'em like it. He even tried to make them like Cabell. He lasted through the war, till 1920, when he was summarily thrown out for hurting the feelings of one of the paper's Christian Science readers. He lost no time in catching a train for New York.

Thus ended Chicago's "renaissance." From 1917 on, the flame began to sputter

and finally it flickered out. Rascoe and Hecht were the end; they were the left-over youngsters, the abandoned babes in the wood, caught by the nightfall of after-the-war dullness, emptiness, stupidity and placidity. They fought valiantly but were vanquished. Hecht endeavored to stage a little renaissance of his own in 1922–24, but it was too late; it was like trying to hawk a spring tonic in the back room of a morgue.

IV

After the war, what? The *Little Review* was gone, and the Little Theatre dead from an overdose of war tax. *Poetry* still carried on, but it was not the *Poetry* of old. A mere glance at the contents pages of its after-the-war years tells the tale. To have great poetry magazines, there must be great poets, too; and Chicago's poetic scene had become, of a sudden, unaccountably barren. The New Poetry Movement had spent itself. Masters and Sandburg were to keep on singing for a while, but there were no new Masterses or Sandburgs in the offing. The Chicago poets since the war have been uniformly small fry—graceful little lyric-makers, college boys and book-store clerks. Today, in place of the really big and vital Sandburg, we have Lew Sarett and his cigar-store Indians.

As for *Poetry*, it has become, in many ways, merely a home talent affair. This is partly due to its Gold Coast antecedents, from which it has never been quite able to break away; there is always something of a pink-tea flavor to everything connected with it. It has exhibited, and exhibits still, an annual deficit, with a periodically recurring "crisis," whereupon the guarantors, smilingly, with much mutual back-patting, to the tune of See What Big-Hearted and Aesthetic Fellows We Are, step forward and make it up. Once in a while, when a contributing poet happens to employ a naughty word, a guarantor gets shocked and withdraws his support.

Thus Chicago is now just about as thrilling, poetically, as Tucson, Ariz. It lisps in numbers, but the numbers are those compiled by the Boosters' Committee of the Association of Commerce. The average citizen's idea of the muse is one gleaned from the trash that is printed in the local newspaper "columns." These column poets even have their schools and their anthologies. The collections put out by the most popular of them create first-edition riots when placed on sale, and the column conductors get into heated rows with Miss Monroe over the merits of a chap whose verse is a very thin rewrite of Mr. Swinburne. It is a vital controversy for Chicago, but everybody knows that the conductors, Miss Monroe and the disputed "poet" will all meet most amicably at the annual dinner of the Society of Midland Authors.

There is also the routine—for it has been reduced to a routine—of entertaining the visiting young poet from the East. He is, as a rule, very young and—unpublished. He is met at the train by some well-to-do patroness of the arts and whirled away to the home of a lady who makes a specialty of that sort of thing. A reading is then arranged—first a very private and exclusive one. Then, as the bardling's voice grows a little more used to Illinois Central soot, the public is let in on the poetic bonanza in the form of an evening at one of the tearooms or book-stores, the event being duly publicized in the book pages. The young visitor finds himself the hero of a fleeting hour. Next week will find him clerking in a book shop.

The passing of Chicago's poets is but one sign among many. Sherwood Anderson and the American novel, after a protracted and forlorn struggle, gave it up. After wandering to New York, Paris, the Southwest and back again, Anderson finally settled down in New Orleans, where he is today. As to Hecht, he did his best to put on a belated one-man show. His first full-formed offspring, the lyric and youthful "Erik Dorn," was spawned in the pitch black of a prairie night. In the Fall of 1922, he hooked up with the Covici-McGee pub-

lishing venture, becoming a sort of literary adviser to the firm. His "Fantazius Mallare" was the first volume put out by the new press. It was followed, shortly, by Bodenheim's first novel, "Blackguard," and by a volume of Bodenheim's poems, "The Sardonic Arm." The policy of the firm soon began to sway between Hecht and Vincent Starrett, who had also been taken on as adviser. Hecht was responsible for bringing out the work of Stanislaus Szukalski, the Polish-American sculptor of Chicago. Starrett was responsible for Arthur Machen. The business ran till 1925.

All in all, Covici-McGee probably did not publish more than a dozen books of the slightest literary value. Eight come to mind: Hecht's "Fantazius"; Hecht's "Thousand and One Afternoons in Chicago" (one of the best things in American journalism); Bodenheim's "Blackguard"; Bodenheim's "The Sardonic Arm"; "Tanka," a book of exquisitely chiseled attempts to do an American Burbank on the Japanese verse form, by Jun Fujita, a young Japanese poet of Chicago; Arthur Machen's "The Shining Pyramid"; "Stanislaus Szukalski, a Record of His Work in Art"; and T. Sturge Moore's "Judas." In addition, one notes books by Starrett, Conrad Bercovici, Harriet Monroe, etc.

As an off-shoot of the Covici-McGee experiment, in March, 1923, came Hecht's "modern sardonic journal," the Chicago *Literary Times*, with its dadaistic headlines and its hell-raising and, frequently, hair-raising assaults on the reformer species and others. It ran for a year, when Hecht grew tired of his plaything—it had never been more than that—and gave it up. It came too late; Chicago was already, long since, dead. The town gaped and gasped, and then went back to its dreary column poets.

Since the war, there have been a number of small abortive attempts at magazines. Of these were *Youth* and *Prairie*. They were muddled and futile, printing, at best, the second-and-third-rate work of good writers. *Pearson's Magazine*, the long enduring, came to Chicago, 1924–25, and passed out. Today there is *Chicago Topics*, which aims to be a small-town *Vanity Fair*.

The nearest approach to anything literary to be discovered in present-day Chicago is in its newspaper book pages. Of these, there are but two that count, those put out by the *News* and the *Post*. On the *News*, Harry Hansen, who held the post until recently, was intelligent, with a background of Continental and, particularly, German literature. His faults are a frequent lack of discrimination, a two sweeping and hospitable inclusiveness and a tendency to press-agent the absurd *Daily News* clique, which calls itself, with becoming modesty, a school. His successor, Keith Preston, is a professorial gent who takes himself quite seriously as a humorist and whose idea of literature is Christopher Morley. With Preston as literary editor, the *News* school achieves a fitting burial. On the *Post*, Llewellyn Jones is possessed of some scholarship, a liberality of judgment, an excess of psychology of the Freudian-psychoanalytic-behavioristic variety, and a passion for non-essentials, including prosody. The principal obstacles to criticism in Chicago are, first, the fact that book-reviewing is, invariably, an unpaid chore; secondly, the fact that, aside from the editors, there is almost no one in Chicago capable of reviewing a book. The job is left to young yearners of both sexes, campus literati, etc. It has become a thoroughly feminine pastime. Yet another insuperable impediment is the deeply rooted aversion to saying anything unpleasant, above all, about the Home Boys. As for criticism other than literary, the play-reporters of the town seldom rise above mediocrity, while, with the exception of the *Post*, art criticism is left to late Victorian spinsters and doddering he-Pollyannas. On the *Evening Post's Magazine of the Art World*, C. J. Bulliet, in addition to being a militant modernist, is thoroughly intelligent, but he and his publication make, apparently, little if any impression, while they have innumerable enemies.

V

Here, a little matter of stock-taking may be worth while. First, it might be well to compile a list of Chicago's more important emigrés:

Thorstein Veblen
Edgar Lee Masters
Sherwood Anderson
Ben Hecht
Maxwell Bodenheim
Floyd Dell
Francis Hackett
George Cram Cook
Susan Glaspell
Theodore Dreiser
Margaret Anderson
Emanuel Carnevali
Frank Norris
Hamlin Garland
Rex Beach
Ernest Poole
Samuel Merwin
Will Payne
Upton Sinclair
Brand Whitlock
George Barr McCutcheon
Ray Stannard Baker
George Ade
Finley Peter Dunne
Harold MacGrath
William Hard
Emerson Hough
Maude Radford Warren
Woodward Boyd
John V. A. Weaver
Alice Corbin Henderson
Charles Edward Russell
Ring Lardner
Lillian Bell
Harrison Rhodes
Eunice Tietjens

And here is a list of those who remain:

Henry B. Fuller
Carl Sandburg
Clarence Darrow
Harriet Monroe
Clara Laughlin
Llewellyn Jones
Marion Strobel
Keith Preston
Susan Wilbur
Edith Wyatt
Mary Aldis
Edna Ferber
Henry Kitchell Webster
Edwin Balmer
Robert M. Lovett
Opie Read
Robert Herrick
John T. McCutcheon
Henry Justin Smith
Robert J. Casey
T. K. Hedrick
Richard Atwater
Charles Collins
Jessica Nelson North
Mark Turbyfill
Jun Fujita
Florence Kiper Clark
Maurice Lesemann
Lew Sarett
Alice Gerstenberg
Wilbur D. Nesbit
Edwin Herbert Lewis
Janet Fairbank
Wallace Rice
Richard Henry Little
Hiram K. Moderwell
Earl Reed
Paul Scott Mowrer
Edgar Ansel Mowrer
Victor S. Yarros
Pearl Andelson
Clifford Raymond
Hi Simons
John Drury
Charles G. Blanden
Raymond O'Neil
Hyman Cohen
George Dillon

How does this list compare with that of the emigrés? Or with a list of the writers who flourished during the five years from 1912 to 1917? Many of those included, indeed, can hardly be said to be writers at all. The only ones of anything like literary importance are Fuller, Sandburg and Herrick. Fuller writes, now, only an occasional book review. He is an old man, living in his memories. Sift it down, and the only figure of any impressiveness left is the lonely one of Sandburg.

But Chicago is sublimely unaware of all this. Through its numerous things to join in the name of literature, it keeps up the illusion that it is producing literature. There are the Bookfellows, the Friends of American Writers, the Poetry Lovers of America, the Book and Play Club, the Greater English Club, the Society of Midland Authors, etc. All are militantly futile. The chief excitement is the visiting lecturer, ordinarily a second-rate fellow. Chicago has become a one-night stand on the lyceum circuit.

In yet another way the town dilettanti entertain themselves. That is by foregathering in back bars and coffee shops and prattling about books till boredom is extinguished in a bridge game. Of such is Schlogl's, the hangout of the Chicago *Daily News* "school." Here, under the presidency of Preston, one may meet tired advertising men, would-be writers, clientless lawyers, or what have you. Here, rumor has it, Sandburg once ate a fried herring and Ben Hecht choked on a codfish ball. Even Masters and a visiting Englishman are reported to have looked in on a fabled occasion. And so, Schlogl's has become the capital within the capital. . .

One more stroke, and the picture is complete. Suppose we drop in at the Press Club —the home, like all its kind, of butchers, bakers, dentists and their ilk—at, say, one o'clock in the morning. Who is this old man with the impressive, bushy head, sound asleep in a chair? The face is familiar. Sure enough, it is Opie Read! Wonder if he is dreaming of those days, when he was writing "The Jucklins" and better men than Gunga Din were checking-in their Gladstone bags at the old Polk Street and Union Stations? Let him dream. It would be a shame to disturb him. After all, he typifies Chicago.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

THE Rev. Dr. Livingston T. Mays, pastor of the Citywide Baptist Church, of Montgomery, as reported by the eminent *Advertiser:*

> It is the belief of true scholars that those who try to harmonize science and religion waste their time, for religion is true and the Bible is true, therefore scientific, and all genuine science accepts the Bible because every statement in it is absolutely true and therefore scientific. The Bible, notwithstanding all statements to the contrary, has not one solitary unscientific or untrue sentence in it.

CALIFORNIA

WANT ad under the heading of "Swaps" in the great Christian daily, the *Times* of Los Angeles:

> Painting of Immaculate Conception, gold frame. Wanted: good wardrobe trunk. G.L., 3331.

FREE speech news from Bakersfield:

> Local women of the W. C. T. U. debated last night on whether straw votes against Prohibition are treason, and the affirmative won.

How Christianity is spread in San Francisco, as revealed by the distinguished *Examiner:*

> DIAMOND JUBILEE
> FITZGERALD
> METHODIST
> 960 Bush St.
> "THE GIRL WHO WANTED TO BE PETTED AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HER ON PINE ST."
> 7:45 P. M.
> Rev. Robert L. Jackson

CONTRIBUTIONS to the American language in an advertisement in the Los Angeles *Herald:*

> The majority of the Spring styles reveal extreme *athleticness*. The coats have wide, square, muscular shoulders, the hips showing a decided *suppressness*.

THE Right Rev. W. H. Moreland, ordinary of the California diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, as reported by the Oroville *Mercury:*

> If in 1914 there had been a Rotary Club in Berlin, with the Kaiser and von Hindenburg as members, there probably would have been no bloodshed, and von Hindenburg would have been elected President of Germany ten years sooner.

THE Hon. Edward Scheve, speaking before the Huntington Park Club, as reported by the Watts *Review:*

> Tolstoy was an unconscious Kiwanian.

OFFICIAL pronouncement by the Greater Santa Monica Club in the Los Angeles *Examiner:*

> Santa Monica . . . is the apex of thought and ideals.

THEOLOGICAL problems discussed by the Rev. Dr. Gordon at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco:

> Can a girl who has had a bad reputation ever come back?
> What kind of a woman was the wife of Abraham Lincoln?
> Is marriage a failure when married life proves to be monotonous?
> By what method does the Pope make a saint of a person?
> Why do so many good husbands fail in business?
> What is the best way to win a woman's affections?
> Would you advise a young man to join the K. K. K.?
> Why are women so seldom at home?

PROGRESS of the New Education:

> A course in real estate has been established at the University of Southern California.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE Hon. Albert Johnson, Congressman from the State of Washington and chairman of the House Committee on Immigration:

> Let me tell you that tolerance is one thing, intolerance another. To be a person tolerant of another person's right to have different views

is my idea of tolerance, that is, until that person endeavors to make a public issue of his views.

From the question box of the *Youth's Instructor*, published at Washington:

Please tell me whether it is right to attend circus parades when they come to town.

M. M.

A parade, of course, is not a circus. In the former the boys and girls may see strange and interesting animals, and by close observation of their peculiarities, gather some helpful information. In the latter (a circus tent) there is an atmosphere that does not help any one. I am told by a converted circus man that the spirit of jazz (the immoral spirit) permeates the music, acts and plays of the modern circus. And the money spent for admission is wasted, as well as the time. Ernest Lloyd.

FLORIDA

Noble sentiment of the Rev. Dr. E. J. Bulgin, a distinguished evangelist of Sarasota, as reported by the *Herald* of that happy town:

I want a woman that will bawl like a dying calf in a thunderstorm after I die.

ILLINOIS

The career of a Methodist divine in Taylorville:

The Rev. Theodore Hill, pastor of the Free Methodist Church, is now devoting all his time to barbering in a local shop, where he has been working part time.

United Press dispatch from the Christian town of Sesser:

R. H. Hannah, high-school instructor, has been ousted from the township high-school because he permitted students to manufacture alcohol as part of their chemical course. The board asked Hannah's resignation on the ground that in teaching the making of alcohol he had violated the Volstead Act. Hannah refused to resign and was ousted.

From a reverend reader of the intellectual Chicago *Tribune:*

As an incentive to an immoral life . . . I know of nothing to equal tobacco.

A. D. Miral, D. D.

From an examination paper at the University of Chicago:

1. Having chosen a novel that you respect as a masterpiece and like as a story, relate the ending of that novel and show why it does or does not seem logical.

2. From at least three different periods of English literature choose five poems which will respectively illustrate the following five characteristics:
   (a) Allusions to Greek and Latin mythology.
   (b) An attitude toward life.
   (c) Blank verse.
   (d) Melodious sound.
   (e) The poet's deep personal feeling.

Name the author of each poem and briefly summarize the thought content.

3. Of the passage "We have scotched the snake . . ."
   (a) Who says these lines? Under what conditions?
   (b) Paraphrase this speech in dignified, modern English and underline your equivalents of the capitalized words.

Progress of the Higher Education in Chicago:

The Siebel Institute of Technology, established to educate soft-drink mixers, has sent out its first class of eighteen graduates with diplomas to a waiting world.

INDIANA

The worship of God in Trinity parish, Fort Wayne, as described by the Hon. W. L. Pettitt, Jr., chairman of a current drive for funds:

For many years Trinity Church has functioned as one of the filling stations of God's Love. It has not only given free air, but has dispensed the oil and gasoline of life to all who came. Some came for high test that would carry a long way, others for low test that would cover only a short distance. Some came for the oil that perfectly lubricates. Some for the kind that is soon worn out and fouls the machinery. Some filled their radiators with the cool water supplied and their engines never overheated. No substitutions were made; only the kinds asked for were delivered. Trinity Church is a very beautiful filling station of God's Love.

From the church news column of the Richmond *Item:*

The Light of Truth Spiritual Society will meet in the Eagles annex, 26 South Seventh street. The meeting will be devoted to messages and healing. We expect several healers there. This meeting is also to help those who are seeking spiritual unfoldment. After the service there will be a pie social.

IOWA

The state of journalism in Shenandoah, as described by the *Evening Sentinel-World* of that up-and-coming town:

On his seventy-second birthday, W. H. Harper, veteran reporter for the *Evening Sentinel-World*, covered his usual beat, the depôts. The first to

report each morning, he does the usual assignments, meets the trains, collects bills, looks after the sanitation of the newspaper office and in addition to his reporting duties at the stations, calls the trains.

CONNUBIAL reminiscences of a reader of the eminent Omaha *World-Herald:*

When we were married my wife was twenty-two years old. Common sense ought to tell anyone that when a woman is twenty-two years old and she does not know anything it is time to teach her. We were not rich by any means when we were married. To tell the truth, we were almost penniless. Imagine my surprise when I came home one evening from work and my wife took me into the little home and showed me a hat which she had just bought a few minutes before and had given $40 for it. This was back in 1896. I was making $30 a month and it kept me going to make both ends meet.

When my wife showed me the $40 hat, what do you think I did? I said to her, "I am only making $30 a month and you should have known better than to cause me to work for a month and a third to pay for a hat." The worst part of it was that the meat bill, the grocery bill and the house rent were not paid, but she had managed in some way to save up $40 to pay for the hat. It gave me some pleasure to know that the hat was paid for, even though the other bills were unpaid.

I read the weekly paper (we could not afford a daily). She done the supper dishes and then we talked a while and decided to go to bed. She went in the bedroom and I went out the back door and across the lot to my neighbor's barn. I knew he had a good horse whip there, so I took it and came back to our house and went in the bedroom where my wife was in bed.

I lit the lamp and told her to get up. She came and sat on my lap. I told her that she did wrong by spending $40 for a hat when we were so poor and had only been married four months. She said she would never do such a thing again. But I knew if I did not give her a thrashing then that I would have to later on. So I gave her one of the soundest and completest thrashings that a wife ever received. Of course she was not able to get out of bed for several days. When the neighbors asked me where my wife was I told them that she had gone back East to visit her mother. In the course of several weeks she was able to be around and completely recovered from the thrashing that I gave her.

She thanked me for the thrashing that I gave her and she took the $40 hat down to the church where they were holding a rummage sale and one of the neighbors bought the hat for 15 cents.

All this happened 30 years ago. That was the first and last thrashing that she ever received. We have never since that day spoken a cross word nor had a quarrel or a fight. But she has often told me that after I gave her that thrashing she loved me all the more.

NEWS item from Jefferson:

His conviction that material title to all the earth reposed with his Lord and Saviour led the late Clarence H. Powell, of Jefferson, to will 160 acres of high class Arkansas land to Jesus Christ. Powell's bequest was made despite the poverty-stricken condition of his widow and family, who are represented as being in dire want. The bereft family's plight is not the only complication to follow the filing of the will, however. Officials of the county registrar's office at Hardy, Ark., are wondering how they are to deliver the tract to its new owner. The warranty deed, filed with the registrar, is in regular form except that it reads: "For and in consideration of the death and penalty that all people inherited, being hereby acknowledged paid by our Lord, Redeemer and Saviour, Jesus Christ, who bought the right to possess and control the earth and all things pertaining thereto, I surrender all claims."

KANSAS

MORAL news from Emporia:

Legs is legs in Emporia, even in a court-room. This was the decree of I. T. Richardson, judge of the Lyon County District Court.

For two years the court has had a man for reporter and he has used an ordinary table on a raised platform near the bench. In the Knoblock trial Miss May Larson and Mrs. Emma Randolph will take testimony. So in order to avoid any possibility of jurors or attorneys being detracted from their deliberations, the court ordered a solid front desk.

But the county wished to save money and instead of getting a new desk J. L. Stratton, a member of the board of county commissioners, had a gay colored bit of cretonne placed around the edge of the old table, and it hung down more than half way to the floor. The cretonne was placed on the table Tuesday afternoon. Later the judge entered the court-room.

"This cannot be," he said. "If necessary I will bring a desk from my rooms here for use."

Decreeing that the table should be placed in front of the bench for the use of reporters, the judge refused to allow the colored cretonne to remain on it, even though representatives of the press pleaded earnestly. The table was shorn of its patterned cretonne, glory of gold, black, blue, and orange and now stands dejected before the judge's bench—just a table. In its place on a raised platform is a small, oak desk, decently protecting the pure eyes of the jury from an otherwise diverting spectacle.

MUSICAL marvel reported by the Winchester *Star:*

O. B. Davis and daughters, Misses Catherine and Muriel Davis, and R. H. Shove and son, Marlin, heard Paderewski sing in Kansas City Monday night. The noted singer received a great ovation in the Missouri metropolis.

LOUISIANA

SPREAD of the new Jurisprudence to Baton Rouge:

> Mayor Wade Bynum announced today that the sale in Baton Rouge of any phonograph records which might be termed vulgar or indecent would be stopped.

MARYLAND

FROM a leaflet distributed to the sweating strap-hangers of Baltimore by the Christian management of the United Railways and Electric Company:

> The Sunday-school is the exponent of cleanliness in thought, word, and deed. It stands for healthy happiness. It makes for good citizenship.
>
> It teaches joy, and gladness, and smiles—joy, gladness and smiles that come with a proper synchronization of clean pleasures and inescapable responsibilities.
>
> The Sunday-school is an ennobling influence. It develops courage—courage for the right.

POLITICAL announcement by the Hon. C. S. May, of Mountain Lake Park, Garrett county, in the western, or Cordilleran neck of the Free State:

> (1) I believe in God, Maker of all things. (Sin excepted.)
> (2) I believe in the Bible, which all laws are based upon.
> (3) I believe in the Church and all of its branches.
> (4) I believe in all organizations that are in favor of the Schools and the building up of Humanity, Morality, and the Church, including the K. K. K.
> (5) I believe America is the best Nation on earth.
> (6) I believe in and love the Constitution of the United States, and all its amendments.
> (7) I believe when a man is elected to the highest office in the State, takes the oath to uphold the dignity of the Constitution of the United States, that he should do so.
> (8) I believe in the Law and the enforcement thereof.
> (9) I believe that when a man or woman is not satisfied with our laws, he or she should get out and go over where Emma Goldman and her crowd are, where there are plenty of their kind.
> (10) I believe the Eighteenth Amendment was written by God, through one of his Agents and that Mr. Volstead will reap his reward in Heaven. All of this slush and propaganda published and paid for by a bunch of Lawbreakers and Thugs will never turn the minds of the good people of America. To the man or woman that says the Eighteenth Amendment is wrong, Russia will hold him or her also.
>
> This being my platform, with many more beliefs, I ask your support at the Primary as a candidate for Treasurer for Garrett County on the Republican Ticket.
>
> C. S. MAY,
> Mountain Lake Park, Maryland.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE Rev. Dr. J. C. Massee, pastor of the Tremont Temple Baptist Church, as reported by the Boston *Globe*, a high-brow paper:

> God is a subway guard. He is constantly calling, "Watch your step."

MICHIGAN

HEADLINES in the great cultural organ, the Dearborn *Independent:*

> SOIL CULTURE IS BUT A PART OF SOUL CULTURE; CHARACTER COMES WITH GROWING CABBAGES.

MISSOURI

FROM a God-fearing reader of the Kansas City *Journal-Post:*

> The reason God did not strike Sinclair Lewis dead when he dared Him to was that it was on Sunday night and God would not desecrate the Sabbath. Also he was in a church.

MONTANA

WANT ad in the Butte *Miner:*

> FOR SALE—SECOND HAND COFFIN. DID not need it after buying Germicidal Lung Specific at Woody Doull's little drug store round the corner, 29 South Main street.

NEW YORK

THE Right Rev. William T. Manning, B.D., D.D., S.T.D., LL.D., D.C.L., chevalier of the Legion of Honor, officer of the Order of the Crown of Belgium, and ordinary of the diocese of New York, after reading Matthew XIV, 10 and 11, and Mark VI, 21-28:

> One of the most striking things about the New Testament is the note of joy that rings in every page of it.

EFFECT of the spread of the scientific spirit to business:

> More than $1,000,000 is to be spent by the millinery industry in promoting "hat consciousness," according to Max W. Amberg, who addressed the convention of the Millinery Association of America. He declared that the milliners had decided to follow the lead of other industries in undertaking a campaign of "psychological propaganda."

SIGN hanging in the fitting-room of a Fifth avenue department store:

> Positively no fittings unless undergarments are worn.

MIRACLE reported from Brooklyn:

> A report spread through the Flatbush section of Brooklyn that a statue of the Virgin Mary in the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Cross, at Veronica place and Church avenue, had been seen by several parishioners to open and close both eyes several times. It was said that the right eyelid of the statue had drooped, and then the left, and then there was a rapid fluttering of both. An hour afterward the church was crowded with men and women gazing at the image. The majority of the 300 persons who had visited the church by 6 p. m. appeared to be confident they had seen the phenomenon. One man said he saw the image's eyelids move half a dozen times.
>
> This is the third time in the last three years that such things have been observed in Catholic churches in Brooklyn and on Long Island. Last year, in another Flatbush church, a portrait similar to the figure of Christ in Italian religious paintings appeared to be outlined on an altar lamp, and attracted several hundred persons, many of whom said they saw it. Something like it appeared some time before on the outside wall of a Long Island church.

ECCLESIASTICAL notice from the rising town of Phelps:

> Tithing, college education and hard work are three fundamentals of success indorsed by Birton E. Babcock, the Sauerkraut King, whose factories supply to the United States a third of its annual dish of kraut. Babcock set out to become a minister, but fate sent him to Phelps and circumstances forced him to take charge of a kraut factory. Having decided that his plans to enter the ministry had been definitely thwarted, he thought the matter over, and with the aid of his Bible, which he found had something to say about the earning and spending of money, determined he might render as effective service in business as in the ministry.

NOTE on the amusements of a democracy, gleaned from the illustrious *American:*

> Phantom, a horse, is scheduled to neigh a greeting through the microphone of WOR within the near future.

NORTH CAROLINA

NEWS item in the Asheville *Times:*

> Z. R. Searcy, former city dog catcher, who was recently discharged from that position, was appointed a member of the city police force. Mr. Searcy was discharged from his former position for clubbing to death a big stray dog on Pack Square.

OKLAHOMA

ECCLESIASTICAL notice in the eminen Oklahoma City *Times:*

> REV. J. A. AGNEW
> Formerly Pastor, University Place Christian Church, Becomes Manager
> HOTEL LAWRENCE CAFÉ
> 15 West Grand Ave.
> *When Downtown Dine With the Parson*

PENNSYLVANIA

FROM the Contributors' column of th Philadelphia *Bulletin:*

> For sixteen years I never had a boy friend who really cared for me, one to take me out and to come to see me. I had plenty of boy friends who enjoyed my company in a crowd. Towards the end of last year I was heart sick. All of my girl friends had their sweethearts and I had none. There was going to be a party where each girl should bring one fellow. All of my friends had their "shieks," but I had none. I had gone regularly to church, taught a Sunday school class. About a week before the party I picked up the Bible and it opened at the ninety-first psalm. "He shall call upon me and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and bless him." This verse seemed especially for me and immediately I bowed my head and prayed as I had never prayed before. I am happy to say I met the "best fellow in the world" and he went to that party with me. God has answered my prayers and I now have a best boy friend. So, girls, if you wish to meet a real fellow read the Bible and pray.
>
> NAN.

SOUTH CAROLINA

ANNOUNCEMENT by the Hon. L. A Greene of Greenville:

> The records reveal that Christ started the Greenville Chamber of Commerce.

TENNESSEE

FROM an editorial entitled, "The Deadl Dance," in the *American Baptist*, publishe at Memphis:

> When the dancing girl comes to die, it is not the man who last had his arms around her in the ballroom that she wishes to see in such an hour. Her dancing companions would be a profanation to the death chamber.

LAW Enforcement note from the eminen Memphis *Commercial-Appeal:*

> A gentleman coming into Memphis Sunday morning in an automobile found himself athirst for corn liquor. He drove up in front of a filling station and after some desultory con-

versation, expressed a desire for some liquid lightning. The gasoline seller informed him that he did a quiet liquor business on the side, whereupon a quart of corn was transferred for $4 of current money. Then the traveler said that his gasoline had run low and the oil station man might sell him five gallons, whereupon the oil station man said, "I cannot sell you any gasoline on Sunday. It is against the law and besides, I have never believed in breaking the Sabbath."

SIGN hanging in the window of a Christian tonsorial parlor of Knoxville:

Special notice: Positively no more women's and girls' hair bobbed here; such is an abomination in the sight of God. Study His eternal Word: Cor. 11.5-15. "Be not deceived. God is not mocked. Whatsoever man soweth that also he shall reap." Gal. 6:7.

TEXAS

OBITUARY notice from the eminent Hico *News-Review:*

Easter, the valuable cow of Mr. John Parks and wife, died Sunday morning. She was sick only a short time. It is a deplorable thing for anyone to lose such a cow as Easter was. Mr. and Mrs. Parks have the sympathy of their friends. Easter is gone but not forgotten.

THE Hon. Charles B. Loftin, vice-president of the San Antonio College of Chiropractors, as reported by the Associated Press:

Had ex-Kaiser Wilhelm received chiropractic adjustments for whatever abnormal conditions from which he was suffering, the World War would have been averted.

DISPATCH from the rising town of Wharton:

An ordinance which went into effect here yesterday ordering that all chickens within the city limits be kept in pens included the clause, "all chickens found out of their pens after this date shall be given to the preachers of Wharton."

NEWS of the Texas learned world, from the *Alcade*, published by the alumni of the State university:

Dr. J. A. Fitzgerald, professor of business administration, has become a Rotarian.

DIVERTISSEMENTS of the he-men of Galveston:

Approximately sixty Kiwanians and ladies attended the ladies' night cabaret-vaudeville programme given at Gaido's. At the conclusion of the programme a handshaking contest was staged, wherein all men were required to shake hands with as many ladies as they could in the space of one minute. J. M. Parke won with a total of seventy-four handshakings.

UTAH

ETHICO-LEGAL pronunciamento by the distinguished *Desert News:*

Any writer who directly or indirectly encourages the use of cigarettes is a menace and should be barred from the public prints.

VIRGINIA

METEORO-THEOLOGICAL news from the North Carolina border in the eminent Richmond *Times-Dispatch:*

The Rev. T. Carter Page, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, at South Boston, prayed for rain at his morning service on Sunday and a refreshing rainfall came in the afternoon and night. Two years ago, the Rev. R. R. Phelps, rector of the same church, prayed for rain and in the afternoon of the same day a near-cyclone passed over Halifax county, resulting in much property damage.

WEST VIRGINIA

POSTICAL notice from the eminent Charleston *Gazette:*

STATEMENT

I have not at any time made the statement attributed to me that I would, if elected mayor of South Charleston, close the town. Anyone circulating such report is misrepresenting the truth.

J. H. HUMPHREYS.

WISCONSIN

PROFOUND deliberations of the apostles of Service in the town of Waukesha:

A much heated discussion by way of debate is to come up at a joint meeting of the Waukesha Kiwanis Club and the Waukesha Rotary Club on Thursday night. The question is, "Resolved, That the use of the old-fashioned night shirt is more beneficial to the health of the community than are pajamas." The Rotary Club will uphold the pajama while the Kiwanis will defend the night shirt.

IS THE RACE GOING DOWNHILL?

BY WILLIAM MONROE BALCH

In the great days of the Cave Man and the dinosaurus, we are told, the process of Natural Selection was in full blast, and in all forms of life the best eugenic stock was selected for survival. But now, it appears, the thing runs the other way. Philanthropy, sanitation, education, even democracy itself—all these modern inventions to ease the struggle for existence are giving heavy advantages to the dysgenic stock, and so civilization is sluicing through the channels of panmixia into the dismal swamps of degeneration. Do the present days seem worse than the old days? Then let us comfort ourselves with the assurance that the worst is yet to come. Humanity began with the Missing Link; it will end with the Robot. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

Consider, for example, war. In ancient times, we are told, war was literally "a trial of strength" and hence insured the survival of the stronger stock. When men fought face to face, those of superior physical and mental endowments must have prevailed; the weaklings must have perished. To make selection doubly sure, a happy massacre of the non-combatants was the normal culmination. But modern warfare, it is argued, is quite devoid of these benign characteristics. It selects the strongest to be killed at long range by high-power guns; it selects the weaklings to stay at home and renew the population after their own unlikely likeness.

Worse, we are told that peace has its victories of contra-selection no less renowned than those of war. Civilization finds its chief business in fostering the weak and defective, and bidding them multiply and replenish the earth. What is the chief mark of medical progress? It is the ever-decreasing death-rate. And what does that mean save that doctors and sanitarians are thwarting the kindly hand of Nature as she tries to up-root the human weeds and give the flower and fruit of mankind a chance to flourish? What is philanthropy, with its alms, its hospitals, its refuges, and its orphanages, save soft-hearted sap-headedness carefully selecting inferiors to propagate an undesirable progeny, world without end? And what is public education save the process of teaching the inferior how to counteract and propagate their inferiority? And what is democracy save giving the awful weapon of the ballot to the moron majority, and so making sure that the revolt of the inferiors will be a success? How much better than this civilization of today was the no-civilization-at-all of primitive man, who exposed his own inferior offspring to the storms and knocked the inferior offspring of his neighbor on the head!

More than anything else, perhaps, what the pessimist views with alarm is the declining birth-rate of the superior stocks. In the intelligence tests, for example, the relatively few children of the professional class show a super-IQ and the swarming progeny of the unskilled laborer a sub-IQ. Equivalent differences also appear between the native and immigrant stocks. The IQ, we are told, is an indefeasible entail; that is, it is both hereditary and unchangeable by education. And the birth-rate runs inversely to the IQ! The most widely read of last year's jeremiads told us that in 1920 the average number of children in a family

among chemists was 1.8, among physicians 2.1, among writers and journalists 2.1, among garbage gatherers 3, among janitors and sextons 3.4, and among miners 3.6. Thus it appears that it will be only a question of time, and not so much time at that, when the present moron majority will become an idiot unanimity.

II

So much for the pessimist, and his lugubrious forebodings. Next, the optimist speaks his mind. First, he answers flatly that the criteria of eugenic fitness set up by the pessimist are invalid and often absurd. Granting for the sake of argument that military-survival and disease-survival are ceasing to be selective in the modern world, he reminds us that they never were and never can be selective in respect to the higher qualities of fitness, such as sympathy, loyalty, and idealism. By other avenues of evolution it may even be that these qualities are actually increasing among us. Does the pessimist assume glibly that economic success is a test of social fitness? Then don't we know that several of the traits leading to it are distinctly anti-social, while several that retard it are distinctly social? Even the IQ itself is no infallible index of social worth. Perhaps the duller and slower minds, strong in habits of painstaking and plodding, may better bear their part than the more brilliant in the vast and intricate team-work which we call civilization. And that which has been the eugenist's greatest fear, the low birth-rate that goes with the high IQ—even that may have an aspect of reassurance. For if high intelligence is in some way linked up with low esteem for offspring, then we may greet with cheer the statistics which indicate that the race is to be reproduced, not by unnatural super-men but by the common folks who love their homes and their babies. Maybe, after all, God and Lincoln were right as to who were and are the most desirable citizens.

Again, it seems clear that ancient war was less eugenic and that modern war is less dysgenic than the pessimists assume. The former probably had little actual eugenic value, for its issue was decided, not usually by a "trial of strength" but by two other factors having no selective efficacy: numbers and fighting habits. The stock destroyed because it was fewer or more pacific must have often been superior in economic, social, and mental qualities, and even in physique. As for modern warfare, its significance for eugenics is by no means accurately comprehended in the saying that "it leaves the race to be continued by its inferior members." Several other facts are factors also. For instance, those who remain at home in war-time are not entirely the physical inferiors; the draft on man-power actually exempts, for economic, social and family reasons, many physical superiors. Again, the physical inferiorities of the really weak stay-at-homes are not usually transmissible. Thirdly, the physical inferiors in many cases are the mental and social superiors. And lastly, modern military service also has some positive eugenic efficacy. A bullet that pierces a man's heart or a bomb that crushes his head will kill a strong man as quickly as a weakling, but the casualties that lacerate flesh or crush limbs are constantly selecting superiors for survival, while only a low percentage of inferiors get by. The disease death-rates of armies, together with the necessary hardships and exposures of war, still strengthen the conspiracy of circumstances which brings it about that the returning veterans, on the average, are better eugenic stock than the outgoing recruits. This, perhaps, is nothing in favor of war, but it at least shows that modern war is better than ancient war.

Whatever may be true of war, it seems highly probable that, despite the gloomy view of the pessimists, our modern philanthropy and sanitation are by no means putting Natural Selection out of business. Often we hear the lament that civilization

protects and fosters the weak and defective, but we are not often favored with any clear statement as to how it is done, nor any definite evidence that it is done at all. Even were it true that we are today selecting the physically weak for survival, we should again remind ourselves that physique is not the only, nor even the chief test of social fitness and that bad physique often prevents reproduction and is thus not inheritable. But apart from that, we are not actually engaged in any such contra-selection. For it is only an unproved assumption that the higher the death-rate the more rigorous is the selective process. Data have been published to show that reductions in the infant death-rate are followed by increasing death-rates in the ensuing age-years, with the inference that the salvaging of these biological weaklings becomes a factor in the degeneration of the racial germ-plasm. But the data, to say nothing of the inference, are very dubious. Against them stands the forty years' record of England and Wales, showing a nearly constant coincidence between the decrease of first year deaths and the decrease of deaths in the five age-years following. But the inference, even if the data on which it is based were accepted, would still be a *non sequitur*. For even if the infants thus saved include some hereditary weaklings, it need not be concluded that the major portion of such survivals are weaklings, nor that they increase the ratio of such weaklings to the total population. The exact contrary may be true.

An accredited biologist assures us that "it is, in fact, on the basis of intelligence that Natural Selection is acting with the greatest potency at the present time." Whose babies have the best chance for life? Evidently those of the more intelligent mothers—and intelligence is an inheritable trait. This survival-factor is increasingly potent in our time because education and invention are constantly increasing the efficiency of such intelligent mothers.

Industry is also selecting the more intelligent for survival. Its maximum accident-rate is reported from those occupations requiring the least intelligence. At this point, perhaps, the pessimist will rise to remark that if industry is serving so well as a fool-killer, then to make industry safer means to make it safer for fools. This sounds plausible but calls for inquiry. Lately I heard the safety official of a great transportation system telling a college class that on his road the employés who suffer accidents are usually the victims of their own folly. His explanation was that the company had gone to the limit in safety mechanism and safety instruction. Hence the number of accidents due to a lack of such precautions had reached a minimum—and the proportion due to the personal equation was at a maximum. The personal equation means simply those qualities of character and intelligence which include all that are biologically inheritable. In other words, the safer industry is made, the nearer it approaches conditions under which only the born fools can get themselves killed. It follows that among the survivors the fools will constitute an ever-decreasing and the not-fools an ever-increasing percentage. Thus the advance of industry does not mean that the world is to be made safer for inferiority. It does mean that as the world becomes increasingly safe for everybody the superiors will make up an increasing percentage and the inferiors a decreasing percentage of mankind.

It may very well be that the new amenities permit the survival of an increased *number* of inferiors, but the argument of the alarmist at this point depends on the false assumption that this is identical with the survival of a larger *proportion* of inferiors. The distinction is vital. All the causes of death are located either in the environment or in the organism, and all the inheritable causes are included among the latter. Suppose that we now go about reducing the general death-rate in every way possible. Obviously, the environmental causes of death are the more amenable to control and our largest saving of

lives will be among those whose adverse circumstances are not aggravated by adverse heredity—that is, among those who are the carriers of the better germ-plasm. Suppose the total deaths among a given population in a given time to number 100, distributed in groups as follows:

X, due to environmental causes	40
Y, due to organic causes not hereditary	30
Z, due to hereditary causes	30

Note that in group *Z* alone do we have anything that can be called a selective death-rate in the eugenic sense. Now suppose the number of lives that can be saved by all means to be twenty: something like the following redistribution will appear:

X =	40 − 14	= 26 =	32½	per cent
Y =	30 − 3	= 27 =	33¾	per cent
Z =	30 − 3	= 27 =	33¾	per cent
	100 − 20	= 80 =	100	per cent

Here, obviously, though three hereditary inferiors have been saved, it is manifest that, along with a 20% decrease in the general death-rate, there has been a 12½% increase, relatively, in the selective death-rate. So Natural Selection is still on the job. It is, in fact, working with ever better tools and ever-increasing skill.

III

It is often argued that our most reckless interference with Natural Selection lies in the improvident way in which we snatch waifs and foundlings out of its hand and plant them in an environment where they can flourish and fructify. This, it appears, is trying to gather figs from thistles, and we will only get our fingers pricked for our pains. But for some reason these poor human weeds seem to bear good fruit after all: a recent count of adults thus salvaged in childhood by the home-finders shows that no less than 88% had become good citizens. It also appears that the earlier their age at the time of placement, the higher the percentage which made good. Natural Selection thus makes as good a job of nurture as it does of nature. All that a recent eminent spokesman of pessimism can say to this is that the parentage of these waifs is unknown, and hence irrelevant to any discussion of heredity. Of a large part of them that is not true, and as to the rest it is sufficient to add that to know that their parentage is unknown is one way of knowing a great deal about it.

As for actual sub-normals, there is a common belief that our uncivilized forebears used to make short work of them. For instance, one of the most alarmed of the current alarmists asserts that "before civilization it is highly probable that no fool had ever lived to be ten years old." That depends on what is meant by a fool. Perhaps the selective savage killed off the imbeciles; perhaps, again, he sometimes revered and propagated them. But there is no perhaps about the fact that the Church, almost into our own century, encouraged the marriage of such unfortunates "in the interests of morality." When not married they usually roamed at large, spawning their kind. In our degenerate days we confine them in institutions, and so make them sterile. More important for our problem are not these imbeciles, but the morons and for two reasons, namely, imbeciles are not attractive mates, whereas morons often are; and imbeciles are few, while morons are myriad. But from the earliest days to the beginnings of the modern age, the moron appears to have been able to get along about as well as our other ancestors. The reason why he is so numerous today, indeed, is that he flourished and multiplied prodigiously in the good old days when Natural Selection is supposed to have been doing its perfect work. Thus the contra-selective coddling of the unfit is mainly a myth. The death-rate is really doing very well for the race.

But what is the birth-rate doing? We are told that "up to a generation ago the outstanding biological feature of our national life was that its abler ten million produced more babies than its less able ninety million." Is it so, indeed? Up to a generation ago we did not have one hundred

million, and no ten million anywhere ever produced more babies than any ninety million. One guesses that the writer quoted failed to say what he was really trying to say. Perhaps he meant to repeat one of the familiar doctrines of the ultra-eugenists, to wit, that the present birth-rate is increasing the excess of low IQ's. Our concern here depends on the assumption that the IQ exactly indexes the traits due to heredity alone, and that it is unalterable by education or any sort of social reform. But such facts as those cited by Bagley and others—for example, the geographical correlation between the intelligence scores and educational privileges, health conditions, and economic status—afford a strong presumption that the IQ really registers a composite attributable to all these factors, jointly with native intelligence. When Freeman's questionnaire gave us the view of those whom he certified to be the most accomplished mental testers, the following remarkable conclusions were noted: First, a dozen or more of the most important psychological qualities are not measurable by the tests. Second, "psychologists disagree with those extremists who ascribe these differences [of intelligence] wholly to training, and also with those who ascribe them wholly to inborn capacities." Third, "some believe that the effect of training on the test scores is great enough to necessitate different standards for the various social or environmental groups." These qualifications are quite sufficient to dispel the shadow which the IQ had cast over the biological future.

Even if the birth-rate, in other ways, still registers a differential adverse to the superior stock, several further considerations are to be kept in view. First, mere fecundity is less consequential than effective fecundity, which regards not merely the number of offspring born, but the number successfully reared. If the death-rate of our supposedly superior class has decreased one-half or two-thirds in modern times, it gives to their effective fecundity an even more favorable index than the crude birth-rate shows. Again, the birth-rate of the supposed inferiors is diminishing as their education and standards of living continue to improve. There is also encouragement in the appreciable, and probably increasing sterility of degenerates. Because of the much-advertised fact that subnormal families have an abnormal birth-rate the equally important facts are overlooked that fewer subnormals and other degenerates are now entering into family life, and that those of them who are outside family life are less likely to bear offspring than of old. These results are due to two causes: first, the increasing institutional confinement of the insane and feeble-minded; second, the relative sterility of women who are promiscuous and especially of prostitutes. "Probably in a primitive society," as Holmes remarks, "these same women would have formed the most prolific class."

Furthermore, Natural Selection is now less handicapped than of old by the practice of inbreeding. This is to be credited to two modern tendencies. First is the greater mobility of the general population. The old-fashioned village, wherein everyone was many times over a cousin of everybody else and even cousin-once-removed of his or her own children, is more and more a thing of the past. Second, there is the increase of democracy. Aristocracies are always inbred. Gentle birth means cousin-marriages. The old aristocracies also gave frequent sanction to the marriage of degenerates. One made a good marriage by mating with the base descendant of high lineage. But the democrats of today do not marry families; they marry persons. The rejection of undesirable mates may result in some superior persons failing to mate at all, but even that is better than to breed from any old stock just because it happens to be old in social status.

The decline of religious celibacy reduces another dysgenic factor. For a thousand years or more the idealists of both sexes were withdrawn wholesale from the reproduction of their kind. This custom, of

course, is not yet entirely obsolete, but it is going so fast that Mr. Wiggam, for instance, tells us that ten of the first fifty-one names in the Hall of Fame and one-twelfth of all the names in "Who's Who in America" are the names of children of clergymen.

Another important eugenic tendency in modern life is to be found in the higher natural increase of the rural stock—that is, in its excess of births over deaths. While this is not uniformly registered in a higher rural birth-rate, it generally appears in a lower rural death-rate, and with the same net result. One gratifying illustration is seen in the fact that in 1920 the percentage of the population under five years of age in the cities of the United States was 9.7 and in the rural regions 12.3. In the same year the number of children under five to each thousand mothers in the cities was 392 and in the country 591. The popular assumption is probably true that the country gives us the better biological elements, including whatever superiorities one may be pleased to ascribe to the Nordic stock. While the urban population is increasing faster than the rural, it is enabled to do so largely by attracting the surplus of the latter. Thus the rural increase is a racial asset to city and country alike.

IV

The argument may be concluded by inquiring whether the facts in evidence show, in the end, any actual degeneration of civilized society. The degenerative factors that prevail nowadays cannot be entirely new. Degeneration, if it be real, has been in process for some time, and ought to have its exhibits ready by this time.

Exhibit A for pessimism would probably be the Army mental tests. Here it may suffice to say that if 45% of our conscripts were actually found to be below the mental age of thirteen, that simply proves either that the tests were incompetent, or that the age named does not mark the true border-line. The man in the street is probably correct in seeing in Exhibit A little more than the inane proposition that 45% of the men examined were inferior to the other 55%.

Exhibit B might be the Army physical tests. We are told, for instance, that our country "called its picked youth . . . . to the colors and found that practically one-third were physically unfit." On the contrary, the "picked" youth were not called; *all* the youth were called, and the best two-thirds were then picked for service. The percentage found unfit was due to the high standard of the picking rather than to the low average of the picked.

Exhibit C is thus offered in support of one of the "new commandments": "Diseases of the heart, circulation and kidneys have apparently increased more than 100% since 1880," while "the death-rate is increasing at the higher age-periods." An increase of 100% since 1880 would not in itself be abnormal; the population has increased more than that. And with the decreased infant death-rate, a higher relative death-rate in some of the later age-periods is merely a matter of course; all must die at some age. The diseases named are those of middle age, and as the infant death-rate falls a larger percentage of people will reach the ages at which they occur. Anxiety because more people seem to have face-wrinkles and bald heads would be about as reasonable.

Exhibit D, the increase of insanity, is a favorite horror with alarmists. Thus it is shown that in the United States from 1890 to 1903 the asylum population increased 100% and the general population only 30%, while the corresponding figures for Great Britain from 1859 to 1910 were 230 and 77. Here it is evident that the following factors are involved: (1) The increase of institutional treatment, including earlier as well as more frequent confinement of the patients. (2) Fewer insane in almshouses and prisons and more in the appropriate hospitals. (3) Increasing longevity of the patients due to more scientific treatment. (4) The growth of cities, among whose

population the insanity ratio is more than twice that of the country population. (5) The increased strain of modern high-pressure living. Some of this is bad enough, but what concerns us here is that the factors indicated afford a quite adequate explanation of the evil without gratuitously dragging in any hypothetical factors of dysgenics or contra-selection.

Exhibit E purports to show that the laboring class is decreasingly represented among the leaders of modern civilization and therefore must be in process of degeneration. For instance, one writer is quoted to the effect that until the period of mass democracy, about 1800, one in nine of the national leaders of Great Britain came from the laboring class; whereas during the next twenty-five years there was but one in fifteen, and about 1850, but one in twenty-two. Today there is probably but one in forty or fifty. Another is quoted as saying that in America not a single day-laborer's son has ever become a man of scientific distinction. (What of the president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science? Perhaps a Servian herdsman owning a few sheep is a capitalist.) With this exhibit the writer displays the caption: "The wholesale rise of the masses to power may be the death of their biological progress."

What happened in Great Britain before 1850 is irrelevant to "mass democracy." Any tendency which was going strong one hundred years ago was not attributable to "the wholesale rise of the masses to power." The truth is that political democracy has not brought with it either economic or social democracy. In these days it takes much time and much capital for a young man to climb the ladder of success, and the workingman's son has little of either. Hence it is now almost impossible for him to achieve distinction in science or anything else involving long and costly specialization. To climb out of the low-paid class is the best that a few wage-earners, in the course of a strenuous life-time, can do. But it is not unlikely that the children of these few may in their day appear in creditable numbers among the really distinguished. Hence it would be more enlightening to know how many of the *grand*children of workingmen are to be found among the scientists of today. It is also to the point to note that in those spheres of achievement where native endowments rather than trained technique are adequate for leadership there is no marked scarcity of the working class; Gompers, Ebert, and Lord Leverhulme do not yet belong to ancient history.

Meanwhile, optimism, too, has its exhibits. There is the steep decline of the general death-rate for fifty years or more throughout Western civilization; the decrease of pauperism in Great Britain from 5% of the population in 1850 to 2.1% of recent date; the marked decrease of crime in Great Britain and elsewhere; and the constantly higher standards of living there and in the United States. Other factors enter here, but there is at least a strong presumption that a degenerating race could not show at the same time, and during a long period, an increase in longevity, in social order, in self-support and in living standards. That kind of "degeneration" suggests the anecdote about General Grant's brand of whiskey.

The tests of fitness proposed by the pessimists are inadequate. War is never eugenic, though modern warfare is probably less dysgenic than the ancient. The declining death-rate is increasingly selective. The declining birth-rate, when balanced by effective fecundity, seems to show no differential in favor of the inferior stock. Several dysgenic practices of older days have been checked or even discontinued. The natural results of unnatural selection are not in the exhibits, but rather the contrary. And just because Natural Selection is refusing to be brutal, let us not refuse to recognize its identity. More civilized, more gracious and more deliberate than of old, it is in our day as busy as ever and a deal more efficient.

BROTHER BENJAMIN ABBOTT

BY HERBERT ASBURY

One of the first sorcerers to adorn American Methodism, and probably the greatest of them all, was Brother Benjamin Abbott, a native of New Jersey who floundered in the morasses of sin until his fortieth year, when he was converted and became a flail of the Lord. He appeared in the Methodist itinerancy as a free-lance local preacher about 1773, but later joined the Conference, and there remained in hot pursuit of Satan until 1796. He then expired at the age of sixty-four, in Salem, N. J., clapping his hands in holy joy and shouting that he saw the pearly gates of Heaven opened wide to receive him, with a band of handsome angels waiting to escort him into the presence of God.

Brother Abbott had great gifts as a magician. He could exorcise devils, he had visions, and he talked face to face with the Lord. He fought many desperate hand-to-hand battles with demons and goblins. When he pointed his finger at sinners and fixed them with his glittering eye, they immediately squawked and fell unconscious, or else had fits. Those who retained the power of locomotion fled into the night, yelling. Occasionally he worked spells of such potency that they were boomerangs and he himself was knocked unconscious. One of these self-inflicted knockouts kept him on the floor of a meeting-house for half an hour, unable to move hand or foot, while miserable but repentant sinners crawled over him and kissed his hands and feet.

The hosts of hell could not prevail against Brother Abbott's incantations. Once a demon possessed a soldier and impelled him to jab the sorcerer with his bayonet, but Brother Abbott confronted him without flinching and called on heaven for aid. The soldier lunged half a dozen times, but the magic was too powerful for him. The point of his bayonet whizzed past Brother Abbott's throat without inflicting injury, or slid harmlessly by his belly. At length an unseen force jerked the musket from the soldier's hands. Thereupon the trembling fellow abandoned his project and fled howling into a field, where he lay upon the ground for hours, moaning and groaning. On another occasion a sinner strode down the aisle of a New Jersey meeting house bearing a bludgeon with which he proposed to crack the magician's skull. But Brother Abbott fixed him with his eye and cast a spell on him, and the wicked man dropped his club and threw both hands into the air, crying out, "Do not judge! Do not judge!" He then ran backwards from the house, and continued in this manner until he fell into a ditch, where he had a fit. Later he was converted.

At a meeting on the Eastern Shore of Maryland Brother Abbott cast spells of such power that the wounded and slain of the Lord were all over the place, unconscious on the floor or writhing in convulsions. One young girl lay as though dead; her relatives could detect no heart beat, her body was rigid, and they concluded that she had expired. But Brother Abbott knelt beside her and prayed, and placed his hand on her head. In a moment she cried out, "Let me go to Jesus!" Then she got to her feet and went home.

Brother Abbott, despite his occult talents, was a man of no secular learning

whatsoever. He could barely read and write. But when the Lord entered him he could detect demons through eight feet of masonry. John Wesley, founder of Methodism and its sole proprietor until Francis Asbury and Dr. Coke organized the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1784, had much the same gift. For many years various members of the Wesley family, including John and his brother Charles, were haunted by demons. The principal one was a mischievous goblin called Old Jeffery, who took up his abode in Epworth Rectory, where John Wesley was reared and which was occupied by his father as a priest of the Church of England.

Old Jeffery first appeared at Epworth in the latter part of 1715, when the housemaid heard dismal groans in the dining-room. A few nights later the Wesleys heard strange knockings, which continued night after night. Usually there were three or four at a time in different parts of the house. Every member of the family heard them except John Wesley's father, and since it was well known that they presaged the death of the person to whom they were inaudible, he was not told about them. Eventually he heard them and the Wesleys were greatly relieved.

Twice Old Jeffery appeared in person. Once the mother of John Wesley saw him run from beneath a bed in the form of a badger, and again the man-servant, Robin Brown, chased him from behind the oven, this time in the form of a rabbit. This second time he hurried out of the house with his ears flat against his body and his little scut standing straight up. But between these two zoölogical manifestations came a variety of noises and disturbing incidents. There were at times the noise of bottles being dashed to pieces, the sound of footsteps going up and down stairs, the noise of dancing in an empty room, the gobbling of a turkey-cock, and knockings about the beds and all over the house. Once the elder Wesley heard nine loud and distinct knocks, and then several deep groans, and then nine more knocks, with a pause at every third knock. He spoke to the goblins, which replied with three distinct knocks.

The Wesleys tried to drive Old Jeffery from the house by blowing a horn half a day and by performing other sorceries, but the demon was offended and made the succeeding night hideous with his noises. John Wesley's father finally asked him to come to the study when he had anything to say; he then heard three knocks, signifying assent. None but the elder Wesley ever touched the demon. He was thrice pushed out of the way as Old Jeffery hurried about his demoniacal business, a high wind going by immediately afterward. Such a wind usually accompanied the noises; it whistled around the house and through the rooms, and sometimes it went ahead of the Wesleys and opened doors for them.

Old Jeffery was the subject of much correspondence between members of the Wesley family, and has been considered at length by Methodist historians. Robert Southey, perhaps the most critical of Wesley's biographers, concluded that he was a Jacobite goblin, for he always interrupted the family worship when Mr. Wesley or his wife attempted to pray for the King of England or the Prince of Wales. He believed that the goblin was obviously from hell. Other Methodist scholars, however, have expressed the belief that the manifestations were of divine origin, and that by them the Lord was mysteriously indicating to John Wesley that he was called to a Great Work. No one, however, has attempted to explain why the Lord should have appeared as a whistling wind or a rabbit with its tail in the air.

II

In his later years Brother Abbott wrote a remarkable narrative of his conversion and subsequent experiences, in which he spoke freely of his encounters with demons and other evil spirits, noting, for instance, that "the devil roared horribly but was

overcome," or that "the powers of hell shook and gave way" before his magic. Once at a meeting in Upper Octarara, N. J., where he was met by Brother James Sterling, another renowned itinerant, the devil appeared to him in the revolting form of a Presbyterian. This Presbyterian declared cunningly that the whole Methodist procedure was diabolical, and during Brother Abbott's meeting he sat in the front row and sneered in a futile effort to disconcert the sorcerer.

Later the Presbyterian attended a gathering in a neighboring farm-house and again watched from a front seat while Brother Abbott knocked sinners right and left. First the sorcerer gave out a hymn, and Brother Sterling prayed, and then Brother Abbott began to exhort, and to point his fingers and fix his glittering eye upon the sinners. Immediately they began to fall unconscious or in fits; the few who were not overcome climbed out of windows or fled through the doorways. This meeting was the scene of an unfortunate accident. Brother Abbott's shotgun had too much spread; at the very first blast Brother Sterling groaned heavily and fell senseless, and a little while later everyone in the house but the Presbyterian, Brother Abbott and two others was on the floor.

"I gave an exhortation," Brother Abbott writes, "and the two men fell, one as if he had been shot, and then there was every soul down in the house, except myself and my old opponent. He began immediately to dispute the point, telling me it was all delusion and the work of Satan. I told him to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. As they came to, they praised God. The next morning Sterling and others were again prostrated in a prayer-meeting."

The Presbyterian now made a serious mistake. He followed Brother Abbott to another appointment. Hardly had Brother Abbott begun to cast his spells when someone cried out in fear.

"I looked around," he writes, "and saw that it was from my old opponent. He was trembling like Belshazzer. I told them to let him alone, and to look to themselves, for it was the power of God that had arrested him. They let him go, and down he fell as one dead."

Even then the Presbyterian did not have enough. He walked nine miles and met Brother Abbott at still another appointment, where he again fell unconscious under the sorcery of the gifted Methodist. The devil, discomfited and definitely beaten, thereupon went back to hell. When the Presbyterian got to his feet he delivered a pious exhortation. He was cured. But he did not have magical gifts and so no knockouts were entered to his credit. Brother Abbott does not tell us what became of him, but it is presumed that he became a Methodist.

One of Brother Abbott's most memorable miracles, in which he summoned thunder and lightning to his aid, was performed on this tour of New Jersey with Brother Sterling. They attended a funeral conducted by an ordained minister of another sect, and Brother Abbott was asked to address the multitude. As he rose to speak two clouds appeared suddenly in a hitherto clear sky and met over the house. He exhorted the congregation, and the Lord obligingly gave a demonstration of the powers that the sorcerer could command, producing tremendous claps of thunder and streams of lightning that flashed through the house in an awful manner. He also deluged the surrounding countryside with a torrent of rain, while Brother Abbott "set before them the awful coming of Christ, in all his splendor, with all the armies of Heaven, to judge the world and take vengeance on the ungodly."

The people shrieked, scrambling on all fours about the house, with the terrible voice of the sorcerer following them, screaming that Christ might come to judge them with the next thunder clap. Suddenly the whole universe seemed rent asunder by one mighty blast, and lightning crackled everywhere. Come to sorrow politely at a funeral, the people were now in terror, but there was no escape for them. Through-

out the house they fell unconscious or in fits, for not only the eyes of the magician but also the awful tones of his voice had power to knock them over. Several crawled from the house on their hands and knees into the rainstorm, where they hid in fields; others ran backwards, unable to escape the glare of Brother Abbott's magic eyes.

"The thunder, lightning and rain," he writes, "continued for about one hour, in the most awful manner ever known in that country, during which time I continued to set before the people the coming of Christ to judge the world warning them and inviting them to flee to Him."

After another meeting in a Maryland town one of Brother Abbott's victims could neither eat nor drink for three days. She then acknowledged the Methodist God and ate a hearty meal. At another a woman lost the use of her limbs (*i.e.* legs) for the same length of time; at still another a young boy, standing before the hearth, got in the way of one of Brother Abbott's spells and toppled into a blazing fire. He was immediately rescued, "providentially," writes Abbott, "for he would have been beyond the reach of mercy; his body would have been burned to death, and what would have become of his soul?" At another Maryland meeting the candles were suddenly snuffed out by an unseen hand, and a weird wind whistled about the house. This, apparently, was the work of the devil; it may, indeed, have been Old Jeffery come back.

Brother Abbott met Bishop Asbury in February, 1781, at Judge White's house in Delaware, where Asbury had been in seclusion during the Revolution. The bishop sent the wonder-worker to the home of a neighboring gentleman for lodging, and the moment the hostess opened the door and saw the sorcerer she screamed and fell unconscious. Brother Abbott strode over her body into the living room, thundering that the house was filled with sinners in imminent danger of hell fire, and three others fell to the floor as he began to sing a hymn and cast his spells. Only the host escaped, and he but for a little while. When Brother Abbot prayed after dinner he not only fell unconscious but had a fit beside, and when he recovered he hastened to join the Methodists. Asbury was greatly impressed by the havoc wrought in this house by Brother Abbott, and wrote in his Journal for February 14, 1781:

> I met with and heard Benjamin Abbott; his words came with great power. Over in Chester, he informs me, twenty were renewed in love, and eight on this side; people fall to the ground under him, and sink in a passive state, helpless, stiff, motionless. He tried to attach himself to two other sects, but had such struggles within that he was forced back; the Lord would not let him be anything but a Methodist: such is his account.

After Abbott's death Asbury wrote this memoir of him for the General Conference:

> Perhaps he was one of the wonders of America, no man's copy, an uncommon zealot for the blessed work of sanctification, and preached it on all occasions and in all congregations, and what was best of all, lived it. He was an innocent, holy man. He was seldom heard to speak about anything but God and religion. His whole soul was often overwhelmed with the power of God.

III

But Brother Abbott had not always been an innocent, holy man. For some forty years he was a sinner; that is to say, he had a pretty good time. When a boy he was apprenticed to a Philadelphian, but soon fell into bad company and became addicted to such practices as card-playing and cock-fighting. He parted from his master, a godly man, before his time had expired, and returned with his brother to New Jersey, in the neighborhood of Salem, where they hired out as plantation laborers. Some time later Brother Abbott married, and having come into a small legacy from his father, was able to buy a small farm and beget sons and daughters.

During this period he had no fear of God, and neither did he fear the devil. He lived as he pleased, drinking, gambling, swearing, fighting, and yet, as he emphasizes, making a comfortable living for his family. But about the time he was forty

God marked him for His own, and set him aside as one upon whom to bestow occult gifts. So Brother Abbott began to have visions, and records that he frequently awoke from them almost overcome by astonishment at what he had seen. Naturally enough, he concluded that he was about to die, and began to make promises to God, but God remained a vague figure and the promises were not kept.

Reports of a Methodist preacher being in the neighborhood finally reached him and he went to Friendship Church to hear. He returned regretting his misspent life; he wept with tears and groans and began to read the Bible. Later he heard the preacher again, and worked himself into such a state that he had a vision in which he saw Satan, who told him that his day of grace was over and that he was most certainly going to hell. On his way home he passed through a lonely wood and contemplated suicide, but while looking for a suitable place the Lord appeared in a vision and said, "this torment is nothing compared to hell." Immediately he had another vision, in which Satan appeared again, and he drove home in his wagon at top speed, with the devil in close pursuit. Brother Abbott got into his house just in time. He records that his dreams that night were appalling, and that the hair rose on his head.

The next day, while he was at work in a field, his heart began to beat so loudly that he could hear the strokes, whereupon he threw down his scythe and stood weeping for his sins. He "flew to the end of the field, fell upon his knees and prayed aloud." That same day he went to a Methodist meeting and heard the preacher again, and when he tried to go home he found that he had lost the use of his legs and was unable to rise. He cried "Save, Lord, or I perish!" and was immediately able to move. That night, October 11, 1772, he saw Christ in a vision. Brother Abbott immediately awakened his family and read the Bible to them, and the next day went from neighbor to neighbor recounting his vision. Before night came a report had spread throughout the neighborhood that he had gone mad, and all the amateur and professional sorcerers of the vicinity hurried to his farm. An ordained clergyman tried to drive out the devil that was supposed to possess him, and other neighbors gave him charms and amulets. He began to fear that they might be right, that the demons which had been pursuing him had obtained control of his soul; so he knelt in the road and prayed.

"And the Lord said unto me," he writes, "'Why do you doubt? Is not Christ all-sufficient? Is not He able? Have you not felt His blood applied?' I then sprang to my feet and cried out, not all the devils in hell should make me doubt; for I knew that I was converted; at that instant I was filled with unspeakable raptures of joy."

Brother Abbott then abandoned the hard labor of the farm and went from place to place, preaching and performing miracles. Sinners fell before him like grain before a sickle, and he is believed to have obtained more converts to Methodism than any other evangelist who ever labored for the Church. But curiously enough, God permitted the sins of which he had been purged to fall upon the head of the very preacher who had acted as His agent in awakening the miracle worker. This was the Rev. Abraham Whitworth, one of the little band of itinerants appointed by the first Methodist Conference in America, who became American Methodism's first apostate. He was an Englishman, and for many years labored faithfully with Asbury, George Shadford and Captain Thomas Webb in New Jersey, his most important religious trophy being Brother Benjamin Abbott. He subsequently preached on both the Eastern and Western Shores of Maryland, but while on the Kent circuit he fell into intemperance and suffered a spiritual collapse. According to authoritative Methodist histories he was expelled from the connection, and joined the British army. He is believed to have been killed in battle.

Brother Abbott had advance notice from God that Whitworth was to become a sinner.

"In a dream," he writes, "I thought I saw the preacher under whom I was awakened, drunk and playing cards, with his garments all defiled with dirt. When I awoke and found it a dream I was glad, although I still felt some uneasiness on his account. In about three weeks I heard that the poor, unfortunate preacher had fallen into sundry gross sins and was expelled from the Methodist connection."

IV

Brother Abbott and his mysterious powers have always been a source of great awe to Methodist historians and theologians. They compare him to John Bunyan, slightly to Bunyan's discredit, and unhesitatingly pronounce him divinely inspired; they glory in him as proof that God is on their side. In their books they quote extensively from his writings. Dr. Abel Stevens, in his monumental four-volume history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, devotes more space to Abbott than to any other figure in Methodism except such giants as Wesley, Asbury and Whitefield. He declares that Abbott's experiences baffle all scientific explanation.

"His visions of the night," writes Dr. Stevens, "were recorded with unquestionable honesty, and were often verified by the most astonishing coincidences. He was an evangelical Hercules, and wielded the Word as a rude irresistible club rather than as a sword. His whole soul seemed to be pervaded by a certain magnetic power that thrilled his discourses and radiated from his person, drawing, melting and frequently prostrating the stoutest opposers in his congregation."

This "certain magnetic power" was unquestionably magical.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Law

PROCEDURAL REFORM AND THE SUPREME COURT

By Charles E. Clark

Once again at its latest meeting the American Bar Association has approved the report of its Committee on Uniform Judicial Procedure, recommending the continuance of the association's twelve-year fight for the passage of an act of Congress giving to the Supreme Court of the United States the power to prescribe by rule for uniform pleading, practice and procedure in actions at law in the Federal courts. Each year the committee's report has followed substantially the same lines. It calls attention to the many distinguished citizens who have supported the proposal, including over 80% of the members of Congress, Presidents of the United States and of the American Bar Association, jurists, attorney-generals, leaders of the bar, and also a goodly sprinkling of legal scholars, such as Mr. Justice Stone and Dean Roscoe Pound. It then, in words of more or less dignified disapproval, calls attention to the acts of two or three Senators in holding the bill in committee and thus exercising "a greater power than the chief executive," whose veto can be overridden with a two-thirds vote and who can hold the bill but ten days. The current report adds that "there is no way of preventing this oppressive conduct except through a righteous public resentment that requires organization to become effective." The chairman of the committee, Mr. Thomas W. Shelton, supplements the written report by an oral statement to the association, yet more direct than the report itself. This year he charged that the Senate committee did not delay legislation merely, but deliberately suppressed it. "Old Russia could not have done worse." And he has often stated directly that the responsibility for preventing the reporting out of a bill, which a majority of both House and Senate have agreed to support, rests especially upon one man. That one man is a lawyer of distinction and a statesman whose public achievements are not unknown to the public. He is Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana.

As might be expected in a controversy of this standing, there has been considerable misfiring on both sides. In particular, the proponents of the measure have oversimplified the difficulties of the problem by asking simply for a grant of power to the Supreme Court and thereby relying on that august but preoccupied tribunal to do the rest. Judicial reforms, unfortunately, are not self-executing. But the real issues seem to be comparatively clear. The Bar Association believes an improvement of Federal procedure to be necessary and that it should be made by experts. The dissenting Senators either are satisfied with the present procedure or doubt that any improvement will result from an attempt at its reform; and in any event they are determined that control of the court machinery shall remain with the popular body, the legislature.

Thus stated, it can be seen that the problem is not so easy of solution as the bar leaders have assumed. It is, in fact, but an aspect of an old one, one which has troubled all growing nations and will always continue to trouble them. It is how to keep the tools of justice new and up-to-date. Different methods have proven effective at different periods—the use of

legal fictions, the development of courts of equity, statutes. As concerns our present question, the writer believes strongly that reform should be attempted, that its details should be worked out by experts and that the really serious difficulty is the final one of determining some means of popular control over the experts to keep them eternally on their job.

The fact that this problem is being carried to the people generally is one indication that the lawyers alone cannot be relied on to keep the court machinery efficient. It is unfortunate but true that the bulk of the bar have a horror of any change in the system in which they have been trained and to which they are accustomed. Far-sighted leaders may be found to champion reforms, but the greater number of their associates will react as did the New York bench and bar in 1848 to the procedural reforms of David Dudley Field. They were convinced that the changes were not wise and they definitely set out to construe them away so far as possible. The same spirit still exists in that State today, where pleading and procedure are probably more confused and uncertain than in any other English law jurisdiction, but where the lawyers as a whole, voting by questionnaire, opposed the pleading reforms proposed by the New York Board of Statutory Consolidation in 1915 and 1919 and sponsored by the State Bar Association. But here, in the final analysis, it was the Legislature which held back. The popular body responded to the appeals of those lawyers who were unwilling to adapt themselves to change, rather than to those lawyers who had made themselves students of the subject.

To understand the need for reform in the Federal courts it is necessary to go back to the English procedural reform of the Nineteenth Century. It will be recalled that the English King's courts developed arbitrary and technical forms of procedure, and that the English courts of chancery, or equity, originated through the steps taken by the King, through his Chancellor, to ameliorate the harshness of the law administered by the ordinary courts. But as Charles Dickens showed in the famous suit of Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce in "Bleak House," the chancery practice too became fossilized. Dickens and others gave popular appeal to the reform movement, which originated with Jeremy Bentham. That movement led in England to the Judicature Act of 1873, and in America to the Field Code, adopted in New York in 1848 and thereafter in a total of some thirty American jurisdictions. In each case the general principles of the reform were the same. These involved the abolition of the Common Law forms of action and the union of law and equity in a single simplified form of procedure. In the remaining non-code States procedure has been more or less simplified from the older formal methods of the English courts of law, but in most of them separate forms of procedure for law and equity are still retained. The present situation is that while each State has a procedure unlike that of any other State the similarity, especially in the code States, is considerable.But even here there is marked variation as between a State such as Connecticut, where a simple uniform system of legal procedure has actually resulted from the code reform, and New York, the original code State where notwithstanding the half-hearted legislative reforms of the Civil Practice Act of 1920, the courts are still asserting the "inherent and fundamental difference between actions at law and suits in equity." Fundamentals shift with State lines as well as with other things.

In the Federal district courts,—the Federal trial courts,—the distinction between law and equity has been maintained. It has been argued that this is required under the Constitution, but Dean Pound for the Bar Association has pretty conclusively shown that this is not so. Nevertheless, the Bar Association committee has relinquished its original plan to fight for the single procedure. Here

too, the desire to make its proposal simple and to attract as little opposition as possible has led to a weakening of its position. No procedure can be considered really modern which does not strive for the union of law and equity actually obtaining in the more advanced code States. The Federal equity causes have traditionally been governed by rules promulgated and changed from time to time by the Supreme Court. In 1912 these rules were modernized in accordance with the present English rules of court, following a study made of the English system by Mr. Justice Lurton. The success of this revision in developing a simple uniform equity procedure for all the lower Federal courts in line with the best English and American thought is probably the chief argument relied on to justify the similar proposal as to Federal procedure at law.

The latter procedure is complicated. Federal actions at law are governed by the Federal Conformity Act passed in 1872, providing that the practice, pleading and modes of proceeding in civil causes at law in the Federal courts shall conform as near as may be to the practice of the local State courts of the State within which each district court is held. The theory of the act is that in the various States the procedure in actions at law, unlike that in general in respect to equity, is not at all uniform, and that therefore the lawyers will be benefited by being enabled to follow their own local rules when appearing in the Federal courts. Unfortunately, however, in practice it has been difficult to decide when conformity to the State rules should be had and when, on the other hand, the following of some general Federal rule is required. When Congress passes a particular act regulating procedure, as when in 1915 it provided that in actions brought at law equitable defenses might be considered, such acts necessarily govern all the Federal courts in whatever State located. Furthermore, by judicial construction the matter of conformity has been in practice considerably restricted. Thus, all matters subsequent to the entry of judgment, which includes all appellate practice, and all proceedings to enforce the judgment, are governed, not by the State practice, but by the general Federal rules. Various other matters of an indefinite extent have likewise been considered subject to Federal rule, such as the selection of jurors, the granting or refusing of a continuance or delay in trial, the matter of allowing amendment where governed by Federal provisions, and so on. This result seems only natural. Either Congress must leave the procedure at law entirely alone, which is not to be expected, or else divergence from local State practice must result. Hence we now have the spectacle of at least three different systems of procedure applied within the confines of a single State: the local State practice, the uniform Federal equity procedure, and the Federal practice at law, the latter a curious compound of the ancient Common Law, the modern State practice and a special statutory procedure regulated by Congress.

Now, a uniform system at law in the Federal courts should have the result at least of assimilating, even if not actually of uniting, the two forms of procedure in the Federal courts. It also should do much more in the way of improving that procedure, and that in turn should have its effect upon the local state practice. At the present time the bar of one State is practically not affected by improved methods actually in successful use in another State. The pity is that not only do the lawyers not know what is going on next door; they do not want to know. Recently a committee of the Commonwealth Foundation desired to know the working of a simple change in the law of evidence adopted by statute many years ago in Connecticut, to the effect that in actions by or against the estate of a deceased, his declarations made in his lifetime concerning the matter in issue should no longer be rejected as hearsay. The Connecticut lawyers who were questioned

thought the law worked well, with little, if any, increase in perjury; but the New York lawyers were equally sure that such a statute could not be tolerated in New York! The Connecticut example did not strike them as particularly in point. If, however, a tribunal functioning in their own State, *with whose proceedings they were necessarily familiar*, adopted from time to time more modern procedural methods, they would find these changes less to be feared. The result should be, therefore, not only a constantly improving procedure but also a liberal education to backward communities such as New York.

Certain of the opponents of the change have been actuated by the fear that the uniform Federal procedure at law would follow that of a State whose procedure was not as advanced as that of their own. Lawyers of Montana might well object if they were to be forced to follow New York, the "mother of the code reform." The past history of many law reforms may justify the lawyer in being a Cassandra; but here we have surely the prophecy of despair. At the worst we should expect a compromise between the various existing forms of procedure. And since the attitude of bench and bar is even more important than the wording of rules, such a compromise actually would hamper a liberal judiciary very little. But if the work is carefully and scientifically done much more can be expected of it. The very diversity among the States has provided ground for experimentation and the results of experience in these various States is at hand, if we care to use it. What is now needed is not so much original invention but comparative study of existing practices. And that leads to the vitally important question, By whom should this study be done?

The answer that the Supreme Court should do it seems lamentably insufficient. That body is being subjected to greater and greater work, and it is constantly necessary to devise means to relieve the pressure upon it. It is doubtful if one justice could now be expected to devote h time to a study of the subject, as M Justice Lurton did in 1912. The task he is much harder than in the former equit reform, since in equity procedure a trad tion of uniformity has always persiste In that case, too, the work was, in for at least, done by a committee coöperatin with the court. But even further, th justices of the court are not fitted for thi function. They are removed from th tribulations of trial practice, and can b expected to manifest little more tha impatience at the troubles, which doubt less seemed to them overmagnified, of th trial judge and counsel. Supreme Cou control is perhaps preferable to that of th legislature even under these circumstance The *details* of practice cannot and do no interest the legislator unless he has personal ax to grind. But what is neede is a body willing and able, as neither th court nor the Congress can be, to make th necessary study to become expert in th matter.

The suggestion of a commission of ex perts is made in all boldness, notwith standing the lack of success of some of th expert commissions created by Congress The chances of success seem better in thi case. The precedent of the English rule committee is at hand. The prestige c Chief Justice Taft's name and position i behind the commission proposed, since h has publicly advocated it. And the oppor tunities for securing the proper personne for such a commission seem bright. Th study of procedure is a recognized part c the ordinary law school curriculum. Fo lowing the example of the American La Institute, the services of law teacher with whom the comparative study of pro cedure is a permanent business, not a extra curriculum activity, might be draftec As in England, it would seem possible t get a commission capable of functionin continuously even after the initial refor has been accomplished. Aside from th initial cost, the expense of such a com mission would be slight.

There still remains the problem how uch a commission could be kept from ltimate, if slow, petrefaction. Even a ody of experts will need the jog which a ody politically responsible to the elect- rate, and feeling the pulse of the people, s designed to give. The ways and means of est developing the popular stimulus are eserving of the most careful study. Thus n New York Mr. Justice Cardozo has ad- ocated the establishment as a separate tate department of a Ministry of Justice o act as a clearing-house for the develop- nent of suggestions for law reform gener- lly. In England Lord Birkenhead has ointed out in a series of essays the ad- antage of having the highest judicial fficer of the Crown a political officer amenable to the people as are other members of the English Cabinet.[1] But until the jog-administering technique is more thoroughly developed, it would seem that the general supervisory power of Congress, which would create the commission, could be relied on to keep it geared to action.

So far, then, as the American Bar Association proposal tends towards the development of a more modern procedure under the control of experts it is a step in advance. But since there is a legitimate doubt that such result would surely follow the adoption of the proposal, would it not be sounder policy to provide for direct and imperative, rather than indirect and problematical, expert control?

City Planning

THE NEW WASHINGTON

By Elbert Peets

The great importance to American architecture of the construction programme hortly to be undertaken in Washington or the housing of the executive depart- nents lies not merely in the number and ize of the proposed buildings, but also in he fact that the architectural ideas that hape them will gain thereby a prestige hat will inevitably influence subsequent uilding in Washington and throughout he country. Unfortunately, it looks now s if that prestige will be given to concep- tions of architecture and civic art no longer urrent and valid—as if a phalanx of tur- gidly formal boxes of sham masonry will e set up, a permanent monument to un- learned lessons.

The present plan of the Public Buildings Commission is based on the report of the Park Commission of 1901, which advised that future department buildings be concentrated around the White House. One group was to surround Lafayette Square. Another was to lie in the triangle between Pennsylvania avenue and B street, parallel with the Mall. The architectural style was fixed in general conformity with the Capitol and a standard block plan was established, in effect, through its use in most of the buildings shown in the commission's drawings. It is the type, until recently always used for large "monumental" public buildings, in which the externally solid-seeming cube is cut to practicable room-depths by the use of interior light courts.

Burnham's commission of 1901 left a good deal of room around the proposed buildings, perhaps for the sake of the rendered plan, perhaps because it thought wide separation increased the monumental effect. The inevitable tightening of the demand for space has squeezed out these strips of lawn. The plan of the Public Buildings Commission brings most of the buildings to the sidewalk and treats as immediate or future building sites several open spaces in the older plan.

The commission of 1901 crowded the department buildings around the White House because the Constitution divides the government into legislative, judicial

[1] See a suggestive article by Professor E. R. Sunderland, "The Machinery of Procedural Reform," 22 *Michigan Law Review*, 293 (1924)

and executive branches, and because the department heads constitute the President's official family. Once a week, if it isn't too warm, the President and his Cabinet sit together for an hour or two. Therefore a hundred thousand men and women must pour in every morning from Chevy Chase, Cabin John and Anacostia, and jam themselves into twenty squares in the heart of Washington, the hottest part of the city, a business, theatre and hotel district already crowded with shoppers, tourists, job hunters and all the rest of the varied fauna of an imperial capital. As compensation the clerks will have the pleasing thought that the President can take a visiting maharajah to his window and say, "Servants' quarters—very convenient."

If there is one thing now plain about the planning of big cities it is that beyond a certain intensity concentration is wasteful, and that modern transportation makes such concentration unnecessary. Washington is ideally laid out for the distribution of traffic-objectives and for convenient communication between them. The departments are as autonomous as so many universities. They ought to be widely spaced, even on the suburban hills, where sensible offices could be built, and where the personnel could walk to work or come in their cars without producing intolerable traffic and parking congestion—where, too, an architect could make his own design, not having to follow a set of official templets.

See what the official plan is doing to Lafayette Square. In the repertory of civic art no element is fuller of æsthetic satisfaction than the plaza, an open space architecturally planned and framed. Washington has a flock of monument sites and parklets, but hardly a plaza beside this open space north of the White House. The commissioners of 1901 were admirably solicitous to restore L'Enfant's mall, but for his best surviving square—or Jefferson's, for Jefferson cut its original broad area to the present proportions—they had their own ideas. One, incredibly, was to put the President's office building in th middle of it. That project died in the prin ing, but hardly more sympathetic wa their proposal, now well toward execu tion, to surround the square with depar ment offices.

The White House is a small buildin depending for its impressiveness on th difficulty of comparing it with other build ings and on the sharp contrast of its whi color. Both these means of distinction wi be seriously weakened when Lafayett Square is lined with fourteen hundred fe of limestone façade, more than half agai as high as the White House. That is wron both in form and in feeling. The Whi House is a residence and few things loo more uncomfortable than a residence su rounded by non-residence buildings. L fayette Square ought to be a transition point of contact between the White Hous and the residence district of the city. ought to have about it the residence sca and atmosphere. The houses might be use by clubs and organization headquarte that do not induce tides of population an traffic, but they ought to be of red bric and safely under the scale of the Whi House.

Further, if Washington is ever to b more than a swell place for an Al Sirat con vention we must save some traces of th real men who have lived and worked there The Stockton house and the Corcora house, where Webster lived, at the north west corner of Lafayette Square, were tor down to make room for the United Stat Chamber of Commerce. The homes Rich ardson built for Henry Adams and John Hay still stand, though quite discount nanced by this great glittering neighbo One wonders whether, when it comes the point, Washington will allow th destruction of these stately houses and St. John's Church, on the other corner Sixteenth street, built by Latrobe in 181 There are two equal dangers—that th will be torn down and that they won't b Brave designers they were who risked the plan on the willingness of the public

nake such sacrifices. But as yet they have won. There is a lot of talk about respecting the sacred plan made by L'Enfant and Washington, but not a voice is raised when some architectural Brahmin signs a fat contract and sends a wrecking crew to make rubbish of the honest work of a father of his own guild, a building that in Avila or Bangkok would be preserved without question as a national shrine.

The other group, south of Pennsylvania avenue, does not come into conflict with such a jewel in the Washington plan as is Lafayette Square. On the contrary, it is up against the knottiest sort of problem the debonair L'Enfant left in his inspired sketch—the correlation of a tangential avenue with ordinate streets. The problem is a true dilemma: a large building on an avenue must either be queer-shaped or it must stand at an angle with the avenue. The Public Buildings Commission has hit on a statesmanlike solution. Between Fifteenth street and Fourth, along Pennsylvania avenue, will be six public buildings. Three will stand parallel with the avenue and three at an angle of twenty degrees!

This enormous group—for there will be fifteen large public buildings in the triangle south of Pennsylvania avenue—might make the Imperial Fora, the palace of Diocletian, the Louvre-Tuileries and the Escurial look like Boy Scout stuff. But it won't. The Buildings Commission does not group its buildings; it parks them. The plan thumbs its nose at the concept of axiation, the soul of architectural grouping. It has never heard of the connections between buildings, the modulations of height and interval that give charm to the group at Nancy—and to Mount Vernon. As for fine courts and plazas, I suspect that they were disdained as un-American. The one opening that resembles an architectural square bears the apologising label, "Site for Future Building." The plan has the æsthetic tone of a baker's window—neat rows of nicely-frosted cakes.

Lest this seem the emotional reaction of an erratic taste in window-dressing, let me give reasons. A group of buildings uniform in height and material, neatly laid down between gridiron streets, shows a certain primitive sense of order. More advanced peoples, the ancient Mayas, for instance, and the Modern Swedes, are not content with so naïve a design. They see that the streets chop the group into self-sufficient cubes, that there is really no unity in the place. So they cut and shape these chunks of clay until there appears a single unified organism with front and back, ends and middle. Almost invariably there is at the center of the group a large open space, capable of mastering the buildings and secondary spaces around it. The furnishings of this great room and the form and color of its walls make of it a unique and living work of art.

That there is nothing unique or alive about the present official plan is due to two general causes. First, the men who made the basic sketch thought too much in terms of general monumental atmosphere and too little about specific architectural organizations, a tendency favored by the absence of a definite programme. Second, members of the Cabinet like buildings all their own and it is easier to get appropriations, make plans, and let contracts for separate structures. These last ideas are the more difficult to dislodge because they have their cranial seats in the very men who will make the final decisions. But they are almost wholly mental bunkers which a good swing with the psychic brassie would easily overcome. The loss of the moated castle could be made only partial by clever designing and would be more than compensated for by participation in a real architectural knock-out. The planning would mean only a little more careful work and forethought. Practically, it would be an advantage to use connected buildings housing several departments. Each department or large bureau should have its separate entrance and permanent nucleus of administrative offices, but where the space of one department ends and another begins is no Balkan boundary to be

fought over. Every few years the construction of a new group or wing would make it possible to take up without waste the normal variations of space requirement. A single construction and maintenance bureau should operate the whole group, just as if it were a private office building in which the departments rented space.

As architecture the present plan is an anachronism, a travesty on the most brilliant national group of architects in the world—unless, to be modest, we except the Finns. There is no recognition in it of the California fairs of 1915, of the new Tech buildings, the Harvard Medical School, of the extension plans for the universities of Illinois and Minnesota, nor of other splendid groups of buildings in every part of the country. A comparison of the plans submitted in the Wisconsin capitol competition with those entered in the Nebraska competition should prove the folly of building now on a block plan sketched in 1901 and rendered still further out of date by incompetent revisions.

Simple Christian charity and elementary civic engineering condemn the concentration of these buildings. But if it must be done it should be done in a way that will win the beauty that may come from concentration. How to bring our architectural capacity to bear on the problem? Perhaps there is a hint in the German institution, the *Ideen-Wettbewerb*, often limited to gen eral plans, economically rendered. In ou competitions a heavy overlay of mosai and snappy shadows obscures the genera ideas, if any. These scandalously perfec rendered drawings are not made for archi tects: to them a 2B sketch would often b as clear. They are made to influence th committee and to set the public agog. The have the same relation to architecture tha an attorney's address to the jury has t justice. If a competition is held the pro gramme ought to be very liberal, for it i precisely in the drafting of the programm that imagination and freedom from burea tradition are most needed.

Competitions are a nuisance, but it is crime to ruin this group of buildings jus because of a timid desire to pass aroun the plums. Personality expressed in th æsthetic vitality of the finished work i the thing that counts, not the bold signa ture on the rendered plan. The masterl plan of the San Francisco fair somehow got itself made, though its authorshi must be distributed among a dozen archi tects of very different predilections, not t mention Wren and Bernini and various for gotten builders of Spain, Italy and India It is pleasant to avoid dissension and t be quite fair and to have everybody happy but the really important thing is to get good design.

CATHAY ON THE COAST

BY IDWAL JONES

FEELING that I would take a sympathetic interest in the obsequies, Lee Fan, a rattan-ware merchant of my acquaintance, piloted me through the dark and rain to the joss-house. This one, Wong Sim's in Brenham alley, San Francisco, is unvisited by the police and ignored by the Chinatown guides. Properly speaking, indeed, it isn't a joss-house at all, but a sort of funeral parlor and club combined.

Five very old Chinese, with soft hats on, were sitting in the gloom on kitchen chairs and playing stridently on reed flutes. This was the mourning music for bachelors, and very sad to listen to. The coronach was enlivened with brisk rakings on the banjo by a bespectacled sophomore in a pinch-back suit. Now and then the ancient corpse-washer who mooned in the corner, sucking at a pipe, pounded a brass gong with handsome effect.

Laid out in a row between the celebrants were five tea boxes, each swathed in burlap, corded with split bamboo, and marked with the chop of a tong. Inside were the jumbled bones of fifty-six deceased Chinese bachelors.

"Just came yesterday," whispered Lee Fan. "We are giving them a send-off before they get buried all proper in China."

The bones had been reposing in Chinese graveyards along the Coast for ever so many years, and after being diligently collected, had arrived in San Francisco in barrels, loaded on a truck. They would, without doubt, have been quite forgotten if the tottering old registrar at the Six Companies hadn't come across some hints of them in a sheaf of long-lost records.

It appeared that eleven of the late brothers had been house-boys in Red Bluff, Marysville and Grass Valley back in the far sixties. A few others had lived in mining camps in the Sierras. One, the records deposed, was Hong Wing, the benevolent, who spent a lifetime in building a bridge so that people might cross over a mountain stream without drowning, which happened often in his camp when they were drunk. Some were coolies who had reworked the placer tailings in Mariposa. Others had kept grocery shops on the muddy, steaming banks of the Sacramento. The rest were cooks—of uncommon gifts, so mature citizens of Ukiah will tell you with regret, for it is a deplorable fact that good cooks are scarce these days. In this one respect, at least, the Exclusion Act was a calamity.

Salut aux morts! A fat little priest came in, folded his umbrella, tinkled a bell, scattered colored paper on the boxes and drank tea over them. One sip for each dead Chinaman, fifty-six sips for the whole ghostly company.

Wong Sim's staff was slightly flustered by the magnitude of the obsequies, for as a rule only two or three dead men get the accolade at one time. Such occasions, indeed, are no longer so festive as they used to be, when *ng-ka-py* and other cheering and corrosive liquids were wont to flow, when Prohibition Agents were not, and pig was cheaper. This time the funeral baked meats were only a handful of lichee nuts. Veterans with sparse hairs on their sallow chins, and gone vacant in the head, stood in the doorway and babbled over the identity of the deceased celibates. No-

body recalled having seen any of them in the flesh.

Three days more, and the fifty-six bachelors would journey back to the Old Yellow Mother. In the flush of their youth they had come over at a cost of $150 apiece. Now they were returning higgledy-piggledy in boxes, allee-samee cousins, at a total freightage of $16, and on the manifest billed as "human bones, five crates." But in their day they had well served California.

"Recollect, they are old-country people," said Lee Fan as we left.

Was there a touch of the deprecatory in his voice? It would not have been surprising, for Lee Fan, though nearly sixty-five, was born in San Francisco and speaks English like a professor. He has a daughter, a lovely Manchu who drives a Daimler with her own golden hands, and is on her way to Bryn Mawr to take a post-graduate course in ethnology.

II

The acclimatization of the Coast Chinese, in truth, is complete. The cycle began in the Spring of 1848, when San Francisco was still Yerba Buena, and two Chinamen, not without misgivings, set foot on her shore. Two years later, at the public services commemorative of the late President Taylor, the Chinese were courteously prayed to attend. They came five hundred strong, in full regalia, with dragons, banners and flautists. Such picturesque, delightful and charming people! What an acquisition! The grand marshal of the day, when he addressed them in the plaza, was deeply moved, and almost wept as he gave them tracts, "Little Red Riding Hood" primers, and other testimonials of esteem.

Within the next year thirty thousand arrived. Among them, it is dreadful to relate, were many ladies of too-easy virtue. One, the porcelain-faced Miss Atoy, who craned her neck as she walked, and uttered melodious cries like Lilith, became at once infamous for her conquests. Citizens wrot indignant letters to the papers about her She became the *Leitmotif* of songs that wer indelicate but popular. Later, she had to many rivals, and was forgotten.

Meantime, the more cleanly among th Caucasian pioneers were grumbling. The had been sending their soiled linen b clipper ship to the Hawaiian Islands, an getting it back two months later, with buttons missing on the shirts and serrated edges on the collars. Complaint was loud but futile. A few dandies confided thei gear to the Mexican girls who toiled at th Lagoon. The westerly wind came laden with the ominous sound of shirts being banged to rags on the cobblestones. So thi alternative was even more expensive.

Hard-boiled shirts and starched stocks were then the symbols of respectability The former were ruffled, and the latter showed the challenging flare made *d rigueur* by John C. Calhoun, the *arbite elegantiarum* of the epoch. As contemporary daguerreotypes reveal, no citizen held him self presentable unless his neck were en circled with a collar terrifically starched and pointed. All the San Francisco photo graphers kept a few of these formidabl circlets on hand to spruce up clients just in from the diggings—a very few only, on account of the high cost of laundering But early in 1850 the *Alta Californi* printed this sensational item:

> Much excitement was caused in the city last week by the reduction of washing prices from eight dollars to five dollars a dozen. There is now no excuse for our citizens to wear soiled or colored shirts. The effect of the reduction is already manifest—tobacco-juice-bespattered bosoms are no longer the fashion.

The next Spring, one Wah Lee—a nam worthy to be chiselled in immemoria bronze—painted a legend over his door a Dupont and Washington streets. It read "Wash'ng & Iron'ng." Thus the firs Chinese laundry was founded. Soon price dropped to two dollars a dozen. Wah Le hired twenty washermen, but not eve three shifts could cope with the deluge o collars, shirts, cuffs and dickies that poure

n from the mines and the lumber camps, s far south as Monterey and as far north s Sacramento. The Kanakas in Honolulu ent the air with wails, but not a shirt ame to their tubs from the mainland henceforth.

Wah Lee, whose refining influence on nanners was of such import, had his eculiar griefs. As soon as his employés earned the washing craft they set up in usiness for themselves. Rents were sky-igh, even in the Chinese quarter, and it vas customary for two firms to work in one house, occupying it in shifts, putting up and taking down their signs as their enure began or ended. This was naturally very confusing to their patrons, for the night company repudiated the checkee of the day company, and vice versa, and the arguments ensuing were usually sanguinary and sometimes fatal.

By the early seventies laundering was the complete monopoly of the Chinese. The city harbored over a thousand washhouses, often three on a block, and San Franciscans were noted for shirt-fronts that were positively dazzling. Their influence seeped eastward, and an army of conquering Chinese, with washboards under their arms, dispersed over the country.

Prices were incredibly low. In the seventies it was $1.50 a week for a family of six. The washermen hauled the laundry from poles slung across his shoulders. The blue bag and the basket came in with the eighties, and in the next decade the horse and black van. Just before the Great War, the charge in San Francisco was sixty cents for all a sheet could hold. Much cunning was exercised by customers who trod the soiled linen into a bundle as hard and compact as a boulder. And loud and bitter were the debates over payment on Saturday night—the traditional delivery time. Forty-five thousand Chinese, apprenticed at Coast washboards, did their part in white-collaring America until Troy began spawning over the land its steam-driven laundry apparatus. Hardly fifty are left in the city of their origin.

III

The advent of a more elegant wave of Chinese occurred at the time when the one fine art of the West, gastronomy, was at its first peak. Those San Franciscans rich enough to dine well patronized any one of a dozen places: Ward's, for example, the first to print a menu card in the West; or Winn's Fountain Head, that glittered inside like a cathedral, and wherein a boiled egg cost two dollars; or the Parker House, where accommodations cost $50 a day; or the chop-house of Sandy Marshall, where Bass's ale was procurable, and venison, deer liver, grouse and quail at the right degree of putrefaction.

> Firm and erect the Caledonian stood;
> Sound was his mutton, and his claret good.

His masterpiece was baked bear's paws in aspic jelly, though boar's brains *en casserole* ran it close as a favorite with the nabobs.

This, of course, was all very well, but only for the superior handful. What of the masses, of the newly arrived, the submerged and short of money? Racked with the pangs of dyspepsia, they went yellow on a diet of saleratus bread and Mexican frijoles, or ship's biscuit and fried seagull's eggs. If they had any small change left, they spent it on patent medicines. Then Chinese by the score went into the catering business.

They opened their first eating-houses at the end of Kearney street: smoky lairs where the cooking was an infamy, and the comestibles barely decent enough to mention. The digestive organs of the patrons rebelled before those awful glutinous compounds—especially that American-born pseudo-Chinese dish, chop suey—, but they were cheap, and the ordeal of engulfing them was lessened by copious drenches of whiskey.

But they learned, did the Chinese. The cooking improved. And the pioneer restaurateur of the race, Tsing-Tsing Lee, was soon doing a roaring business in Dupont street. His refectory seated four

hundred customers, and he named it the Balcony of Golden Joy and Delight. The delight was a monstrous and shiny roast pig that hung at the entrance, diffusing an enticing aroma, with its hind feet knocking the hats off the unwary. The joy was that one got twenty-one meal tickets for $20.

No hungry man was ever turned away from the Balcony of Golden Joy and Delight. If he had no money he was led into the sanctum of Tsing-Tsing—a stout mandarin with a beard, peacock's feathers, a fan, and sheaths for his finger-nails—, who gave a nod of approval. Then the wayfarer was taken to the kitchen where, standing, he could dine *ad libitum*. Boiled fowl with rice was the common dish at this establishment, and over a thousand hens were tethered to stakes in the back yard. Tsing-Tsing hadn't the heart to coop them up. He gave a third of his income to charity, and when he died he was mourned with loud lamentations.

By this time the Chinese had spread to the mines. In 1852 a company of two thousand were scratching over the abandoned placer fields in a corner of Tuolumne county that soon acquired the name of Chinese Camp. Dissension sprang up between two rival tongs, the Sam Yups and the Yung Wos, and it culminated in a decisive battle that was waged in the light of bonfires and endured until dawn. The noise frightened half the inhabitants to death. The direct carnage, however, was slight: one killed and three wounded. Later they were all chased away by Mexicans who jumped their claims. Ten years ago I had the privilege of conversing with the two survivors of that bloody and historic episode: a pair of withered old men, dressed in black business suits, who lived in a shack overlooking the battlefield. Their minds were almost gone, but they still babbled of the fray like Chelsea pensioners.

The immigration from China increased rapidly. The building of the Union Pacific made labor high, despite the release of man-power at the close of the Civil War. Enterprising steamship lines brought over from the Treaty Ports uncounted thousands of natives of the Canton province, the villages along the Yang-Tzse, and as far East as Sze-Chuen. The *Great Republic* disgorged nearly two thousand at a time. The sport of the townsmen was to watch the China boys land. Pennants and signs announcing the coming of the boat flapped on the street cars. All who could get away from office and shop rode down to the docks to see the panorama of the Orient unfold. The chief of police, flanked by a company in grey, armed with revolvers and clubs, first passed through the iron gates of the Pacific Mail wharf. Then the forward gang-plank was let down. The first to disembark were the white passengers. Then came the mandarins, followed by the lily-foot women, who teetered, with feet not much larger than walnuts, on stilt-like slippers. Even the Chinese spectators surged forward to admire them. Boats made of silver filigree were skewered to their head-dresses with gold daggers. Bullion adorned their sky-blue robes; bracelets and bangles of jade tinkled on their wrists and ankles. They held two fans before their faces, which were enamelled snow-white, with magenta lips. One might never behold them again, for being the betrothed of rich merchants they went into Carmelite seclusion for the rest of their days. Followed then the children, in long white coats and bangled caps, with the drooping eyes, the adorable swagger and impassive countenances of infant aristocrats. All these first chop arrivals were driven off in shining carriages.

Then, down the after gang-plank swarmed for two hours the coolies. The agents of the Six Companies, yapping like ferrets, spotted each man and, according to his province, beckoned him to his section. They made no mistakes, these agents. Stature, a slant of the eye, the rake of a lip, an occipital angle—these were signs unmistakable to those learned in the arcana of tribal characters. With cries and

yells, the coolies were marshalled into gangs of thirty. Captained by the agents, they trotted under basket hats down King street and up Third, timorous as sheep and terrified by the sticks and boulders cast at them by the Nordic hoodlums who ran jeering by their side. In half an hour Chinatown and its dark ramifications had swallowed them up.

The flood seemed never-ending. The Chinese spread into the hinterland of the State. Not a camp, however small, but had its Chinese merchant, butcher, cobbler, farrier and house-boys, who usually, through their docility and steadfastness, worked themselves securely into the affections of the community. The newcomers were adept. In the city they made cigars, slippers, bird-cages, coffins, hats and shoes. They were capable masons, carpenters, barbers and fishermen. Perhaps too capable. Murmurings gathered, then arose the cry: "Chinese cheap labor is ruining us!"

IV

So the populace howled against them, and began to yank at their pigtails. There was no gainsaying that things had come to a deplorable pass. The great transcontinental railroad had been finished, and labor was again cheap. Wages for the unskilled had dropped below the point at which subsistence was possible for a white man. Yet the Chinese were doing very well. The middle class cherished them as domestics. As farmers, had they not raised the value of lands near San Jose over 200%? In that quarter there were no complaints, but feelings were hot in San Francisco.

Uncle Collis Huntington, Leland Stanford and the other railroad capitalists were blamed. Anson Burlingame, Ambassador to China, was burned in effigy. This statesman, an idealistic malcontent, who had been a Free-Soiler as far back as 1848, and who, as envoy to Vienna had antagonized Austria by his advocacy of Hungary's independence, and was accordingly transferred to Peking by President Lincoln, had signed the Burlingame Treaty, which admitted China's rights to unlimited immigration. Previously he had done what was considered rather a shocking thing: he had resigned, through friendship with the Ta-Tsing government, his position with the United States, so that he might represent China as her envoy to the Treaty Powers. Sir Robert Hart had taken much the same step, without loss of prestige, but then he was a Briton. Burlingame was now an emetic to the Coast proletariat.

The anti-Chinese agitation partook of a communistic tinge. Largely it had been fostered by English Christian Socialists; a fact that passed unperceived by even so astute a visitor as Lord Bryce, when he looked into it. Its god was Denis Kearney, an extraordinary person who figures in California history as the Sandlot Orator. Kearney, a fighting Irishman, had come to San Francisco from the old sod in 1868, as first officer of the clipper *Shooting Star*. He became a gang boss at the Pacific Mail docks. He was hefty with tongue and fists, abstemious and shrewd, and in four years had saved enough to set himself up in the draying business.

Instead of drinking steam beer at the corner saloons, he went to the lectures at Dashaway Hall. This was the open forum of the city. Here were promulgated the Victorian and post-Transcendental virtues. Everything was discussed: poetry, total abstinence, elocution, animal magnetism, free trade, coöperation, and what not. If anyone wanted to expound an ism, all he had to do was put on a swallow-tail coat, mount the rostrum and spout. Here bands of earnest and forensic youths, with roached hair slicked with macassar, arose in debate and declaimed with the gestures set forth in McGuffey's Third Reader. Dashaway Hall was synonymous with culture. Citizens attended in broadcloth. Fanny Fern wrote luminously to the papers that it was comparable to Cooper Institute.

It was in this forum that Kearney became inspired. He enrolled in its Lyceum

of Self-Culture, and cultivated oratory at the weekly classes. At first he thrashed about like a brontosaur in a beauty-shop, but even then he displayed flashes of genius—an explosive eloquence that hurled up a conglomerate of communistic ideas, academic jargon and dock lingo. He kept on improving. Then he got in with William Weelock, a cobbler from the London slums, gone blotto over Christian Socialism; a Bible shouter and long-haired demagogue, very much like the old Carlylean in Kingsley's "Alton Locke." It was Master Weelock who crammed Neophyte Denis with the fiery printed stuff that caused him to rear rampant. One of his books, a gem, I once possessed. It was F. W. Dooner's "Last Days of the Republic." This curious, but sincerely written work, is reminiscent of the British pre-war shocker, "The Battle of Dorking." It offers a retrospect of a United States under the thrall of the Mongol, and in spots is quite disturbing. The woodcuts, one showing a bloated mandarin, labelled "The Chinese Governor of California," and another depicting Washington crumbling before the guns of the pig-tailed conquerors, gave the California farmers a nightmare.

His studies over, Kearney began to bellow for the proletariat. The time was ripe: it was now the year 1878. The Comstock lode was petering out. Mine after mine had shut down, and the depression fell heavily upon San Francisco, where the shares were owned. Collaterals tumbled; a dry year resulted in a dearth of crops; public projects were halted; manufacturing had already ceased. Were not the hell-born Chinese, the pestiferous yellow vermin, to blame? And who else but Denis Kearney could set things to rights? He discoursed at the cart-tail, and crowds followed him to the vacant sand-lots where he harangued the unemployed. He established the Workingman's party, whose slogan was "The Chinese must go!"

The docks of the Pacific Mail were burned by his infuriated partisans. The homes of the millionaires, where the Chinese did kitchen work, on Nob Hill, were then attacked, and the city authorities armed the youth of the upper classes with pick-axe handles to repel *hoi polloi*. After some inglorious shindies, Kearney, Weelock and some humbler aides-de-camp were cast into the iron-house. Kearney recanted, disclaiming any intention to incite violence, and the next day the attorney general informed the court that he had kept within his constitutional rights. Turned loose, he remobilized his cohorts, and revived the turmoil.

But after that nothing much happened. The uproar gradually died down. In 1885 the Burlingame Treaty was abrogated. The Workingman's party became confused in the public mind with the Populist party, and died the death. Kearney, grown stouter and less vociferous, went into the grain business, held without distinction a political office or two, and died quietly in 1906.

V

For two generations San Francisco's famous Chinatown, a realm of banners and scarlet balconies, as colorful as Soochow and twice as odorous, has maintained its aloof identity. It is pent within a sliver of space, seven blocks long and three wide. It has neither grown nor shrunk in years. It is still invaluable to San Francisco as a lure for tourists, and as a lodging-place for her highly-paid Oriental help. In the face of the great sums the Chinese have spent in building Presbyterian missions, juvenile centers, and movie palaces, it remains invaluable as a locale for the weavers of dime-thrillers.

Yet sin was actually burnt out of it in the holocaust of 1906, and even its ghost exorcised in the anti-vice campaign of ten years later. Not a pigtail has been witnessed on its streets since the fall of the Manchu dynasty. It has never had a Chuck Connors. Its present Nestor is the learned and witty Ng Poon Chew, scholar and journalist. Its only crime of magnitude

within recent years has been that of promulgating the Mah Jong craze. True, back in the nineties it had one bad egg remaining in the person of Fung Ching, yclept Little Pete. But he was a prodigy.

Little Pete began his career as a vender of slippers. He was a dilettante in the arts, played the zither uncommonly well, and delighted in the music of crickets. He became owner of the Jackson street theater, and wrote most of the comedies in its repertoire. He did a little importing on the side, and brought over some scores of frail beauties, to sell at from $1500 to $2500 apiece, according to their looks. Next he tried his luck at the Tanforan races, just outside San Francisco. He bet on twenty-to-one shots. He had the Croesus touch. Wagering $6000 daily, he cleaned up $100,000 a month.

His system was direct and simple. He bribed the stablemen to poison the other horses. So Little Pete had to go to San Quentin for five years. He came out richer than ever, and more feared, because he knew his enemies. But one day, while he was in a barber-shop getting shaved and his bodyguard was sipping whiskey around the corner, an assassin shot through the door and killed him. There followed, somewhat absurdly, war to the death between the Sam Yups, the tong to which all the professional men and the merchants belonged, and the See Yups the organization of *hoi polloi*. The police were helpless, and so the Manchu consul, a diplomat, cabled to the Emperor Kuang Hsu, who at once summoned Li Hung Chang in far Peking, and asked him what to do.

"It is very simple," said Li. "Cast all the relatives here of the See Yups into jail. And off go their heads, every one, if a single Sam Yup in San Francisco is killed. August Highness, I have already cabled that message to California."

The scheme worked like a charm, and thus it was that a pagan monarch established peace in a Christian city ten thousand miles away.

Little Pete's funeral was the most gorgeous ever held in San Francisco. The cortege, a mile and a half long, was headed by priests in mortar-board hats and black gowns, swinging rattles; the air was blue with cracker smoke, and vibrant with "Clare's Dragoons," played in ragtime on piccolos and trombones by three Chinese bands, going on the trot. Every hack on Portsmouth Square was hired for the occasion. Twenty express wagons hauled the funeral viands and cases of gin and tea. But woe befell the cortège at the cemetery. It was routed by the hoodlums of the town, who had tramped out to dine on the pork and mounds of snowy rice, the offerings at the grave. And Little Pete's spirit went to the other world hungry.

The last of such old-time funerals was held eighteen years ago. The day of pageantry and festivals is over. Last week I saw the funeral of a quite distinguished Chinese citizen. Six Fords followed the motor hearse, and the sole panoply was an enlarged crayon portrait of the deceased—one of those ugly things the corner grocer will have done for you for ten baking-powder coupons—, held upon the knees of the chief mourner.

Up to eighteen years ago, the Tsing Ming, or Pure and Resplendent Festival, on April 4, was observed with great ceremony. A thousand outdoor booths lined Grant avenue and Stockton street, and fruit, sweetmeats, roast pig and cakes were dished out free to passers-by. The balloon peddlers, the lily bulb sellers, the sword-dancers, the pipe-bowl menders, and the corner shoemakers all had their trays set out, with free victuals for all who asked. No Caucasian, however poor, need go hungry that day. Stout's alley and its basement saloons, the Roaring Gimlet and Every Man is Welcome, sent up patrons by the hundred.

There never was a handsomer dragon than the one that used to parade Grant avenue on the Chinese New Year's Day. It was a block long, ribbed and made of silk and brocades, hung with looking-glasses and mosaics of jade and garnet. Its

head, with staring eyes, out-thrusting tongue, breathing fire and smoke, and with more feelers than a catfish, was as fearsome as Apollyon. Five giants capered inside that head, waggling it, and uttering yells.

Ah Chic, star of the Jackson street theater, led the parade, glittering in a jewelled robe. Back of the dragon, and bearing high the colored lanterns, came the fine gentlemen and the merchants, arrayed in silk and cashmere, with their pantaloons gathered at the ankles. Then came their wives and girls in white, leading their children, all in gold hats musical with bits of jingling glass and metal, so effective in warding off evil spirits. Lastly came the commonalty—two or three thousand men carrying transparencies. A pleasing sight it was, and it made the real holiday of the San Francisco year.

But now that old grandeur has diminished, though a quite eye-filling bout with the dragon is still staged every New Year's. Parades have been done away with. On the Pure and Resplendent Festival the jollification is not visible to the passer-by. The *moon-kwang* and the *semisen* are strummed only within the family circle, and friends who drop in partake of a salad made of a hundred herbs. I remember a reporter calling up a Chinese mission on the great day to inquire how they were celebrating. The Chinese girl who answered, after a shocked pause, replied stiffly: "Those pagan observances are done away with. At the morning's mass, I believe, it was stated to be the Feast of St. Ambrose."

VI

Chinatown is now very progressive. It supplies the needful ferment and money to Cathay whenever the liberal movement out there seems to be lagging. Here converge the secret influences that establish a printery in Hong Kong, proselytize in Hu-nan, and encourage the irredentists in Liao-tung. The political ramifications are complex almost beyond belief.

But those quaint figures of other days, the highbinder and the hatchet-man, are as extinct as the Great Auk. Not a queue is left in the entire place. But the Chinese are nothing if not shrewd, and so they keep up a semblance of the old hocus-pocus to mystify and delight tourists. Licensed Caucasian guides—own cousins to the Civil War majors who used to hang around livery stables in the Middle West two decades ago—pilot around the visitors to stare at inoffensive jade workers, bespectacled apothecaries chopping up ginseng, and ancient chaps warming their hands at the corner ginger-root stands.

The primitive flavor of the place lurks only in the recesses of the New China Theater, where drama hot and tumultuous is served up gorgeously by itinerant troupes which travel under bonds from British Columbia to the Mexican border. The younger fry patronize the movies, but it's in the theatre where the oldsters hang out. One wet night I dropped in and was seated in the middle of a row occupied by middle-aged Celestials, all drawing at pipes the size of chair legs. A certain steaminess in the air was inexplicable until I perceived that every armchair was graced with a damp sock drying out. A young mother was suckling an infant. Some dandiacal youths—for the climax of the first act was not due for three hours—were immersed in the sporting pages.

"Here y'are, gents," piped the news butcher, "icey clean cones, clacker-jack, chooin' gum!"

Americanization is proceeding. The odium of the Kearney days has given way to haloes, and the Chinese domestic is now a luxury comparable with, say, a Rolls Royce. In brief, Cathay on the Coast has completed its circle. There is irony in the retrospect. Once the shriek of the Anglo-Saxon was: "No Irish need apply!" Then Hibernian accents were discerned in the later slogan, "The Chinese must go!" Now that Hawaiian-born Japanese are admissible to the mainland, Chinese voices are not at all unheard in protest against the invasion.

COMMENCEMENT

BY SARA HAARDT

From where she was sitting on the left of the stage, Maryellen could see the whole family: Papa, in his new blue suit, his forehead shining pinkly; Mamma and Aunt Mamie in a whispered confab behind Aunt Mamie's turkey-tail fan; Billy, on the other side of Papa, wigwagging his programme at Dick Foster across the aisle, his head as sleek as a young seal's. Mamma looked sweet in her changeable silk, the hairs that straggled down from her knot softly crimped about her face. Aunt Mamie had seen to all the little details that put the finishing touches to their costumes. She might not have the means to do things, she always said, but she knew how they *ought* to be done; and so, as she had nothing but time on her hands, she could fuss around until she accomplished the little things. Maryellen was named for her—and Mamma—and it was natural she should take a special interest in her. Poor Aunt Mamie! She had her rhinestone pins in her hair and a tell-tale bloom on her cheeks tonight.

Mamma was nodding proudly, and Maryellen knew that Aunt Mamie had just said her dress was the prettiest of any of the six graduates. The other dresses, of course, were much more elaborate, the finest that could be bought in Meridian's ready-to-wear stores, but they had what Aunt Mamie called "a set air": Maryellen looked as if she had been melted and poured into hers. Taffeta was *always* good, and Mamma had paid three dollars a yard for the soft, lustrous quality that formed the foundation. Over the full skirt Aunt Mamie had draped the remnants of real rose-point lace, saved over from Mamma's wedding veil. With a little conniving there had been enough for the sleeves and the fichu. . . .

> A lovely being, scarcely formed or molded,
> A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

So Miss Bingham had quoted at the top of the programme, and Miss Bingham's dictum in Meridian was always the last word. That was why Mamma and Papa had wanted to send their only daughter to her school, though it cost more than they could afford, and the curriculum at the public high-school was much the stronger. Miss Bingham's girls were the sweetest and the prettiest, and Maryellen had acquired something that repaid Mamma and Papa, however much she seemed a stranger to them as she sat there in her shining white, holding the great cluster of American Beauties—the very ones that poor Aunt Mamie had pulled the thorns off—so carelessly in her arms.

What were they waiting for? It seemed a year to Maryellen since she had walked sedately to her place and watched for the little sign that Miss Bingham gave for all of them to sit down.

"Roses, where are you carrying that little girl!" Billy had teased years ago, as she turned slowly for Aunt Mamie to get the general effect. They *were* heavy, holding them so long in one position.

Billy was proud of her, in his shy way, and she acknowledged it with a stinging reproof. "Billy! Your hair looks like a rat's nest—"

"Aw, you give me the jim-jams. Ten' to your own self, an' you'll have a plenty to do!"

Billy—so unlike Mamma and Aunt Mamie, with their moist, shining eyes; or

Papa, with his soft, hungry little pats. She loved them—it wasn't that—but they made her ashamed in a hot, apologetic way inside. Mamma's happiness, brimming so shamelessly in her eyes, made her want to duck her head and cry. They were so good, they had sacrificed so much,—but only to make her a snob, too graceless to acknowledge it.

Aunt Mamie was trying to catch her eyes, a tense smile on her lips, but she turned her head ever so slightly away. Miss Bingham was sitting very erect in her chair, and yet perfectly at ease—as a lady should. Was that the speaker sitting next to her? A hunched, bewhiskered little man who looked as if he had just stepped out of a patent-medicine advertisement. He couldn't be so wonderful. Papa had read about him at the supper table, folding the pages of the *Herald* back with a cocky flourish:

> Each year at its commencement season, Miss Bingham's School presents to the Meridian public a speaker of not only international, but also of world-wide reputation. This year Miss Lucretia Bingham, principal, announces for the speaker at the Majestic Theatre on the twenty-ninth of May at eight-thirty o'clock in the evening, William Parker Goldthwaite, Ph.D., LL.D., President of Winthrop College, Bradley, Mass. As these great speakers and educators have their calendars for speaking dates filled so far in advance, the invitation to President Goldthwaite was extended a year ago. Dr. Goldthwaite graciously and generously accepted this invitation and has made the long trip to Meridian solely to deliver this address. His subject will be, "The Builders of the Future." The lower floor of the Majestic Theatre will be reserved . . .

"Save that piece of the paper, Henry," interrupted Aunt Mamie; "it's such a beautiful account! He must be a very brainy man."

"Pretty nice write-up, eh?" said Papa.

Maryellen shrugged delicately, with the air that said she was in on a great deal more than she could ever tell. What would they say if they knew Miss Bingham had written the piece herself—that she always wrote the glowing pieces that were published about the school? Sitting at her big mahogany desk, she had rapped it out on her typewriter, pausing only to reflect, "Of course, girls, one of the first things you'll have to learn is that in a town the size of Meridian, you simply have to make allowances. . . ."

The slurs, the insinuating digs, the condescension that Miss Bingham expressed in that one phrase "a town the size of Meridian!" To Maryellen she never seemed so superior as when she mocked the provinciality in which they had all been reared, and then, in the next breath, patronized the worst examples of it who cowed before her. She wasn't fair, of course—she had been born and raised in Meridian herself—but it was just the way she said it. So few people really appreciated deep things—present company always excepted! The part about the invitation being extended to Dr. Goldthwaite a year ago was a story concocted for the untutored souls who would declare that his address had been over their heads. After that, they wouldn't dare. . . .

"What was the rest of it, Papa?" inquired Mamma timidly.

Papa resumed his oratorical tone: "The graduation class of this year of Miss Bingham's school is composed of six attractive young women. Ah-hem, ah, Miss Ruth Fraser, Miss Olive Lind Kirkpatrick, Miss Hazel Lockwood, Miss Dorothy Louise Moulton, Miss Maryellen Thompson, Miss Marjorie Brooks Wiley. Ah . . . *all six* of these young women will continue their education in the different colleges of the country, where they will reflect due credit on their alma mater and home city."

Anybody would know that was a story, and yet Papa beamed as brightly as if the question of Maryellen's chances for college hadn't kept the family on pins and needles for months. Maryellen—prettier, smarter than any girl in her class, doomed to stay on in Meridian because her father couldn't afford to send her! Papa had spent sleepless nights over it: she had been so sweet and uncomplaining, it was like rubbing salt in a wound.

Oh, she had understood Papa's suffering; but the truth was she hadn't been sure

enough of herself to contest it. College appealed to her as an adventure, but not as a place where she would have to buckle down to hard work. How could she nag him into sending her, when she wasn't sure she wanted to go? She wasn't sure of anything except a kind of boredom . . . a feeling that no matter what she did it would seem the thing she shouldn't have done. It was almost a relief not to have to decide—a relief, and yet she couldn't quiet her envy for Ruth and Olive and Marjorie, with their conferences and pretenses. Hazel was going on with her music at a famous conservatory in the Middle West, and Dorothy was going abroad for a year. Hazel with her humorless, average mind, and Dorothy with her simpering petulance! Ruth and Olive and Marjorie weren't exactly college material, but Miss Bingham had pushed them through their examinations. Ruth was a flighty little creature, ineffectual and scatter-brained, but she had more to her than Olive and Marjorie. Maryellen hated Olive with her theatrical bluff, always overdressed and officious; Marjorie was such a little toady, and so silly and pale; it was impossible not to pity her. College might bring her out, as Miss Bingham hinted, but she would never be anything to rave over.

II

Mechanically, Maryellen got to her feet as Miss Youngblood struck a clanging chord, and the young voices slid plaintively into the opening stanza of "The Land of Hope and Glory." How many times she had nudged Ruth or Dorothy in chapel and whispered that she'd hail the day when she wouldn't have to listen to that! Commencement had seemed far away then, and school a deadly grind of duties.

There was the day Miss Bingham sailed into her about her Ancient History notebook in front of the whole class.

"And yours, Maryellen?"

"I–I thought I had it in my locker, but—"

"You *thought!* And I thought you had learned from your 'Idylls of the King,' Maryellen, that 'obedience is the courtesy due to kings!'"

Miss Bingham, so sugary one moment, and so unreasonably cross the next: partial to Hazel and Olive and Dorothy because of their prominent families; grasping the least thing to pick on, and yet susceptible to the meanest flattery. Somebody was always slipping into the rest-room to hide her tears. Only the older girls of indisputable breeding ever answered her back.

"If I ever get away from this place . . ." Maryellen had wept into her crumpled handkerchief. A queer pride, the same feeling that kept her from acknowledging Aunt Mamie's beseeching glance, armored her. She wished commencement was the next day.

"Encircled by 'Faith,' 'Truth,' 'Love' and 'Joy,' their companions through the years of their school life," Miss Bingham had had the nerve to put on the programme —"and attended by fair young garland bearers [the members of the lower classes costumed in Grecian robes of cheesecloth] the Class of 1926 begins its service in a new world. Their schoolmates herald their journey with Elgar's 'Land of Hope and Glory!'"

The voices, a bit unsteady at first, soared above Miss Youngblood's shifty chords:

> Wider still and wider . . .
> Shall thy bounds be set,
> God Who made thee mighty
> Make thee mightier yet!

Maryellen couldn't listen to the words for a strange sadness that suffocated her. What could it be? She was glad to be through with school, and with Miss Bingham's hypocrisies, but a panic seized her at the thought that she would have nothing more to occupy her. Lessons had been dull, Miss Bingham's dramatics a poor show, but they were better than having no show at all . . . no recess periods in which to tattle or snicker over the wild answers in class. After a Winter at home, a few bridge parties and dances, she would be

compelled to turn to—what? To marriage?

Miss Bingham had risen to her full height, the faint rustle of paper died down, and she began the introduction in her smoothest voice. Something about President Goldthwaite being one of the greatest educators of his day . . . a renowned scholar, interested in both classic and contemporary literature, and who believed in maintaining standards . . . address a deep inspiration . . . to these young women . . . about to discover . . .

> all that we believe of Heaven,
> Amazing brightness, faith and truth
> Eternal joy and everlasting love.

Applause—a faint, well-bred murmur; Papa was very red in the face, for he hadn't been sure whether to clap or not. Maryellen had made such a point of instructing Billy at the supper-table.

"And don't, whatever happens, applaud when Miss Bingham gives me my diploma! Nice people don't—"

"Aw, who do you think would clap for that class of dumb-bells? Just because old Miss Bingham makes a nut of herself is no sign . . ."

"Son, son!"

Mamma and Papa were so ambitious for her to be happy, and yet all the advantages they had sacrificed to give her had only thrust her apart, aloof, made her sensitive to all the bigger things she could never achieve. She wished she lived in a larger place, but even as she wished it, she realized she would have less of a chance than ever. Men in Meridian were definitely uninteresting, but they looked up to a girl with social connections and a nice home. Marriage was bound to come, if she waited . . . maybe, that would be her real commencement—

What was it President Goldthwaite was saying? He had a big voice for such a little man—a soothing voice, for Papa's eyelids were drooping: it was already an hour past his bedtime. "Youth, the light and hope of the world . . . these splendid young women . . . I do not hesitate to prophesy, as Carlyle said of Goethe . . . 'beaming in mildest mellow splendor, beaming, if also trembling, like a great sun on the verge of the horizon!' . . . It means Service; obligation to prove themselves worthy of the splendid commonwealth they inherit, of the priceless traditions of its history, of the untarnished honor of its peers. . . ."

Service: a lot of the high-school girls were talking grandly about getting jobs after commencement; taking a business course at the Eaton-Burnett Business College and working into the first vacancies in their fathers' offices. But Maryellen had no illusions about the economic independence of woman. Papa's office was a smelly hole-in-the-wall in the dingiest part of town, the work, endless filing and typing and invoicing. The shrill, undernourished girls who worked for him were not there because they liked it, but because they must live. Freedom? Life was choking them, shriveling them into impossible little old maids, dull-eyed and sapless.

What was the difference? The business world of Meridian was as monotonous as married life ever dared to be. Mamma had broken early, it was true, but she had never taken any care of herself. With the proper massage and beauty treatments there was no need of a woman showing her age at forty. Maryellen had secretly resolved that she wouldn't be like Mamma. And yet, that was scarcely a victory . . . just a streak of snobbishness Miss Bingham's proximity had brought out in her.

President Goldthwaite was nearing the climax of his speech: he swayed back and forth on the balls of his feet and gesticulated sharply. Something about being the captain of your soul, ever following one lode-star and pressing from earth's level to heaven's height. Suddenly he paused dramatically and flung out his hands.

> Now when my spirit knows no purer thrill,
> Than this high promise of a paradise,
> The pale ruin of a moon does even fill
> The world with ghostly beauty for my eyes!

Maryellen tried to conjure up a picture to fit the words, but her imagination failed her. She saw Mamma and Papa as they

ıd looked at the supper-table: Mamma, ɛr wispy hair in her eyes, gushingly ɔologetic; Papa, as he ducked his head meet the bit of scorched steak on his rk. And poor Aunt Mamie who fluttered ɔm pantry to dining-room like a bird ith a broken wing.

"Mamma, is there a drop of ketchup?"

"Oh, dear, I was in such a fluster . . ."

"Now, Ellen, you keep your chair and ll be right back with it!"

Thrill! Maryellen didn't believe much thrills since she had gone to school to liss Bingham. There was the day she ɔbbed her hair; her first date with Marıall Hunter; the class picnic; the time she ıd Dorothy Moulton had gone in swiming in Line Creek in their teddies. She ıdn't been the captain of her soul in any ay. Little things had just happened. . . . President Goldthwaite had arrived at ıe end of his speech; he wheeled suddenly ıd made a low bow. Miss Bingham anvered him with a brilliant smile, and ıen, as the applause died down:

"It is only rarely that such inspiration ɔmes to us as Dr. Goldthwaite's splendid ddress tonight . . . and in the name of ıe Class of 1926, I wish to assure him ıat he has made the path seem one of nazing brightness. No one of us could il to cherish his prophetic wisdom with ur school motto,

"Only grant that I do serve
Else why want aught further of me . . .!"

Miss Bingham had to bring in her Brownıg somewhere. She acknowledged the ttle ripple of applause with a cool nod, ıd lifted her right hand in a silencing esture. It was a sign to little Gracie Hails ıat she was ready. Gracie came forward ncertainly, carrying the diplomas in a asket decorated in the school colors. Miss Bingham stiffened, and nodded once gain.

"Miss Ruth Fraser."

Mamma was smiling nervously, the proud ɛars shining in her eyes. Maryellen's own eart was beating furiously, but she tossed ɛr head scornfully. Why had Aunt Mamie brought her tacky old opera-glasses? She looked like an absurd owl trying to focus them. Papa's face wore such a beatific expression it was pathetic. Maryellen smiled faintly, holding her head on one side. Poor Ruth was blushing to the roots of her hair: her shoes squeaked, and Aunt Mamie would be sure to notice that her dress sagged a little in the back.

"Oh—oh," she sighed relievedly, as she took her place again.

"Miss Olive Lind Kirkpatrick!"

Olive held her shoulders so stiffly that they might have been set in a plaster cast. She had an ungainly walk, and her high heels only made it worse. Anybody as heavy as she should never affect accordion plaits!

"Miss Hazel Lockwood."

Of course if Hazel had had a sense of humor she wouldn't have stuck that rose in her hair. She had a crush on Geraldine Farrar, but imagine pulling that—

"Miss Dorothy Louise Moulton."

Dorothy looked as if she had lost her last friend in her effort to appear bored. Her dress was lovely, but much too old for her.

"Miss Maryellen Thompson!"

For a moment Maryellen swayed dizzily, and then she tilted her chin up and walked slowly, unaffectedly across the stage. How light her feet felt in her white kid slippers with the Colonial buckles that Aunt Mamie had worked so hard over! She knew she made a charming picture—the sweet girl graduate—her dainty figure, the lights on her hair, the simple frock. Soft Ah's and Oh's floated up from the audience. She was dazedly happy—a lovely, breathless feeling, far down in her throat.

"Miss Marjorie Brooks Wiley."

Well, it was over! Maryellen smiled faintly, but her eyes held tears. Mamma and Papa were blurred, then lost in the crowd. The Juniors' voices began auspiciously,

Where, O where are the grand old Seniors?
Far out in the wide, wide world;
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
Far out in the wide, wide world. . . .

Far out—— The stage entrance was crowded with chatty, family groups; Maryellen rushed almost rudely through them.

"There's the little Thompson girl . . . lovely-looking . . . Well, Miss Maryellen, how does it feel to be the sweet girl graduate? All set up, eh?"

She nodded, "Oh, nice, I guess . . ."

"Now that you've got it," funny Mr. Moulton teased, "what are you going to do with it?"

She pretended to be shocked. "My nice new diploma!"

Mamma fluttered up to her, and kissed her cheek shyly. "You just did beautifully! Papa and I—"

Papa bobbed his head, and gave her shoulder little pats. "Nice as could be . . . mighty fine evening."

"Take her flowers, Henry," ordered Aunt Mamie. "The child must be worn out." Her eyes were red, as if she had been crying, but she tripped gaily down to the sidewalk. "Our girl certainly made us feel proud tonight!"

They walked on in silence. At the drugstore Papa hesitated. "Have something to drink?"

"No," Maryellen murmured. "I've got a date with Marshall. He'll be waiting."

III

Home again! The street seemed grayer—would always be grayer—the house a two-story horror without mood or welcome. The Bermuda grass had choked the flowers, the brick walk needed mending, but Papa had never got around to it. Up the sagging steps to the uneven boards of the porch.

Billy was entertaining Marshall with a glowing account of his smart antics. "The old man kind of dozed off, and I said to myself—this is a fine chance for me to beat it—"

"Well, young man!"

Marshall sprang to his feet. He had nice manners, indefinite features, a pleasant, usual face. He was doing very well in the drug business: a good catch. Mamma and Papa liked him because he was steady an deferential in the company of older peopl

"Nice evening to be out . . ." he bega in his flat voice.

Papa took him up eagerly. "Yep, I a ways say . . ." Papa, so quiet and meal mouthed with his family, was almost vo uble when he had an interested audienc And Marshall encouraged him, listene with flattering attention to his opinion asked questions in low, earnest tone "And, as I was saying . . ." Maryelle tried to listen, to appear interested in Ma shall for his own sake, but the effort le her without a thrill. Marshall loved he or he wouldn't be making up to Papa, an yet he was even more of a bore because it; his "views" were colorless, would a ways be colorless; his wittiest remark were stereotyped, heavy. He couldn't eve make love differently: his being nice t Papa—that was his way—no depth force to it.

Poor Marshall! As long as she was i school, with a definite programme mappe out for her, she could afford to let thing drift, play around with him. But now— commencement had changed all that: sh would soon be one of the older girl scheming to get places, to keep up wit younger and more attractive flapper Maryellen had noticed that unattache women living under such a strain age much more quickly than married wom with homes and babies to look after. Wh there were Mamma and Aunt Mamie! S didn't want to be a second Aunt Mam thin, looking as if she had just pull through a hard spell of sickness, strivi pathetically to please everybody, nev feeling quite at ease or at home. She wou marry Marshall—what else was there do?—and yet she knew marriage wi him wouldn't change anything. She wou always think ahead of him, tolerate kindnesses, pity him for falling so easi

A new world! Life would go on same—grayer, duller, for there would even be a commencement to look forw to. How ridiculous it all seemed: M

ingham and her Browning, President oldthwaite's non-existent paradise, her wn vague ambitions . . . Disillusionment —that was all education led to. And for his Mamma and Papa had sacrificed, denied hemselves!

What was that Marshall was saying? omething about overhead, carriage costs, ready market . . . Oh, well, it didn't natter. Only Mamma was getting nervous or fear Papa would wear out his welcome. he sidled up to him and gave him what he considered a gentle nudge.

"Was that Aunt Mamie calling me?" Of course it wasn't, but that was Mamma's xcuse for breaking away, paving the way or Papa. He acquiesced with something ike a sigh, and then, as if to restore his lignity:

"Coming, son?"

"Look at the fine diploma," cried Billy, laying for time. He assumed a nonchalant lofty air, smirking at Maryellen. "I bet it's written on scratch paper."

Marshall turned toward her eagerly. He was such a Simple Simon, incapable of concealing the least emotion! "You're looking lovely," he murmured, and found her hand.

"Aw, tell her something she don't know!" Billy scoffed.

"You bad monkey!" threatened Marshall, with a brotherly sportiveness. "I'll get you for that—"

"Oh, I don't mind him," Maryellen managed to say. She managed a giggle, too, as Marshall squeezed her hand. Marshall! Of course she'd learn to like him . . . respect him, maybe . . . in time, she wouldn't mind anything. . . . She lifted her face to him, a dark smile on her lips.

Commencement? It was the same old story . . . tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. . . .

EXPLORATIONS IN THE Y. W. C. A.

BY CATHARINE BRODY

On a newspaper assignment, I once masqueraded for six months as one of the Y. W. C. A.'s dependents. I was the bewildered girl of its posters, silhouetted against the night lights of a big city. I was the girl complete: a small bag set neatly at my wavering feet and an umbrella stuck primly under my arm. At least, I thought I was as complete as a natural instinct for deceit could make me. I thought that no one, certainly not a Y. W. secretary, could mistake the significance of bag, umbrella or expression. But as I traveled through the twenty towns my paper had chosen, from New York to the Pacific Coast and back again, discrepancies appeared and multiplied between my conception of this girl, for whom the Y. W. was supposed to take the place of home and mother, and the Y. W.'s conception, as impressed on me by its secretaries and employés.

At the first sign of the triangle, in Boston, I was a girl looking for any unskilled job, and I was alone, and I arrived, like the girl with the umbrella, at dusk. On the register were the names of many lone girls from as far away as Texas. Schoolgirls mostly, I judged, coming to enroll for the Fall term at the colleges and the conservatories. I was right, for the secretary, noting my grammatical English, suggested pleasantly that I must be on the way to some school, too. I humbly corrected her and said that I was just looking for a job. So I paid for the cheapest room vacant and hurried up to study the Sunday want ad columns. Some feeling of strangeness struck me even then, a feeling that since I was supposed to be in straits where a job was a necessity, I did not belong in these groups of healthily-colored, well dressed girls, who stopped at the desk fo counsel as to what movies they could g to see and when the sight-seeing buses lef next day.

Bright and early next afternoon I go the job in a suburb, and my step wa jaunty as I approached the Y. W. desk. explained that I was provided for and th secretary's face reflected my pleasure. I sai that I was to work in a shoe factory fo $10 a week and I would like, please, t find a room that I could afford, near th factory. Then we struck the snag in ou relations which we were to strike so ofte later. The rooms listed were in neighbor hoods far too exclusive and far too ex pensive for anyone as lowly as I had be come overnight.

"I cannot afford such rooms," I pleaded

"That's all we have," said the secretar pleasantly. (They are above all thing pleasant.)

"Then what am I to do?" I implored.

Thus I became a problem, an unusua case. There appeared a certain resistance nothing definite, nothing one could poin an accusing finger at. No harshness, no in delicacy. It can only be defined as a blan blankness, a sweet silence, a polite in munity to appeal or confidence, a bafflin defense technique which, at the first en counter, left me breathless and worsted The Y. W. secretary could not help m So I returned solitary to wander up an down suburban streets, room-hunting, fo the job and the room were part of my a signment. Weird adventures I had wit doorbells that rang in silent houses an with fat, sloppy landladies. I remember e

pecially a little boy who swung on a ramshackle gate, and who, sizing me up with a perspicacity that will doubtless be invaluable to him later on, called, "Don't take a room here," and ran away. I finally found my room. I returned to the Y. W., collected my bag and my umbrella and "checked out." Although I looked as I felt, deeply dejected, although I had taken care to tell my tale to whichever secretary would listen, no one asked questions. No one wondered, at least audibly, just what was going to become of me, as I went forth into the night, all alone.

II

This lack of the true interest of guardianship was not due to callousness. As I became more of a veteran of the Y. W.'s and met more secretaries, young and scientific, middle-aged and motherly, some entirely aware of their duties, some willing to pay all the kindly minor attentions to a stranger, I became more and more convinced that the trouble with them was chiefly not hard-heartedness but lack of imagination. They could conceive of homesickness, a wish to talk to someone in a neighborly fashion, but the wretchedness of adjustments on a narrow margin were beyond their comprehension. They lacked resourcefulness, understanding, and, most discouraging of all, general knowledge. With a few exceptions, it became commonplace with me to disprove their so-called information. Did they say that the Troy collar factories were slow? I walked out and got a job in the first one. Did the employment secretary insist that there was no work for me of any kind in Denver? The next morning I was trimming pork, kidneys and my fingers at Armour's. Was I told that there existed but one free employment agency in Kansas City? I had only to look in the classified telephone directory to find that there were two others. And no matter how earnest the assurances that I could not find the room I needed, I always sallied forth grimly and nailed one. There was, remember, no question of charity involved. I paid my own way. What I expected of the secretaries was no great feat of intellect, but simply the soothing acceptance of emergencies of say, a waiter, and the mental agility, in facing them, of, say, a traffic cop. But at the first hint of the cloven foot of a problem—and as a factory or shop girl earning from eight to fourteen dollars a week, I was always a problem—they shied, and blankness settled over them.

Once I had got used to the variations in the Y. W.'s—for they are independent of each other, reflecting the local talent which manages them and the personalities of their secretaries—I knew at a glance what not to expect. In churchy towns, they seem to be a trifle worse than in godless places. Cleveland and Baltimore, two very pious cities, and San Francisco take the prizes: Cleveland, for an efficient indifference, San Francisco, for the most nonchalant of business propositions, and Baltimore, for the most elegant and snootiest Y. W. in the country. I thought I was prepared for anything, but some disturbing experiences popped up, as when the girl at the desk of the huge Cleveland Y. W. asked me whether I had any reservation and, since I had none, declared that there was no room for me but "we can recommend a nice hotel." It did no good earnestly to define my economic status. Forbearing silence met me.

On the whole, I preferred the Baltimore brand of snobbishness. It was more fun, and I had so little to amuse me in those days. Even in traveling clothes (which were weatherbeaten by this time) I felt my deficiencies amid the cretonned and glass-topped elegance of my room there. It had an enormous closet with a light therein the better for me to admire my six-dollar working dress. I felt that it was up to me not to let this room down, but the only work I could find was in a tin factory at night. Abashed and grimy with tin foil, I sat on the edge of chairs and explained to secretaries who were all wearing their

hair in marcelled towers of Pisa that year that I worked in a tin factory at twelve dollars per. Some instinct warned me to break the night work to them gradually. How sweetly vague were the looks they sent from under raised eyebrows, how gently but definitely they reproved me to the effect that they could not find me a room near my factory, which was in South Baltimore, for "we do not list anything in South Baltimore. We have one room in a nice neighborhood only three street car lines away for five dollars. If you cannot afford this, you had best go to a home, though we don't know whether the homes would have room for you."

So I spent a bright Baltimore day trotting from home to home, from neat red brick house to red brick house, up neat white steps, into dustless parlors, quaking before marcelled Southern gentlewomen of an unfailing courtesy. They even condescended to a mild scientific interest in me as an extraordinary phenomenon, but they pointed out gently that they had nice office workers and stenographers, who were such nice girls and never left them except to get married. And they even had a few factory workers, yes, but a tin factory worker at night—well, with knitted brows, they had not really any vacancies. Verily it is much easier for a rich man to get into heaven than it was for me to get into a Baltimore home. Finally, outcast, and on my own hook, I ended up in South Baltimore, where I admitted humbly that I probably belonged,—but that room had too many prior inhabitants.

The San Francisco Y. W. was a refreshing, practical place where they admitted that they were full and asked cheerfully, "Why don't you go to a nice hotel?" but were finally prevailed on to show me the way to yet another Y. W., of evidently lower caste. Here, since I had a room with two other girls and no locker for my clothes and no lock on the door, I wondered audibly whether my things would be safe. Frank and above-board was the secretary's reply: "As to that, I can't say."

III

Back in New York, I complained to a secretary of the General Board which serves only in an advisory capacity. On some things she agreed with me. Of some things she made note. But she had one objection. "You were an unusual case," she pointed out. "You were an unskilled girl worker. We have found that such girls, with such low wages, do not leave home much and when they do, they stay with relatives. You cannot expect the Y. W. to be run for the benefit of a group of girls who do not use it. Now the girls you call white collar girls, stenographers and students, *do* use us."

This raises a question which I hope some one can answer satisfactorily, for only confusion exists in my mind. Just what girls are the Y. W.'s and residences for? It is true that unskilled workers don't do so much seeing of the world. But suppose—and it is not impossible—that a girl situated exactly as I was supposed to be, a stranger who had to take any kind of a job at once, did appear in a Y. W.? Judging from my adventures, her reception wouldn't usually be of such a nature as to comfort or help her. Supposing now she could afford to stay in one of the residence-hotels—some cost less than others—there would be the uncomfortable arrangement of meal-times. If you are due at a factory at seven or seven-thirty, and breakfast hours are from seven-thirty to eight, obviously you are out of luck. You mean a problem, a special arrangement, and trouble with the cook. Or suppose you strike a Y. W. like that in St. Louis where you pay by the night for a permanent bed. Now if, as a shoe worker, you make eleven dollars a week, and must pay seventy-five cents a night or five dollars and twenty-five cents a week just for a room—plainly your place is not a Y. W.

Why is it, too, that the factory girls I knew had so little knowledge of the Y. W. as even to insist sometimes that it was privately owned, and so little idea of its uses as to express surprise that I would be per-

mitted to live there? Nor can it be quite a coincidence that in towns like Trenton, N J., Malden, Mass. (which has a very substantial Y. M. C. A.), and Pittsburgh, Pa., where even my scanty experience led me to believe there were a considerable number of factory girls who did not live at home, the Y. W. housing facilities should be so particularly inadequate. Nor is it quite without meaning that in a city with as miscellaneous a working population as New York, the yearly report of the Y. W. room registry should show stenographers, secretaries, clerical workers and what are known as the "talented professionals," so overwhelmingly in the majority.

The fact seems to be—and what figures I have bear out my personal observation—that the Y. W. is specially adapted for the cream of the girl population away from home. A girl earning from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a week, who does not have to be at work before nine o'clock in the morning, who is employed in some genteel capacity, who, perhaps, carries a letter from her pastor, who has a family or relatives back of her to call on at once in case of a money shortage—such a one is the Y. W. dream girl. Or perhaps a student whose mother writes ahead, and possibly accompanies her daughter, to see that she is safe. Any extra-routine case, a tin factory night worker, for instance, is a problem left (except in Philadelphia, New York, and, I believe, Chicago, which have "trouble" secretaries) to her own resources.

IV

Bulls of a sort, though, do get into these china shops, especially into the hotels. The Y. W. can probe into the health and character of its permanent guests, but naturally it cannot, nor should it, exact references of any chance girl who wishes to stay the night. A little worldly wisdom here would go a long way, particularly in the hotels run in connection with residences, where there is a practice, which only Christian innocence, or perhaps just Christian indifference, would devise, of putting transients in with permanents.

The Denver Y. W. had managed to acquire somewhat of a reputation. This was where my eighteen-year-old room-mate, a nice curly-headed little round peg of a student whose mother wrote to her every day, confided to me that she had had in her room a young woman on the way to recovery from being run out of a Colorado mining town. The petty thieves did so love this Y. W., which had a prayer of its own tacked up over the desk, that I had to steal out at dawn on the day of my departure, to avoid the quiz of a headquarters man. The New Orleans hotel furnished easy pickings, too, for here, though we were all transients in the dormitories and each had a locker, it developed that the keys were not exactly individual. So it was always a gamble whether we would find our clothes.

What weird creatures have snored all through the night, by my side, as it were, in these hotels! Strange ladies who dug mountains of grime out of their elbows and said they had been to Alaska and Florida. A touring schoolteacher from Canada who sat up half the night alternating between a bag of chocolates and a bag of oranges. A middle-aged figure in Pittsburgh which must ever remain shadowy, for it came in at midnight, though it must have been disturbing, for I remember that I crept out, sleepy as I was, and tucked my pocketbook under my pillow. But the Pittsburgh Y. W. remains in my mind as a relic of the charitable institutions of a couple of decades ago, with the smell and feel of an almshouse. There were the German woman, considerably over the age of consent and the American woman, ditto, to whose telephone calls (the telephone was just outside my door) I listened in thankfully on a dull New Year's eve in St. Louis. The first took the precaution of weeping into the telephone in German to the man who had, I gathered, given her the air, but it happens that I understand all the essential German words. Of the other woman, who

was telling a girl friend all about how she meant to get herself "another sweet daddy," I had little doubt. Yet, "This is a Y. W. We don't want anything like that going on," said the St. Louis secretary when she caught me committing sacrilege by smoking in my room. (I had locked the door, but I forgot the transom.)

For whom are all these elaborate hotels? The more elaborate they were the less distinction they made, either in priority and price, between the "young woman" in circumstances which make the Y. W. a real refuge, and the economical woman traveler, the week-end shopper or visitor of any age or pocketbook. In fact, very few Y. W.'s made any distinction whatever—the Portland, Oregon, one had, I remember, cubicles at thirty-five cents a night which just sufficiently lacked all the comforts of home to discourage bargain-hunters. Otherwise there was always a preponderance of women who were certainly not young, who seemed to be prosperous—far more prosperous than I, for instance, at the time—and of whom the callous public would only say if it could see them that, if they hadn't learned to protect themselves from the perils of a big city at their age, time was too short and money too hard to get to shield them.

V

But even with its present faults, it is my firm conclusion that the Y. W. has its uses. Remote from the ideal it may be, but its trimness is a benediction, and its baths the path to heaven, after sloppy rooming-houses. One experiment with the misery of hunting a room just as the train sets one down in the jumbled streets of some unfamiliar town is sufficient to send one with anguished relief to the triangle—when one has the price. Pleasant things happened to me now and then. There was, for example, an industrial secretary in Trenton who really knew her business. There was a woman in Salt Lake City who had enough perspicacity to offer me food, though it was Sunday and long past dinner time. There was the Chicago Y. W., where I tipped the Negro maid and smoked all over my room. There was the Birmingham, Ala., Y. W., where the secretary sent an aid to show me the way to the room she had, herself, found for me, "an' if you don't like it, jes' you come back an' I'll find you another, sugah." There was the secretary of the Los Angeles Studio Club who seems to have had enough tact and sophistication even to deal with movie extras, but, then, the clubs for "talented professionals" in New York and Los Angeles are things apart.

I do not want to give the impression that any secretary, no matter how bland and blank, is altogether immune to the demands of square pegs. I have heard of girls being turned away from Y. W.'s, and it is true that I myself, making no resistance, got cold-shouldered in Cleveland. But I knew even there that any determined hint of steel, any show of insistence, backed by honest need, would bring them to terms. If a dog bites a man, it may not be news, but if a girl in desperate circumstances gets turned out of a Y. W. it is a neat first-page story, and no such girl who is not a fool would permit it—but then, of course, so many of them are fools.

What an alibi the Y. W. is, too, and what a safe conduct *per se!* I well remember the newspaper man who "gave himself an introduction" to me in a city room where I was using a typewriter. We had dinner together, for it was a point in my working girl economics (isn't it always a point?) not to refuse free meals. Fresh from the conversation of Polish pork-trimmers, and forgetting for the moment that I was in the hinterland, I perhaps talked too freely. Anyway, when I had finished my work late that night, the newspaper man still hung in the offing. So as I rose to go, he said with quite some abruptness, "What hotel are you staying at?" I gave him a gentle answer: "I'm at the Y. W. C. A." I never saw a man who vanished more immediately or completely. He was through.

A GLANCE AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

WHEN I was a schoolboy in Texas a quarter of a century ago we had a very interesting system of education, sired by Necessity out of Chaos. There were no optional courses; you took what was handed to you. But if you didn't like the pedagogical menu you could walk out altogether; there was no compulsory school attendance law. Neither were there any free text-books. Forward-looking educators of the period deplored these shortcomings and eventually many of them were removed. But I have often thought, since, that we had a much better school system than we realized. No doubt there is a great deal to be said in favor of the modern optional courses, and for the numerous other improvements in public education, but the boys and girls of my days had at least one tremendous advantage over those of today: education itself was optional. If a boy of twelve felt that Jehovah had called him to drive a grocer's wagon or pick cotton he was welcome to go. This was not a mere theory; thousands heard such calls and responded with great enthusiasm. As a result, those of us who actually remained in school constituted as nearly ideal a democracy as I have ever seen. We were unified by a single great purpose; fused in the melting pot of a high and common aspiration.

I do not recall that any of us ever looked down upon the shabbiest boy or girl in the school; we had to respect them for being there at all. Of the youngsters who failed at the end of any school term from about the fifth grade on, a large proportion would not return. Thus, if we found among us in the eighth or ninth grade some dark-skinned Mexican boy whose attire plainly bespoke the poverty of his home we were much more interested in his achievement than in his appearance. We judged, and with accuracy, that he must be a pretty bright fellow. Therefore, his political prospects in an election to choose the class president were worthy of serious consideration. We didn't realize it at the time, but the reason why we could afford to be so buoyantly democratic was that the riff-raff had weeded itself out. We were a sort of junior House of Lords. The common people had been banished by decrees of their own signing. What remained was really an aristocracy. If the father of the boy who sat across the aisle from me earned his living by digging ditches, that only made his son's title several notches higher than mine, and I felt no humiliation in admitting it.

The last place where I attended public school was in San Antonio. Nearly all the children, white, brown or black, reached the third grade, but from that point on they began to drop out. Economic reasons were not the dominant ones. The community was fairly prosperous. Neither was there any great demand for child labor; for it was not an industrial town. Unless my observations were very faulty, most of those who quit school did so simply because they didn't care to go any longer. And as a rule their decisions were very soundly based: they had got just about all they could carry off, and didn't care to waste time pouring more water into buckets that were already overflowing. At the time I entered high-school the population of San Antonio was said to be

65,000. I do not recall how many ward schools existed, but there was only one high-school, and it was not crowded. The enrollment may have been about 300, but was probably less.

We youthful aristocrats of the Texas public schools of that dark age looked down with contempt upon all children who attended private schools. In this, of course, we fell far short of exact justice, for many of those private schools were excellent institutions, but the little we knew about them didn't lead us to that conclusion. Our information was confined largely to the skeletons in their closet. For example, we knew that if Bill or Tom was just naturally born dumb, or wasted his time and made a nuisance of himself and was finally flunked or expelled, he might shortly re-appear, if his father could afford it, on the baseball team of some private school. And if Lizzie was a dumb-bell, or if sex foreclosed upon her at about the age of thirteen and claimed all her interest, so that she couldn't keep up with the class, then we knew that Lizzie might re-appear, if her family finances permitted, in the uniform of somebody-or-other's exclusive school for the brilliant daughters of the better classes. When one of the private school products returned to the public schools, as sometimes happened, he usually slipped back from one to two or three grades. Also, when we met the representatives of private schools in any sort of interscholastic contest we usually made them look like a lot of wooden Indians. So, on the whole, we children didn't think much of private schools.

About the only time our prestige toppled into the ditch was when some bright country boy wandered into town from a one-teacher, ungraded, unhonored, unpainted, unsung cross-roads school that had happened, by the grace of God and chance, to find an extraordinarily capable teacher. There were at that time more than a few ambitious young men earning college money by hiring out for a season of school-teaching. Scarcely anything was required of them in the way of licenses and examinations. The field was wide open, so when a real wide-awake mind with a natural talent for teaching drifted into some rural mud-hole and set up shop among mentally starved boys with heads of the right shape, what he could accomplish would be regarded nowadays as approaching the miraculous. Unhampered by red tape, supervision, or system, he proceeded full speed ahead. The result sometimes showed up in town in the form of boys who, though they claimed only a right to enter the sixth grade, could make algebra and geometry loop the loop. Others would prove to be so far ahead of us in history, or civil government, or some other study, that we wondered if it might not later develop that we were half-witted. Of course, there were many other pupils who fared badly in the little country schools; I mention the prodigies only because they so easily proved that when a capable, enthusiastic teacher meets a bright, eager pupil, unhampered by rules, there is scarcely any limit to what may be accomplished.

Our school system, or rather the lack of one, gave us a free field with no favorites. It was every man for himself and the cotton-field for the hindmost. Earnest, forward-looking people naturally thought all this deplorable, and determined to do something about it. Well, they have succeeded. Now I am again coming into touch with the public school system, though not in Texas, after an absence of a quarter of a century; this time it is mainly through my five children, and the comments of other parents. What I observe is here set down.

II

Never before in the history of this country has there been such enthusiasm for schooling. I use the word schooling because I am not at all certain that this enthusiasm is for education. Some of our States have expressly declared themselves against certain essential items of education, such as, for

instance, a knowledge of the hypothesis of evolution, without which several of the sciences must be permanently closed to their pupils. But there is a unanimous enthusiasm for schooling. It has finally won unquestioned recognition as the panacea for all our political, economic and social ills. Not only do parents consider the schooling of their own children of vital importance, but they believe it sound public policy to employ special policemen to herd all the other children of the community into the school-house. These policemen exist to the number of many thousands. They go into shops and garages and highways and byways in search of truants, some of whom frankly declare that they would rather be burned at the stake than endure another term of public school. Others struggle along, obedient to the law's demand, suffering bewilderment and humiliation beyond any other person's ability to estimate. They are not morons, but neither are they proper subjects for education. They don't care for it and they are unable to absorb it. This is true especially of thousands of pleasant-natured, good-looking, well-intentioned girls of unimpeachable character who are eager to be gone in order that they may take up the vastly more important task of fulfilling their biological function. They have ripened early and they are no longer children. The education contained in text-books interests them not at all.

Among the boys there are equal numbers who would willingly barter their chances to be President of the United States for one glorious week of instruction under the guidance of a capable automobile mechanic. They wouldn't trade a garage for seventeen terms in the Governor's chair. For them the education contained in text-books has lost all attraction. They are eager to be about their life-work. It may be nothing more important than peddling vegetables, but if that is what they want to do, then they are the sort of people who want to do it. Restraining them is tyranny no less than closing the public schools altogether would be.

But under the present system we have roped in and dragged in and then kept in so many such boys and girls that some of the teachers cannot even begin their work until their classes have been assorted into two divisions. One of these divisions is known as the normal group, and the other is referred to as the dummers. When I first heard of this arrangement the question that came to mind was: "Do the dummers know that they are segregated as dummers?" I asked that question. "Oh, yes," was the bland reply. As a delicate refinement of cruelty I rise to offer that for first prize!

But what else can the teachers do? They are swamped with the dredgings of the community. Everybody must be educated; not just taught to read and write; no, they must go to school until they are fifteen or sixteen or seventeen years of age, depending upon the law in each State. Such being the case, standards must come down, for there is no provision excusing morons nor any of that enormous number of people who are far from being morons, but are none the less not destined to become Ph.D's. The latter class would gladly remove itself shortly after learning to read and write if allowed to do so. Its members know their limitations. And even when they don't they are poignantly conscious of not sharing the same point of view as the naturally studious. They may not admit openly that they are dull, but they know that they don't desire any more schooling. Given half a chance, they would depart, to the great profit of the remaining pupils—and, I sincerely believe, with no damage whatever to themselves. But this privilege—indeed, I would call it an inalienable right—is not granted them. The result? It is easily stated: in spite of enormously increased budgets for public education in virtually all of our States the national public school system as a whole is bogging down. This is a statement that could not be proved by statistics. The proofs come in other forms, but they are none the less clear.

The testimony of school executives quite

generally nowadays is that enforcing discipline becomes increasingly difficult. The worst offenders, of course, are to be found among the children who do not care to go to school any longer. Many of them are simply hoodlums. But they are forced to go to school nevertheless, and so the standards for class work must be lowered to accomodate their mentalities, with the result that many of the brighter pupils have not enough work to keep them out of mischief. So trouble brews at both top and bottom of the class.

In all of the large cities along the Atlantic seaboard and most of the smaller industrial communities as well there are numerous boys who evade school attendance on a technicality. They remain away just as many days out of each week as the law permits. I am informed that in some instances the minimum requirement is one-half day of attendance weekly. But even this prevents them from obtaining jobs, so they loaf about the streets. If they are enterprising and adventurous they obtain membership in some gang, and serve an apprenticeship at burglary. Wage-earning, however, is barred.

III

The truant officers, having dredged all the swamps and backwaters of the community, place before the school-teachers the concrete evidences of innumerable social problems that have nothing to do with education beyond the fact that their existence makes it virtually impossible for little Ignatz to learn. His environment is against him. So the teachers set out to learn something about the home life of their pupils and a new form of governmental inquisition is established. Presently John Doe, who is a teller in a bank or a foreman in a shop, learns that some teacher has asked his boy or girl how much he earns. His impression at the moment is that the teacher ought to be drawn and quartered. I have even heard of school children being asked if their parents got on well together, at home or if they thought there was any probability of separation or divorce.

No wonder we have reached a point today where literally millions of parents, especially in the Atlantic seaboard States, have renounced the public school system. Many more would do so if they could afford the expense of private schools. A mere summary of their criticisms would fill a volume. Most of them, however, may be included within two broad, general charges: first, that the public schools are trying to cover more ground than is humanly possible; second, that they are trying to make system take the place of talent for teaching. Both of these faults have been forced upon the schools by outside influences; neither is of internal origin. I have never met a practical school man who denied their existence, or defended them as virtues. The usual answers are: "Well, what can we do? It is a State law." Or "We haven't the money."

I shall deal first with the large amount of scattering and smattering that serves principally to waste time. I have five children in the public schools. One has an inescapable talent for drawing. She receives a drawing lesson about once a month. If that is the best they can do, it would suit me just as well if she received none at all, but devoted the time to arithmetic. One of my boys is skillful with tools and has taken great delight in the use of them since the age of seven. He receives instruction in manual training only once a week. Then there are sewing and cooking for the girls. This instruction is admittedly for the benefit of children whose home environment indicates the need for it. The standard, consequently, is based upon their needs. The other girls go to the classes once a week simply to show off.

Then there is banking: every week the children must bring some money and deposit it with the teacher. This is primarily, I suppose, to teach the offspring of recent immigrants that savings banks exist. My own children are aware of that fact. For us bank day is a pestiferous nuisance; we have other things to think

about beside the fact that Tuesday calls for a handful of small change. I have no objection to the advertising of savings banks; they are very useful institutions and I patronize them; but I wish they wouldn't annoy my children. Bulletins on bank deposits are posted and each class is urged to make a record of 100%. This is called showing school spirit. One small boy whom I happen to know was unable to bring a deposit one day because his mother simply didn't have a nickel that she could spare. Rather than disclose that properly private matter the loyal little fellow announced that he had forgotten his deposit. For this he was stood in the corner. But don't blame the teacher! She can't employ secret service agents to report on thirty-five families. Moreover, the boy pleaded guilty. I learn with amazement that my two youngest children receive grades for brushing their teeth. It is called hygiene. That no doubt is very valuable for part of the class, but what a waste of time for the rest of them!

The public schools have all been drafted into service as Americanization agencies, and are the first point of attack for every fanatical propagandist at large. But, you may ask, isn't Americanization a valuable service? I am willing to admit that it is. But what of the thousands of us whose children don't need it? It is for such parents that I speak. They are being forced to send their children to private schools in order that they may receive what they consider education.

When I came to New York my office was in the financial district of Manhattan; I had just come North from a small town in Texas. My wife and I surveyed the metropolitan area, looking for something better than a flat. We were used to lawns and porches. Finally we found a delightful three-story house in a wide, paved street in Brooklyn, shaded by beautiful old trees. For miles around us there were other nice houses very much like our own. "The public schools here," I said, "ought to be excellent." So we established our home and sent the children to school. Day after day they came in wide-eyed with excitement, to tell us disturbing tales of severe corporal punishment inflicted upon various members of their classes. They had never seen anything like that before. But when they recounted the offenses that caused these punishments it seemed to us that the teachers were models of mercy. Personally, I would have prescribed chloroform. Finally my wife decided to visit the school. She came back laughing.

"We are a fine pair of hayseeds," she said. "The people who live in this neighborhood send their children to *private* schools. There are half a dozen of them within two miles of us and an excellent one right around the corner."

"But what did you find at the public school?" I asked, for to me, abandoning the public school seemed almost comparable to setting fire to the courthouse.

"Well," my wife answered, "it was a new and amusing experience. If you have ever seen a Grade A peasant being condescendingly kind to a Grade B peasant you have the gist of it. I think it surprised them to hear me speak English; even some of the teachers have accents. They were so nice and kind that I felt that I really ought to pretend to be the wife of a Sicilian janitor in search of a remedy for lice, so that they could show how useful they are. They're good people, and judging from the appearance of some of the pupils, I'm not sure that they aren't martyrs. But the school is not for us."

So we bade farewell to Brooklyn, for I was still opposed to private schools.

That was about four years ago. Slowly, very, very slowly, my prejudice against the private school, or to be more accurate my stout bias in favor of the public school, has worn away under the continuous assault of experience and observation. The old democracy of the public school, of which I have so often boasted, has just about disappeared, and in my opinion the system is on the verge of accepting morons as persons of average intelligence. I realize

that that is a severe statement, but I am prepared to support it with evidence. I have a daughter whom I consider bright, studious, and intellectually just about what she ought to be, considering her age and environment. But according to the intelligence test used in the New Jersey public school she attended at the age of twelve, her mental age was then eighteen and a half! It leaves me no alternative but to send her to a private school, where standards are evolved from observation of children whose environments are equal to her own. I must do this, not as an abandonment of democracy, but in the hope of salvaging what little democracy remains for the rising generation. I know approximately nothing about private schools, but I assume that they have the one-price system and there would be at least a semblance of democracy in that. It is about the only kind that has survived. A business acquaintance of mine very aptly defined this phase of current democracy not long ago in the following remark: "So Bill lives on Willow avenue, eh? Well, that's a fine street; yes, sir, a fine street; all nice people; it's a solid Buick neighborhood."

IV

The public schools, especially along the Atlantic seaboard, are now attempting a dual function: Americanization and education. I am not certain which ranks first, but I ask of them only education. Graded on that alone, if 100 is a perfect score, I mark them about 60. In doing so I am influenced by the fact that the principal of the school my children now attend is an extraordinarily gifted school man, with excellent judgment in choosing teachers. I doubt that the general average for the State is as high as his. So far as one of my children is concerned, the younger of the two boys, I would give the schools precisely zero. He is now in the second grade but he can't read. I am informed that he must do just a little better in order to pass into the third grade. So far as I can observe he hasn't learned enough to leave the first grade. He is one of the brightest children I have ever met, and let me remark that the father of five has an opportunity to meet quite a number beside his own. The explanation of his inability to read is that the standards in the first three grades are set extremely low in order to accommodate the large number of boys and girls who are learning to speak English at the same time that they struggle with their A. B. C's. There are not many of these in our town, but they are numerous in the State and the system must recognize them. Meanwhile, my boy flounders along learning not to study, learning that it isn't necessary, that school is a tiresome interval between recesses. He does very well in hygiene, banking, deportment and everything else that he can carry from home to school. What he carries back is perilously close to nothing at all.

Now for the second count in my indictment, which is that the public schools endeavor to make system take the place of talent for teaching. Necessity forces this course upon them. Our national appropriation for public schools is still niggardly considering what we now ask of them; better than it has been in the past, to be sure, but still niggardly. The load upon them has been doubled at least. The organization sags under its burden and system comes to the rescue, saving it from utter collapse. Let me tell you how that system works. The only brilliant part is played by the text-book publishers. What they have done within the last twenty years is nothing less than marvelous. They have set for themselves the task of turning out fool-proof text-books, and in numerous instances they have come amazingly close to complete success. I don't suppose that any publisher would accept this compliment publicly; he couldn't afford to. But if he spoke very frankly to a committee of authors working on a text-book I think this is about what he would say: "Gentlemen, the problem is briefly this: You've got to turn out a product that works auto-

matically. It's going to be delivered into the hands of a lot of young teachers; for the most part girls who are killing a little time while they wait for husbands; they don't know a great deal about the subject matter and they are only mildly interested in pedagogy. Now, you gentlemen must compile a book that embodies the glorious principles of pedagogy right in the lessons."

Fortunately for our beloved country, quite a number of these authors are putting their shots right through the bull's eye. The amount of money invested in the text-books they prepare is almost incredible. One hundred thousand dollars is not at all unusual for a book that will sell for fifty cents a copy or even less. A new geography would be considered cheap at that. This, you must understand, is just to prepare the copy for the printer.

System and more system, and then improvements on the system become absolutely necessary. I doubt that any public school superintendent would contend today that 40% of his teachers seem to have natural ability or that 30% of them could be ranked as excellent. Therefore he must make up the deficit with system. And if this factory method chokes some of his gifted teachers he can't help it. Look at it from this point of view: the efficiency of one hundred teachers is increased by an average of 10%. That gives us the figure 1000. He loses or commits mayhem upon four teachers whom he ranked at 100%. That gives us the figure 400. He has gained 600 points. There is no alternative for him. He's following the very best possible course, considering the money and material at his disposal.

The text-book manufacturer, having turned out the nearest to a fool-proof product that his staff of scientists can devise, sends very able, experienced men to the executive heads of the school system to explain how the new implement works. Eventually the teachers are assembled, instructed, drilled, and marched to their class-rooms. If they follow the green line on the chart with blind faith the results ought to be pretty good. Thus a superintendent of schools is enabled to get by in spite of the fact that 14% of his last year's staff is gone, including far more than 14% of his most promising teachers.

This make-shift scheme would serve even better than it does but for a wicked perversity characteristic of all children, good, bad and indifferent. To be specific, they are never so stupid that they can't judge their teacher's scholarship with searching accuracy. If she is just four hops ahead of them on the way through the text-book they know it, even though they themselves are flunking. Meanwhile, the turnover in teaching staffs is appalling. They grow younger and less experienced annually. We forget that there is a direct connection between the system and the widening field of employment for women. No longer is teaching the most attractive career for them. I doubt that it even has a place in the first five fields of employment.

V

If you want to know the result engage some bright twelve-year-old boy in conversation and draw him out on the subject of school discipline. I did that very recently and what I heard made my hair stand up.

"Poor Miss——," he said, "I feel sorry for her."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, she was crying again today."

"Why?"

"The kids in her room are so mean. She's just a girl, herself. She tries to be nice to them but the rotten little roughnecks run all over her. Then she yells at them and that makes them worse. This is her first year here, too, and she's homesick. It's the first time she's been away from her mother. Yesterday she kept the whole class in and last night when she went to the movies the boys snowballed her."

Snow-balled the teacher! I tried to imagine myself engaging in any such high crime when I was a boy in school. I verily believe that my right arm would have

been paralyzed. Nevertheless, there were teachers, then, just as there are now, who could not master their pupils because they had no genius for teaching, and we suspected, probably correctly, that they didn't know very much.

But how well I remember the others! There was, for example, Charles J. Lukin, who nearly always came late to class and invariably found us in wild disorder. He was a handsome man, a graduate of London University, and possessor of as merry a smile as ever graced a human countenance. He would step to the platform without a word of reproof. In five seconds everybody was attentive. He knew his business and we had to respect him. It was the same with Miss Scofield. She, too, had executive duties and was nearly always late to class, but she knew reams upon reams of history that wasn't in the book, so we came to order instantly lest some of her comments be lost. We respected her as a person of learning and consequence. Then there was that marvel among teachers, Dr. William L. Bringhurst, whose subjects were Latin and Greek. At the beginning of each term he always made a little speech, full of wit and wisdom, explaining the value of Latin and Greek. Only after twenty years do I realize how few teachers can sell their subject. And that brings to mind another of the very serious faults of the present public school system. Not more than one out of ten girl teachers, I venture, can sell her subject to a doubting or bullheaded boy. The majority couldn't even when I was in school, and the reason is not far to seek. Girls are more tractable than boys. The girl who grows up and becomes a school-teacher gives instruction in Latin simply because it is part of the curriculum. Spear her with an index finger and demand to know why Latin should be taught at all and her instinctive impulse is to cry: "What ho! Bolshevism!"

The public schools need more men. And they would still need them if the present deplorable conditions did not exist. School executives know this better than anyone, but they haven't the money to hire more men. Women didn't capture the public schools because they were better teachers; they won because they were cheaper. Your twelve-year-old boy presents a physiological problem as ancient as the race; he is in that age when he begins to question the authority of women. He can't help it. It is part of his heritage. The brighter he is, the more probable is his revolt against some of the subjects taught in school. He demands a reason. Rarely does a girl in her 'teens or early twenties understand this phase of boy psychology. I well remember seeing that revolt going on all around me when I was in school. It invariably amused the men teachers and worried the women. Unfortunately for me, I happened into the algebra class of a woman teacher in high-school. And that was where I revolted. I demanded to know why I should learn algebra. The class had begun with simple problems that could be solved by arithmetic, so it seemed to me that we were wasting time and I said so. The answer was very simple, but it was never given and I left school. By failing to answer my question the teacher convinced me that she didn't know any answer. That same conflict is seething and boiling in every public school in this country today. Only it is much worse. It presents itself as a collapse of discipline.

Thus the public school system is sagging under the weight of an artificial system and the meddling of busy-bodies. It is expected now to stand *in loco parentis*, to engage in flag waving, teeth brushing, town boosting, and ticket selling, and on all occasions to contribute liberally to noble causes, the number of which passeth all understanding. It is an institution for the uplift, and available for conscription whenever the right note is blown on the approved bugle. It works tirelessly for practically everything except genuine public education. And it would do that, too, if conditions permitted. God knows the teachers try!

MISSOURI

BY SAMUEL W. TAIT, JR.

The first General Assembly of Missouri, which, on October 2, 1820, chose Thomas H. Benton as one of he State's two earliest United States Sen-tors, represented what was perhaps the ost typical frontier Commonwealth of he day. The French lead-miners and fur-aders, who had established settlements ear the junction of the Missouri and the Iississippi, had, like the later American dventurers of the Daniel Boone sort, been rgely submerged by the invasions of Vir-inians, Carolinians, and even Kentucki-ns and Tennesseeans, all in search of better nds than were available in their former bodes. The fifteen counties which were epresented in the Assembly were strung, ke a staggered T, along the two great vers which constituted the only paths of ransportation and commerce. All the re-ainder of the State—the Ozark uplands vhich, rising on the western outskirts of t. Louis and continuing almost to Kansas ity, cover roughly the southern half of he Commonwealth and spill over into Ar-ansas, and the plains of the northern half vhich melt into the prairies of Iowa and Nebraska—was so nearly uninhabited that he average density of population through-ut the whole of Missouri was only one erson to every square mile.

It was from the same Scotch and Eng-ish stock which composed the later im-nigration that Benton sprang, and from North Carolina by way of Tennessee that e entered the territory. When he was sev-nteen his widowed mother took him and he remainder of her large brood to a con-iderable tract of land that his father had ecured near Nashville. There young Thomas is reputed to have shown promise of becoming a competent plantation manager. But politics was already enticing him, and before long he was essaying it through the immemorial gateway of the law. In 1809 he paved his way into the State Senate with a series of articles on the reform of the existing judicial system, and during his term of one year he saw his ideas incorporated into law. However, Tennessee was quite as incapable then of containing two such men as Benton and Andrew Jackson at the same time as it would be currently of containing either one, and within four years after he left the Senate the inevitable conflict began. It was touched off by the act of Jackson in becoming second for a General Carroll in a duel with Benton's brother. Benton, on returning from doing Jackson a considerable service in Washington, became so furious that he denounced Old Hickory in the unbridled and profane terms he used all his life about those who aroused his ire. When Jackson heard of it, he proclaimed publicly that he would horsewhip Benton when next they met. He attempted it, like a man of his word, but the result of the bear-like encounter was a bullet wound for the aggressor. Jackson, nevertheless, was actually the victor, for he had great power in Tennessee, and after his triumph at New Orleans, he was able to make matters so uncomfortable for Benton that the latter decided to join the ever increasing number of émigrés who moved to the trans-Mississippian territory.

The election of such a man to the Senate was a certainty once he began, after acquiring an excellent law practice and a mastery

of French, which was still the chief language of St. Louis, to cast his eyes upon the colorful political panorama of the prospective State. And precisely as inevitable, too, was the career he achieved during his phenomenal incumbency of thirty years. I am not alluding to the conventional Benton who first phrased the idea of Manifest Destiny regarding the western and southwestern territory, the almost pathetic dreamer who sent Frémont on one unsuccessful expedition after another in search of a visionary road to India. For the historian of Missouri that personage is only a picturesque detail. The career that is significant here is that of the statesman who, in 1844, achieved reëlection against almost insuperable odds.

The opposition that he faced in that year had been started by his fight against the circulation of the great issues of paper money, the depreciation of which had caused vast loss to the working and small-trading classes, and that opposition had been augmented by reason of his refusal to endorse the proposal for the annexation of Texas. It was a day of unrestrained passions in politics. After a meeting at which both the Benton and anti-Benton factions had been represented by speakers, there arose an altercation which was settled satisfactorily only when one of the anti-Benton leaders killed the editor of a Benton sheet. For this misdemeanor, the man was obliged to pay a $500 fine.

The failure of Benton's enemies to prevent the adoption of his hard money theories by the Legislature of 1843 only aggravated their determination to prevent his reëlection the following year. The opposition to him, it must be noted, always came chiefly from members of his own party. The Democrats formed a faction, and organized for the purpose of electing an anti-Benton majority to the Legislature. They even addressed pleas to the Whigs from the stump, and connived secretly with politicians of that party to aid in the desired debacle. Of the fourteen Democratic papers published in Missouri in 1844, at least half opposed Benton. H was compared by members of his ow party to Louis XIV, and denounced as political dictator and tyrant of the wors sort. But the chief accusation that wa hurled at him, the defamation upon whic his enemies based their whole case agains him, was that he had been disloyal to th national Democratic ticket, that he ha deserted his party.

How did he meet the bombardment Did he attempt to placate his enemies, an hedge and retreat before the electorate? H assuredly did not. On the contrary, h fought back so valiantly and ruthlessl that he put the opposing forces to rout Coming to Missouri early in 1844, h launched an attack upon his foes that wa defiant and uncompromising. He fough hard and ceaselessly, and by so doing h earned a splendid victory. It is of no mo ment that when next he sought reëlectio the slavery issue had so debauched politic that he suffered the fate of all exponent of sanity in the border States. By his actio in 1844 he had established the traditio of independent and intrepid leadershi which is the most significant feature Missouri history, a tradition that has bee maintained to the present by a popula which still possesses enough of the spir of the Missourians of Benton's day to fo low a leader who is willing to give batt fearlessly and brilliantly.

II

Already, in the later years of Benton reign, profound alterations were takin place in the racial composition and the i dustrial and commercial life of the Stat The first of the later immigrations resulte chiefly from the failure of the Irish pota crop in 1846. The Micks scattered on sparsely amongst the towns of the ba country, the greater number settling né the water front in St. Louis, in a distri which to this day bears the name of Ker Patch. Their contribution to the city a State has been largely political, and t

Democratic City Committee is always well stocked with their representatives. They are about as good humored, smoke about as good cigars, and drink about as good liquor as their Tammany prototypes. Besides political henchmen and policemen, the Irish of Missouri have produced one statesman, William L. Igoe, and one literateur, William Marion Reedy.

It is customary nowadays to refer to Reedy as a great writer and editor, an impresario of literary neophytes, and, above all else, a simon-pure idealist. Such terms are wholly unwarranted in so far as they are applied to any except his last phase. For a good two-thirds of the time he conducted the *Mirror*, Reedy was virtually a chattel slave of one man after another, and was one of the most undisguised hacks who ever graced American journalism. He started out by becoming the mouthpiece of a municipal contractor named Campbell. Then, suddenly, he switched from Campbell to another, obviously for a good price. For a time a local pillar of righteousness, later appointed to an important post by President Wilson, was the patron of the *Mirror;* then somebody outbid him, and the good man was buried under an avalanche of scurrility. To this day, Reedy's friends delight in imitating the way he used, in his last years, to describe that long period of bondage.

In those days, almost the only reason he might have been termed a literary man was the fact that his private life resembled the bourgeois conception of that of a poet. He was an honest and hearty voluptuary, dividing his spare time equally between the bar and the brothel. It is told of him that, during the year of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, a friend came to him with the report that a certain self-righteous lawyer had remarked, when asked if he read the *Mirror*, that he did not care to read editorials "written on a piano stool in a house of ill-fame." Reedy's answer was characteristic. "Why, there isn't a word of truth in that," he exclaimed. "Every time I've looked into the parlor in a month, that stool's been occupied by a foreign ambassador or a lawyer."

It may be significant that the spiritual regeneration which finally became evident in the *Mirror* coincided with the arrival of its editor at a stage of life where he was no longer prone to the excesses of his youth. At any rate, then was born the *Mirror* of conventional memory, the journal of the Single Tax and Liberalism, of Sara Teasdale, Orrick Johns, Zoë Akins, Charles J. Finger, George O'Neil, and Edgar Lee Masters. The improvement was not only intellectual but physical. The awkward size, outlandish type, and hideous margins were abandoned, and the journal was thoroughly revamped. The new policy paid not only in prestige and self-respect, but in hard cash. When Reedy died, he had paid off all outstanding debts, and was drawing an annual salary of $9,000—surely not small earnings for a weekly of opinion.

By far the most important socially and politically of the later émigrés were the Germans who fled from the revolutionary turbulences of 1848. Unlike the Irish, the Germans invaded the farming lands in great numbers, and they proved to be such proficient agriculturists that many of the earlier settlers were forced to yield them great stretches of the better lands along the Missouri and Mississippi. Likewise they at once took charge of South St. Louis, from Chouteau avenue, on the edge of the present business district, to the far-off French settlement of Carondelet, and they still hold the territory as a city state, defended by the battlemented towers of a long line of breweries. As he became rich, the German began to enter upon the upper social levels of the town, and before long the fashionable West Side was being ornamented with burlesques of Rhine castles. It was, first, the Civil War that helped to make the German the tremendous political and social factor he soon became in the State, for throughout the years of guerilla invasions and rebellions, he remained an active friend of the Union. But it was,

secondly, and quite as importantly, the appearance of Carl Schurz. It was Schurz, aided by Joseph Pulitzer and Edward Grosvenor, who won a signal victory for decency by rebelling against the Radical party, and carrying the State for the Liberal-Republicans upon the issue of restoring all their former political rights to the disenfranchised and inconsolable Confederates.

The growth of Chicago over St. Louis as a trading center, the fall-off of the Sante Fé trade, and the increase of population in the back country away from the Missouri river were no doubt what brought the railroads to the State,—but the reasons are as unimportant as they are uninteresting. Since September 20, 1865, the date on which the first passenger train made the trip from St. Louis to Kansas City, the history of Missouri has been, except for the salient exceptions I shall presently mention, essentially like that of any other mid-Western Commonwealth. Within two decades the railroads drove the steamboat from the Missouri and all but obliterated it on the Mississippi. The State waxed prosperous and self-satisfied, like Illinois, like Ohio, and so on. Today it is superficially indistinguishable from either of those rich and moral Commonwealths. Its farmers cultivate twenty-five million acres, and yearly send forth immense quantities of corn, wheat, oats, hay, poultry products,—and, of course, mules. The mines around Joplin produce more lead and zinc than any others in the country, along with hills of milky chet for the highways of Kansas and Oklahoma. The corn-cob pipe was probably not invented in Missouri, but the State now holds an unquestioned monopoly on its manufacture. St. Louis is the Nation's chief producer of boots and shoes, and is likewise the greatest fur market in the world. Kansas City, a half-way house between Chicago and the Southwest, a distributing point for Montgomery, Ward & Company, contentedly slaughters hogs and distils gasoline.

III

If, then, the State has all the superficial attributes of the average standardized Commonwealth—if go-getting is one of the higher virtues, and Babbitt is a god in his own right; if the inspiring hymns of Rotary ring from city pavement and Ozark dell, and the cavortings of Kiwanis are not considered obscene; if the high-pressure executive is offered to youth as the most worthy of prototypes, and Service is recognized as a religion—if all this is so, can Missouri lay no claim to peculiarity? It certainly can do so, as I have already hinted. It has what no other of these States can lay claim to: a political tradition which runs uninterruptedly from the year of its admittance into the Union to the present. That tradition, in whole or in part, has seldom been without protagonists since Benton's day, but of late years it has been represented admirably by two statesmen, both of whom, like Benton, have been United States Senators.

It is impossible to write of William Joel Stone without also discussing Champ Clark. The two men were not only members of the same political organization, but they were united by a mutual friendship and respect that caused each to support the other in the crisis of his career. In Clark's case, that occurred at the Baltimore National Democratic Convention, in 1912. He entered that convention with the pledged support of the Missouri delegation, and the promised aid of many others, and before long he had polled a majority vote. His subsequent defeat has generally been credited to Bryan's shift to the Princeton messiah. A contributing factor, however, was a campaign of treachery, defamation, and downright falsehood, subtly planned and carried out by men in his own State. For their small parts in keeping a Missourian out of the White House, the members of this knifing party received rewards ranging from invitations to lunch in the holy presence to permanent seats at the foot of the throne.

That Stone should ever have taken a ighly dangerous stand upon any mo- nentous issue would, prior to 1916, have eemed inconceivable to all who were cquainted with his career. He was essenti- lly a political opportunist. His persuasive nd adroit method of handling the State osses during his governorship, and his lever manner of manipulating affairs to chieve his ends, had earned him the title f Gumshoe Bill. Yet from the moment e refused, at the famous Sunrise Confer- nce in the Spring of 1916, to aid Wilson n shanghaing the Republic into the Euro- ean moral crusade to the moment he oted against American entrance into that onflict, he was one of the most fearless nd intrepid politicians who ever rebelled gainst the leadership of his party. He left hat conference with the sound conviction hat the President was determined, despite opular objection, to force the Nation into he war, and from that time he waged elentless battle in favor of genuine eutrality.

There was a story recounted of him at hat time which was highly character- stic. A few nights before the country ntered the war, he came into the Raleigh ar in Washington and took a table to himself. Other Senators at neighboring tables noted his gloomy aspect, and called to him to cheer-up. "Cheer-up, hell!" he said. "I've just come from the White House, and do you know, by God, that God-damned fellow over there is going to plunge my country into this devil's cauldron of war? And we elected him because he kept us out!"

So he voted against the resolution establishing a state of war. Immediately he was overwhelmed with almost unimaginable calumny and abuse. He was denounced as every sort of knave from a traitor to his party to a cheap panderer to the Germans in Missouri. He saw men whom he had considered as among his closest personal and political friends—men who were indebted to him for all their political prestige—desert him and denounce him. Through it all he maintained his composure, but the defamatory campaign against him had considerable to do, I suspect, with his death.

Stone obviously maintained the political tradition of his State in so far as it calls for a fearless stand upon a momentous issue, but he did not live to present his case to the people. It remained for his colleague to reassert that tradition in its entirety. Like Benton, Clark and Stone, James A. Reed was neither born nor reared in Missouri, nor was it there that he began practicing law and dabbling in politics. But from the time he brought about adequate consideration of the Federal Reserve Bill, in 1913, he has been such an unwavering and successful independent that he has given the tradition of Benton a security and vitality which it did not possess even in the days of its founder.

His pertinacious battle for the original Jeffersonian principles of his party against the antipodal principles of Wilson is explicable by the fact that to Reed freedom is not an abstract ideal but a fundamental necessity of his nature. By temperament an individualist and a fighter, he was simply incapable of remaining complacent while every tenet of the Democratic creed —from freedom of opinion to abstention from foreign entanglements—was being murdered by a self-acclaimed saint parading under the banner of Jefferson. Under such provocation his revolt was as inevitable as its consequent reaction. He was denounced more bitterly, more abusively, and more libelously than Benton, Clark, and Stone had been before him. The black guard that attempted his political assassination, in 1922, was composed of every political pariah and every fanatical uplifter in the State—of those who had helped to knife Clark and had branded Stone a hyphenate, of those who had tried unsuccessfully to saddle Prohibition and similar moral perversions upon the Missouri freeman, and of those who had bawled from swivel chairs for every sort of governmental tyranny for the sake of a

war for democracy. And the accusation upon which this battalion of death chiefly depended for Reed's destruction was the identical one upon which Benton's enemies had counted so greatly in 1844—to wit, that he had deserted his party.

The splendid offensive by which he put this camorra to ignominious flight was even more brilliant than the similar feat of Benton. Reed, indeed, is a vastly better equipped fighter than his predecessor. He has an unfailing resource of satiric and vitriolic humor. He has the faculty of making everything in which he engages, no matter how inconsequential, an eminently exciting and dramatic spectacle. Whether he is provoking a fellow Senator to tears or routing the good Cal and his senatorial heelers, whether he is charging pell-mell upon his libelers in Missouri, slaughtering Prohibitionists, or transforming an antagonistic audience into enthusiastic partisans, he is always a consummate artist and an inimitable showman.

IV

I like Missouri. A son by adoption rather than by birth, and by my own fortuitous choice rather than by invitation, I early found there an atmosphere of freedom that exists nowhere else in the great open spaces. The explanation is simply that, as I have remarked before, the populace is still somewhat imbued with the frontier spirit of Benton's day. The descendants of the earlier settlers appear to have inherited it, and the Irish, German and Italian newcomers have absorbed it speedily and eagerly. The tendency of the more sniffish of the local Anglo-Saxons to discount the contribution of the Germans to the spiritual well-being of the State—a tendency carried over from the late period of patriotic hysteria, during which the professional patriots referred to the northern boundary of South St. Louis as the Hindenburg Line—is as ridiculous as it is unfortunate. The fact is that the Germans have probably contributed more than any other racial element to the free and tolerant atmosphere of the State.

But whatever the reason, Missouri is currently quite impervious to the worst imbecilities and obscenities of its neighbors. It refuses steadfastly to capitulate to the barbarous Volsteadism of Kansas. It voted wet consistently up to the time the new morality was imposed from Washington. It holds itself austerely aloof from the injunctionism of Iowa. On its statute-books there is no anti-syndicalism law, and an accused person is still permitted his constitutional trial by jury. Though almost in the South, it sneers at the Fundamentalism of Tennessee. And it thumbs its nose at the Kluxery of Indiana.

St. Louis is naturally the center of that atmosphere of freedom. Despite Prohibition, the town still retains some of its former glow. Tony Faust's and other far-famed haunts of the gourmet are no more, but it is still possible for a reasonably well-informed person to secure a civilized meal with all the necessary accompaniments, and south of Chouteau avenue there are brews that are not surpassed this side of Munich. The way in which this free city has treated the attempted enforcement of Prohibition is quite significant. On a New Year's Eve, after some three years of ostensible enforcement, the satraps of the new tyranny decided to establish their prestige by a spectacular attack upon a fashionable West End hotel. Entering the lobby toward midnight, they waved a warrant before a clerk, and charged upon the dining-room. There things seem to have proceeded peaceably enough until they began lifting the table cloths in efforts to see under the tables. Then the women decided that the affair had gone far enough. From one part of the room a woman hurled a glass. From another sailed a carafe. Then ensued a concerted bombardment of glassware. The satraps took to precipitous flight. That was the downfall of Law Enforcement in St. Louis. Today Prohibition is probably more completely forgotten there than in any other American

own above the level of a Methodist village.

Artistically, St. Louis is probably at as high a point today as it has ever been. Despite bewailing over the occasional slumps in concert attendances, the interest in music, fostered for so long by the German element, is quite as considerable now as formerly, and it has brought the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra to an excellence equal to that of similar organizations with far greater financial resources. The other arts are accorded at least fair consideration, and the little theatre at the Artists' Guild, the Municipal Theatre in Forest Park, and the new open-air theatre in University City afford a range of dramatic possibilities unequaled in the Middle West. If the *Mirror* is no longer alive and kicking, and no more Spoon River anthologies make their débuts in the town, there is a fertile field there for a journal at once less susceptible to Liberal hallucinations and more cognizant of the opportunity for championing the interests of the intelligent minority of the Middle West and South.

Thus, even though the *Mirror* is gone, St. Louis is not quite a journalistic poor farm. The *Globe-Democrat*, to be sure, has become pompous and dull, and the *Times*, though occasionally displaying a commendable independence, seems quite unable to sense its opportunities. The *Star* is similarly of the second or third class, for it apparently takes its editorial policies regarding local politics from men who belong on an Ozark weekly. But there remains the *Post-Dispatch*, and it is sufficient recompense for the aridity of its competitors. Though its editorial page displays a Wilsonian hangover, it has even more humor and verve than the page written by Walter Lippmann and his associates in its sister-paper, the New York *World*. A daily that commands the services of such an able reporter as Paul Y. Anderson, such a brilliant cartoonist as Fitzpatrick, such an erudite and entertaining musical critic as Richard L. Stokes, and such an outspoken column conductor as Clark McAdams, is naturally a source of encouragement for the intelligent minority throughout its territory.

The town's current tendency, so bemoaned by its intelligent citizens, to abase itself before bizarre types of political uplifters and blatherskites is not deserving of tragic concern, inasmuch as it has thus wavered in the past and has invariably recovered. About a year ago it chose as mayor a recent émigré from the lead country whose sole claim to distinction was that, while a member of the State police board, he had been credited with inaugurating a raiding policy. The explanation of such occasional lapses from grace upon the part of the local electorate is obvious. The uplifters of the back country, mouthing idealism and yearning for jobs, eventually find the rural Missourian skeptical of their pretensions, and so the idealistic brethren turn their backs upon the hinterland and lay siege to the cities of the State. As they usually gravitate to St. Louis, they sometimes get powerful enough to wriggle one of their number into high office. In the last mayoralty election, they had an admirable occasion for employing their mysterious influence, for they not only had a candidate to suit their taste, but they had an opposing candidate who represented everything which they feared and hated. That candidate was William L. Igoe, the manager of Senator Reed's campaign in St. Louis in 1922, and he was for three chief reasons quite above the comprehension of the immigrated zanies. He was, first, a Catholic, and hence anæsthetized to the uplift. He was, secondly, capable of making an intelligent and courageous investigation of governmental problems, and had made such an investigation of the problems of St. Louis. He was, thirdly, a gentleman.

For such excellent reasons, the city of Schurz and Pulitzer condemned him, and chose an apostle of political virtue and decency who, when he desires to dismiss an efficient city employé, is capable of the following:

Old man ——— is a nuisance and has been ever since I appointed him. He never had any use for me, and it is mutual, for I never had any use for him.

The darned old cockroach is a disturbing element in my administration and he must be removed. . . .

I am supposed to be the big boss and I am going to be the big boss as long as I am mayor.

From the river to the country and from Carondelet to Baden, the hordes of discontents can sweep upon the City Hall with guns loaded with horse-shoe nails, but they cannot coerce Victor J. with their meetings and threats.

Since the early days of my boyhood in Southwest Missouri I have been known as a scrapper, and even when I returned from college the storekeepers used to say, "Close the doors; here comes big fighting Vic!"

V

St. Louis is not, of course, the only free town in Missouri. Kansas City, despite its Babbittry, valiantly refuses to compromise with the Puritanical and Philistine absolutism of Kansas. It experiments with little theatres and literary magazines, and claims to purchase annually a larger number of meritorious current books than any other city west of St. Louis. What ails it, obviously, is an inferiority complex. It is too envious of its more eastern sister-city, and too avid to imitate that city's worst grotesqueries. Lately the sublimated Rotarians and Kiwanians of Kansas City made up a fund of $250,000 to bring "The Miracle" to town—for no reason save that St. Louis had done so.

It is not in the cities alone, however, that the political tradition survives. For while there are sections of rural Missouri in which religious bigotry and Puritanical fanaticism are quite as dominant and virulent as anywhere in the country, it would be as unfair to accept the evangelical hell-hounds and their benighted zanies of such sections as the best type of rustic Missourian as it would be to accept the average Methodist peasant of the Eastern Shore as the best type of bucolic citizen of the Maryland Free State. To the political psychologist certain parts of the Missouri hinterland offer a phenomenon observable nowhere else in this land of goose-steppers. To appreciate what I mean, you must go into such a county along the upper Mississippi as Pike, or into such a one bordering upon the Missouri as Carroll, or into such a one in the extreme southeastern corner as Dunklin, and there pick out, as best you can, the typical husbandman of the area. He will be no paragon of sartorial and tonsorial pulchritude, and he will probably not be smoking a perfecto, but one of his State's own meerschaums—perhaps one of that excellent and rare variety with a rectangular bowl and a cherry-wood stem. I suggest that you strike up an acquaintance with him, and cautiously inveigle him into imparting some of his most cherished religious and ethical dogmas. You will doubtless discover that you are conversing with a good Methodist or Baptist, who, when the plate is passed for the needy pastors of the Anti-Saloon League, will contribute his expected share,—for the counties I have named are not among the considerable number of Missouri counties which, though overwhelmingly agricultural, consistently voted wet until blackjacked by the Federal autocracy. You may even find yourself listening to a fervid defense of the beautiful cosmogony of Fundamentalism.

Yet there is something peculiarly sound about the fellow, for all his superficial moronism, and that peculiarity sets him immeasurably above the serf of any of the surrounding slave States. Let him be offered the opportunity of electing a statesman who has ability and is unafraid, who has the orator's capacity of convincing and the warrior's lust for combat, and this husbandman will rally to him instantly, and without demanding that he bow to the dictation of Westerville, Ohio, or concur in the inanities of Bryanism. Here is, I repeat, something queer under the sun, and I frankly admit my inability to fathom it. But this, at least, is obvious: in a State where there is even a minority of such tillers of the soil, there is likely to be the clear air of freedom.

THE MISSION MILL

BY NELS ANDERSON

My first recollections begin in the little Idaho town of Lewiston. There was a Catholic mission nearby, and it was there I first went to school. The priest came to our house one day and asked my mother if she would send my older brother and me to his convent school. My father liked the priest, and so, though we were Protestants, the two of us were sent.

All I remember about the priest is that he wore a long black cassock and smiled sweetly, even when he caught me stealing grapes in his garden. As for the convent, I can only remember its camphor smells and the echoes in its hall. It was a large building, but only one of the first floor rooms was occupied by the school. Here one teacher cared for all the grades. We used to recite the catechism and say prayers in unison every day, but I could never understand what it meant.

There was enough of the frontier left in Lewiston to attract the Salvation Army. The Army was a revelation to me, with its preaching and singing in the streets, its marching, and its horns and drum. I lost interest in saloons at once and turned to the Army. I followed it whenever they appeared, and I learned to sing its songs, though the words had no meaning to me. A boy of fourteen or so beat the drum. For days he was the center of my thoughts. I visioned myself walking the streets with that big bass drum.

One day the boy was not there. A man had the job. I went up to him while the meeting was in progress and asked if I couldn't learn. I've forgotten his answer but I recall that while he told the crowd how he had been saved he let me hold the drum, that it might not roll into the gutter. I was converted from that moment. Thereafter I used to gather with the rest of the town boys on the front seat when the Army marched into its hall and soon we were organized into a Sunday-school. Although I was only six or seven I managed to learn parts of some of the songs. A line in one of them, that remained with me for years, I sang "The old ox a-moving." I always wondered what it meant until one day ten years later I found a song-book and read "The old ark is moving."

I can't recall that I had any conception of God or even thought of God at all in those early days, either while chanting Catholic prayers or while singing Salvation Army hymns. The bare fact that I moved along with the crowd was enough to make me happy. To hold the drum while other boys looked on was a glorious experience. I cannot distinguish any difference in my feelings in front of a crowd listening to a Salvation Army man talk, and my feelings in front of another crowd where a man dressed as an Indian sold herb medicines. Nor can I distinguish any difference between the drum and the marching Army and the interesting things that went on in the saloons. I only know that my parents were not uneasy when I followed the drum. Later I lost interest in the Army and began to cultivate the saloons, where I had a chance to get an occasional nickel.

About five years later my family moved to Chicago. We took a flat on the West Side near Madison street. My father was a little concerned about us boys and started

us off to Sunday-school. There were two missions near our home, the Helping Hand Mission in Madison street and the Kirkland Mission in Halsted. We began to go to the latter because my father had known it when he had lived in Chicago before. But soon we got acquainted with the other too.

We became Sunday-school addicts. We would go to the Kirkland at ten o'clock and to the Helping Hand at two. The Kirkland gave each child a stick of striped candy; the Helping Hand Mission gave each a whole bag of candy. Thus my first real interest in Sunday-schools centered in candy. But it was only incidental later on, for I became religious.

II

Before a year had passed, in fact, I discovered God, and in spite of all my later sophistication I have never been able to get any other conception of Him than that which came to me at this time. He was a tall, robust man with a flowing white beard, snow-white locks, and a Santa Claus face with a high, broad forehead beginning to grow bald. He wore a long white robe and stood about with a staff in His hand. He always stood about, never sitting on a throne, and never actively ruling the world, but just looking mildly on. He didn't have to do more because there were always the guardian angels on watch—thousands and thousands of them to follow us around with their books and pencils, and record our good and bad deeds. God stood on a green plain where the grass was tall and waving. Nothing appeared in the foreground, and nothing in the background; yet I had vague notions of other people being in His presence. In some unexplainable way He was connected with the angels and the angels were connected with us. It was all very real and easy to understand.

Next to my discovery of God came my discovery of my duties toward Him. It was mine to do good and His to bless me. I must be charitable, kind, and obedient to my parents. I learned that when He blessed He returned four-fold, and that when He punished He exacted a four-fold payment for every bad deed. At this time I didn't pray. It never occurred to me that I should, for I had absolute faith that God would keep His promises. The promise that concerned me most was the one pertaining to rewards and punishments on the basis of four to one. I reduced this to an arithmetical formula. If I struck a boy I expected to get four blows in return, or the equivalent. Perhaps one slap from my mother would even the score. I expected no miracles. I knew that all these balances would be brought about in purely physical terms. I used to put a penny in the contribution box every Sunday, fully expecting to get four back during the week. One day I received a testimony that God did keep a faithful account.

I was then peddling papers up and down Madison street, the Bowery of Chicago. The *Daily News* and *Journal* were the major sheets of the day. There were also the *Inter-Ocean* and the *Tribune*, but they were of lesser importance. We used to buy papers for half a cent and sell them for a penny, and some days I earned as much as twenty-five cents. I sold my papers in saloons. One time a drunken man in a saloon in Madison street where the Northwestern Station now stands bought a paper. He had no pennies but he gave me a nickel to get changed. The bartender was busy, so I went outside for the pennies. On a sudden impulse, when I reached the door, I ran. The man did not follow, and so I made four cents. I was so elated by my success that I repeated the trick on other occasions. I felt no pangs of conscience. Each time I ran with a nickel I gained four cents.

Sometimes I would pitch pennies in the news alley. My winnings, on the whole, overbalanced my losses. Once I went broke and had no money to buy a new supply of papers. If I went home without money I would have to tell my mother that I had been gambling, or else I would have to lie. I knew that for the first offense my parents

would punish me and that God would chastise me for the second, so another boy and I spent the afternoon begging pennies on the street. This boy had been the cause of my losses, but he promised to give me all the money he begged. He begged a while and then ran away, leaving me to make up the deficit. That evening the accounts were square again. God had punished me by letting the other boy cheat me, and then He made it possible for me to beg enough money so that I should have no fear of going home.

I made note of everything that happened to me, whether good or bad, and I was always weighing rewards against punishments. Once I stole an apple from a peddler's wagon and ran up the street. He followed in hot pursuit until I dropped the apple. For stealing I had been punished with the loss of the apple, but my escape from the peddler was a blessing for some good deed that was to my credit. Soon my parents began to feel that I was equal to the street life and ceased to worry about me. They became so absorbed in the struggle for a living that other things mattered little to them. If they had whipped me for tossing pennies it would have been for losing my money.

III

After a while I began running errands for some prostitutes who were our neighbors. There were three of them in a flat across our alley. My mother never objected. Often when I was in their home I saw them drink and smoke. At first I was shocked, but that was only because I had never seen women use tobacco. The fact that they were fallen women had no meaning to me until several years later. The only difference I saw then between them and the women at the mission was that the women at the mission didn't smoke. I liked them. They were generous and I never lacked for pennies to put in the contribution-box. One day one of them praised me for going to Sunday-school. On another occasion one of them strongly reproved her gentleman friend for using foul language in the presence of my sister and me.

Other prostitutes lived in a house in front of ours. My father called them "dirty things" because they used to stand in front of their place soliciting men and we had to pass them to get to our house in the rear. I used to wonder why my father disliked them because whenever I went into their house they would give me good things to eat. Often, when I went to meeting or to Sunday-school at the Helping Hand Mission, I heard talk about women who had fallen into sin. I used to feel sorry for them and I wondered how they looked when they "wallowed in the mire." I pictured great hordes of women in some part of the city steeped in sin, trying to get out of something that held them like quicksand. I never associated these fallen creatures with the women who fed me.

Although I went to Sunday-school regularly I went only occasionally to evening meeting. Here there was preaching and group-singing, and, above all, testimony. I enjoyed the testimony. There was one old man who used to tell every week how he used to be a barrel-house bum. Although I went in and out of saloons every day where they sold five-cent whiskey, had sawdust on the floor and gave away free lunch, I yet wondered what a barrel-house was. In my fancy I drew pictures of rotund barrel-houses where men rolled in sin. The old man's story was always the same and I enjoyed it, for its sameness made it true. I began to admire him so much and envied him the amens and other expressions of approval that he drew when he testified. I imagined myself in the distant future telling the same crowd stories about how I too had rolled in barrel-houses. But how was I to get the experience? How empty I felt with no horrible past! I believed, but I had never been saved from anything vicious and sinful.

Another of the testimony bearers that stands out in my memory was a woman

who always told how she had neglected her Lord.

"He used to knock at my heart but I went the ways of sin and laughed. At last came a day of sorrow and I met my Lord face to face."

I always wondered what the day of sorrow was because whenever she reached that point she would burst out crying and sit down. Then we would all say, "God bless you!" I used to wonder if she cried because her sins hurt her so much.

She was married, but her husband never came to meeting. She had two boys about my age. They were ordinary boys of the streets and did all the things I did. I used to play with them and they would come to our house. Sometimes they would ask me to go to their house, but I was afraid to go near their mother because I could only think of her as a woman weeping. They lived on the same street as the women in the house of ill fame across our alley, and often I passed their place when I was running errands for these women.

One time, as I was going into the house of the latter with a bucket of beer that I had been sent to fetch from the corner saloon, I met the woman who wept about her sins. She grew very angry and said that it was wicked to go into such a house. This was the beginning of a series of disquieting revelations. I had learned to love Mrs. Loftis and the other scarlet women, and so I became seriously intent upon rescuing her from sin. But the more I pondered it the more involved the problem became. My sympathies leaned more and more to the women who drank beer, and I found myself hating the woman who always wept over her sins. I took my problem to my mother. She was an extremely practical woman.

"You've got to take everything them people say to you," she said, "with a grain of salt. I'd rather have Mrs. Loftis for a neighbor than that old nosey over there [meaning the lady who wept], always going around nosing into everybody's business. Why don't she stay at home and take care of her kids instead of gadding around to show she is a Christian? Mrs. Loftis minds her own business, don't she? Well, that's enough."

It was enough for me. I remained loyal to Mrs. Loftis and went on taking her pennies to the contribution-box. I began to develop a very superior attitude toward the woman with the tearful testimony. But gradually I began to realize that I was living in the devil's playground about which there was so much talk every Sunday. I was disappointed. All this time I had been living in sin and nothing had happened! I couldn't understand how people could get so worked up over so drab and monotonous a world.

IV

My new orientation didn't shatter my visions of barrel-houses. The barrel-house bum was still my hero. His adventures in the underworld, rolling in sawdust, throwing his money about, putting gray hairs in his mother's head and driving his father to an early grave, were fertile themes for my imagination. What pictures I had of a man throwing handfuls of money about, or putting gray hairs in his mother's head, or driving, actually driving, his father to his grave! Such things I could not think of figuratively. And after all that, such a man could yet be saved! My consuming desire was to give it a trial. I would have gladly gone through any horror for the privilege of standing up in that group of the saved, and telling them all about it.

One day when we were kneeling in prayer one of the mission workers who knelt beside me asked me why I didn't get up and tell how the Lord was blessing me.

"I haven't any big sins," I complained.

"Oh, yes you have," he assured me. "We've all got sins. We were born in sin. The best man in the world sins seven times a day, so the Bible says, and the rest of us sin more than we can bear."

He continued to coax, but I refused to se. I feared to face that audience. Besides, was occupied with a new matter: How nuch worse was I than the best man? I vas somehow quite happy over the assurnce that I had been born in sin. I had the ible on my side. If the best man sins even times a day, I must sin twice that. couldn't doubt it, nor did I want to.

All week I mulled the matter over in ny mind. Again and again I stood before hat audience, bathed in smiles of approval. peech after speech struggled through my nind but nothing seemed to take shape. Then my tongue would loosen, and I spoke ven better than the barrel-house bum. But I worried because my testimony was o much like his, or like that of the mision leader, or that of Nick the janitor. Then I resolved that I would make up a estimony of my own.

The following Sunday found me very nervous. Time dragged. I went to Sundayschool, but I couldn't sit still. I behaved o badly that the teacher had to speak to ne several times. That evening I went to neeting as one walking on air. I tried to ing, but my mouth got dry and my tongue hick. I didn't dare look around, for I felt hat the eyes of everyone were on me. When I wasn't looking at the floor I was gazing straight ahead. I felt most comfortble when a man was praying and I wished hat he would go on indefinitely.

Soon the meeting was opened for testinony. I resolved to be the second to get up. But when the first speaker finished I waited. Someone else took the floor and I was relieved. A third person got up, and the fourth. The longer I waited the more fearful I became and the more ashamed of ny cowardice. Finally, I resolved to follow the barrel-house bum, and I caught myself wishing that he would not bear his testinony. But that was not to be: he never nissed a chance. There was no backing out this time. But in my agitation I forgot my speech. Only a word here and there flashed through my mind. "The Lord is with me. . . . The Lord is with me." What went before and after was a blank. Then I tried to lift a thought from the barrel-house bum: "Praise God, I'm washed as white as snow!"

No, I must not use that because they would know it was his. Already he was three-quarters through. I could not back out now. He was putting on the finishing touches: "This is the salvation He offers free to all. It saved me. It will save you."

I was on my feet but I couldn't feel the floor. My body seemed to be swelling and shrinking by turns, and then it would soar away in the air. It seemed that there was only one part of me that I was aware of: my hand. I was holding frantically on to the back of the chair. Had I released my hold I would have floated away. All around me was a whirl of lights and shadows, with a face here and there appearing and reappearing. Then there were the eyes! Everywhere there were eyes and all turned on me! I tried to speak but the words would not come. How long I struggled I do not know, but things about me slowly arranged themselves in order. People came out of the confusion and I knew them. I was standng in their midst.

"The Lord is with me day by day, and He blesses me," I faltered.

That wasn't what I planned to say. It came spontaneously—and then the supply ran out. I struggled for something else, something to round it out, but nothing came and I slid shamefacedly into my seat, followed by a chorus of amens and blessings from the audience. I didn't dare raise my head. A man sitting near me placed his arm about me and I was grateful.

After the meeting a number of people came around and complimented me. I thought I had failed miserably, but here I was being approved as I had never expected to be, even after a speech like the barrel-house bum's. I was proud and embarrassed and gloriously happy. I had been initiated. I was now in the class of the barrel-house bum himself. As the weeks went on he waned as a hero and became an ordinary person. One day I overheard one of the mission women say to another

that he was trying "to shine up to May."

I didn't know what that meant but I carried the news home to Mother, and she was not long in piecing the facts together to my complete understanding. May played the organ and occasionally sang solos. She had two or three songs and never sang any others. In fact, nobody ever expected her to. I used to watch and admire her, and the songs she sang I learned by heart. Whether or not the barrel-house bum was really trying to impress her I cannot say, but I ceased to admire him after that, and I ceased to be interested in his story.

Almost every week after that I bore my testimony, but it was always the same testimony. I worried about it a great deal but couldn't change it. I tried doing without testimony one week but felt very unhappy, so I went on as before. One day my brother, inspired by my success in winning the approval of the elders, thought he would try, too. He got up before I did and assured the audience that: "The Lord is with me day by day and blesses me."

I was terribly angry with him for stealing my thunder. I could not testify that night, but the next week I had a new phrase, and things went well again.

V

My mother and father never went to the mission. Father had his nose on the grindstone and Mother was tied to the house. Perhaps they would not have gone anyway. Mother, in fact, was indifferent to religion. She listened to the gossip we brought home but never got to the inner meaning of it. In our home there was not the kind of atmosphere that would permit one to unburden one's heart. If I had religious struggles I had to live them out alone, for around our hearth there were no intimacies. So I began to lead a double life. I was one person at the mission and another at home, but it never disturbed me.

My real conflict came when I began to follow my mission group into the street. I followed, not as a participating member, but as a sympathy-radiating member. I was part of that little responsive nucleus that every mission worker likes to have before him when he starts a meeting on the street. It was here that I first became conscious of two worlds of thought and feeling on religion. I spent much of my time in Madison street and the denizens of the street were familiar to me. Many of them were drunks. I had seen them again and again in their cups. From some of them I had begged pennies when they were drunk. I learned early that, if they had any money, they would give it to me when intoxicated, but that if I asked them when they were sober they would curse or laugh at me. These were the men who gathered at the street meetings. They had cynical smiles and were often outspoken in their cynicism.

One day, when the mission group was singing "Stand Up, Stand Up, for Jesus," one of this outer circle added "Till Jesus says sit down." I thought it was very funny, and giggled. The woman who wept saw me giggling and made a wry face. This had a profound effect on me and caused me considerable uneasiness.

Sometimes May sang in the street. One day she was singing her favorite, the one she sang most and the one I liked best. I thought it was too sacred to be sung in the streets:

> Jesus knows all about my troubles,
> He will guide till the day is done;
> There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
> No not one, no not one.

That verse and the tune are all I remember of May. I have never heard the words since, so I may not even be quoting them correctly. I used to sing it "lonely Jesus" before I reasoned out that it was "lowly Jesus." I watched the faces of the men while she sang, and took a sort of personal pride in the talent she displayed. When she finished one of the men near me grinned and passed some remark about her being a "beaut." I was sick and disgusted. I began to hate the outer ring so much that I wondered why the people of the mission group were so eager to save them.

The cynicism of the street was having its effect. I hated the crowd because it was full of sin, and yet, if I could have had my way, all the saved folks in the world would have withdrawn themselves to some remote place. Early in the Spring, when I first went out with the mission folks, I used to sing with them just as I did inside. But I soon gave up the practice because it identified me with the evangelists and made me share the ridicule heaped upon them. I became silent, though still sympathetic. I admired the mission workers for their courage but I was always uncomfortable myself. I was especially uncomfortable at the close of the meeting, when they would call for the hands of persons who wished to be prayed for. Then they would ask the penitents to come to the center of the circle and kneel in the prayer group. I would feel sorry for any man who was saved.

Sometimes drunken men would come forward sobbing, and they were accepted for their good intentions. This disturbed me, for often I would see the same men drunk afterwards. Sometimes I would become so tense in my feelings at the close of a meeting that I would pray in my heart that no men would come forward to be saved. It was a relief when none stepped out, for I hated to see a man kneel with all that circle of scoffers about him. I felt that the sinners should have been coaxed inside the mission in Madison street. I was always happy when they saved souls in the mission.

This was only the beginning of my change of heart. At first, when I left Sunday-school with my candy and my Sunday-school cards I carried everything in my hands until I reached home. Later I began to put these evidences of being a Sunday-school boy in my pocket. By this time we had been in Chicago more than a year and I had many friends among the boys of the street, only a few of whom went to Sunday-school. Some of them were just entering their teens and could not even be tempted by the candy. In that crowd the Sunday-school boy was a sissy. There was only one way for him to prove he wasn't a sissy and that was by fighting. But this didn't pay, for it was always the older and bigger boys that one had to fight.

One day I chanced to get into the confidence of a blind man. He offered me the job of leading him about. My duties were simple. I was to take him from one begging place to another and stand about as though I were his son. Whenever an opportunity came I was to call him Papa so the people could hear me. For this I got fifty cents a day, which was more than I could earn by selling papers. Moreover, the job was much more interesting. I must have held it for about two weeks, so I had at least two absences from Sunday-school. My parents had no objection to the job, though they had not been advised about my full duties. I told them only that I was to lead the blind man around and watch that the boys didn't steal his cup. This, they thought, was a worthy work. I liked the job for the new world it introduced me to, especially on Sundays. The blind man made four stands every Sunday. When the people went in we were at one church and when they came out we were at another. That was before noon. After noon we visited two other churches in the same manner.

The church-goers were a revelation to me. They were well-dressed and serious, and they carried their Bibles and song books where everybody could see. I didn't regard this approvingly. One day a small boy came by. He was clean, well-garbed, very wholesome and sweet looking. He carried a Bible. As he passed he gazed at the blind man and me. In his eyes there was mild curiosity, but he said nothing. The way he shied and sidled past us outraged me.

"Go on, you sissy!" I hurled at him.

I must have frightened him, for he hurried on, and I felt better. It was soothing to my feelings. It released something that had been piling up in me for a long while.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The American as Critic.—It is the habit of the American critic, whether professional or lay, to answer any question which confounds him by its obvious soundness and unanswerability with a condescending imputation of dubious personal motives on the part of its embarrassing propounder. Unable to reply to the latter's position and argument because of their indubitable integrity, he takes refuge in attributing to the fellow's actions reasons which are palpably dishonest, false and—if he would have his way—humiliating. Thus, when Sinclair Lewis declined in unmistakable terms the Pulitzer prize for his novel, "Arrowsmith," stating as his reason for not accepting it what has long been plainly evident to every self-respecting, sincere and intelligently critical American novelist, answer was made by persons directly and indirectly associated with the award that Lewis was simply up to the antics of a press-agent and was seeking to gain a little free publicity for himself. Thus, again, when Sidney Howard, who was awarded the prize the year before for his play, "They Knew What They Wanted," though he unintelligibly allowed himself to accept it, yet had the good judgment and taste to announce that the committee should properly have given the prize to Eugene O'Neill rather than to himself, it was said that he, too, was simply up to deplorable publicity tricks. And thus, still again, when dignified American artists have declined to accept election to the self-constituted National Institute of Arts and Letters on the ground that they could not quite fathom the nature of an honor which would make them the artistic equals of gentlemen whose contributions to the world of æsthetics consisted chiefly in cheap magazine sex serials, newspape humor, the organization of Vigilantes t make the lives of German saloon-keepe miserable during the late war, books tell ing boys how to catch fish in Maine lectures at girls' finishing schools, movin picture scenarios, nursery rhymes and ode dedicating soldiers' monuments—when, a I say, such dignified craftsmen have re fused so to demean their positions as t accept initiation into an over-labele club of the sort, they have been and ar smiled aside with the animadversion tha they are merely out for a bit of advertising

Surely, such a species of criticism, writ ten or spoken, of an honorable and forth right artist must prove heartily disgusting to any person sufficiently acute to penetrat its smoke-screen and detect the fundamenta uncertainty, the considerable embarrass ment and the weak attempt to support it misgivings that lie behind that smoke screen. Yet, for all the contemptible cheapness and stabs in the back that this critical attitude indulges in, such is the nature of the average American that he actually believes it to be above-board and honest. To attribute snide personal motives to the actions of a self-respecting, clear-visioned and upright man when the position and arguments of that man are unassailable is growing to be as typically American as the manufacture of orange juice without oranges. Only one Englishman has stooped to such a thing in the last twenty-five years, and, for his pains, he has since been a pariah among his fellows.

The Ladies and the Muse.—Discussing the subject recently with a number of the more prominent lecture bureaux managers, I

iscover that my old contention that wo-
ıen are interested in the arts chiefly in
roportion to the physical pulchritude
f their exponents finds an increasingly dis-
ɔncerting substantiation. These lecture
ıanagers tell me that the majority of
ɣomen's clubs throughout the Republic
ave during the last year thrown off their
ɔrmer false-faces in very large part and
ave at last honestly come forth and af-
rmed, albeit occasionally indirectly, that
ıey want no more bald, knock-kneed,
ow-legged, undersized or ancient male
pectacles for their platforms and that, if
hey are to be elevated and pay for that
levation, they want the elevating to be
one by men whom they can look at with-
ut disappointment and pain, and per-
aps even with hope. The statistics of the
ecture bureaux show conclusively that
ersonable platperformers bring out the
irls in large numbers, where less sightly
ellows play to very poor houses indeed.
n Chicago, for example, a lecturer on
iterature with the face and shape of a
ıovie actor not long ago so crowded a
ertain women's club that two hundred
xtra chairs had to be rented at the last
ıoment from a nearby undertaking parlor,
vhere another, himself a figure of high
mportance in the art of which he spoke,
ɔut unfortunately of a close personal
esemblance to a sizeable beer-keg, drew
xactly ten women out of the club's
oster of one hundred and seventy-two.

The situation has grown alarming so far
s the lecture bureaux impresarios are con-
ɛerned, and they frankly admit it. Of the
English and American lecturers on liter-
ıture, drama and the other arts whose
ıames appear on their books, not more
han two out of fifty are what may be
ɛalled pretty fellows. The others, estimable
hough they be, could hardly be described
ɛven as passable. For all their intelligence
ınd talent, their hair is thin on top, or
heir middles are too greatly remindful of
nisplaced bustles, or their clothes are of
he walk-up variety, or their chins are
ɔlural, or their teeth are bad. Up to a comparatively short time ago, these hapless fellows were still able to discharge their funds of æsthetic wisdom to a substantial profit and were able to hold the girls in their seats while they discoursed learnedly on Anatole France, Hardy, Einstein, the Irish Movement and topics of a kidney. But their day is now apparently done. The girls are through with them. What the girls want is not a lecture on Hardy by a man four feet tall with large ears, but one on A. A. Milne or Compton Mackenzie—or, for that matter, on Elinor Glyn or ping-pong—by one with soft eyes, black, curly hair and a build like a football tackle. What they want is not the lecture, but the lecturer.

This, surely, is not news; it is the recent statistics on the subject that give the old news a new measure of piquancy. Art, so far as the women's clubs go, is simply a refuge from husbands. Its beauty—or, at least, the small measure of its beauty that they are able to understand and appreciate—makes up to them some of the beauty in which their home and daily lives are lacking. But, since they are usually incapable of deriving a sufficient degree of that beauty from the particular art itself, they are inevitably driven to the device of extracting it from the man who is acting as the interpreter of the art. They allow their homesick gaze to rest admiringly and mayhap longingly upon the lovely gent on the platform and in their dreams they achieve a touch of vicarious gratification. This latter they cannot get from a fellow physically unfavored by God, however great an artist he may be; they can get it only from one, whatever his incapacity in his profession, who looks nothing like their husbands and whose voice, while it is ostensibly occupying itself with the aesthetic doctrines of Copenhagen cubist painters or Czechoslovakian *vers-librists*, has the undertones of an Anatol or a Casanova. And thus it is that the lecture managers, to ward off starvation, have of necessity been driven to the expedient of planning a doubly increased fee next season

for lecturers who look more like potential lovers than like talented painters, novelists, dramatists and poets.

Philosophy.—Ed Howe wrote not long ago, "A philosophy requiring a large volume is too much; a hundred pages is enough." Cut the number of pages down to seventy-five, and one comes closer to the truth. There is no philosophy, however profound, that can't clearly be expressed in relatively few words; the rest are mere decoration and embellishment which betray even the greatest philosopher's disturbing qualifications and doubts or perhaps his mere desire to impress by size and weight. The bigger the book, the smaller the philosopher's self-assurance and self-conviction.

Mr. Bok's Contribution to Science.—Edward W. Bok has made numerous contributions toward the improvement of the native scene. It was largely through his editorship of the *Ladies' Home Journal* that an increased respect for interior decoration that wasn't an eye-sore was initially inculcated in at least a portion of the great American yokelry. It was through the same journal that women in the smaller American towns were initially brought to embellish their bodies in a manner that would no longer scare the cows eating grass along the street-car tracks. It was Bok who created the $100,000 American Peace Award and who published "The Young Man in Business," "The Americanization of Edward Bok," and other such inspirations to the young Americano. But in none of these has the estimable Philadelphian so proved his sagacity and so contributed to the psychical or physical beauty of his fellow Americans as he has in another and hitherto unannounced direction.

I hope I betray no secret when I divulge Mr. Bok's discovery and practice, which, once they are known, will doubtless promptly be followed by every male who has any sense left. It is Mr. Bok's invariable rule to have his tailor measure him for his suits not standing up, as has been the custom from time immemorial—a custom that has produced the worst dressed lot of male human beings in Christendom, but, on the contrary, *sitting down.* Mr. Bok has figured, and rightly, that for one minute the average man is on his feet he is half an hour seated, and that accordingly, when his clothes are fitted to him in an upright position, he looks pretty much a dud when he is sitting, which is most of the time. The result of the M. Bok's sartorial cogitations has made him appear to be the best dressed and most accurately tailored man in America, at least for a relatively greater daily period than any of his fellows. For a man to have a suit prepared for him from measurements made while he is standing is as ridiculous as to have a hat tried on him while he is lying down. It has remained for Mr. Bok to make this fact known, and prosperously, to his dunderheaded brothers. Now that they are privy to it, they need no longer be embarrassed because of an unwitting display of sock-garters every time they seat themselves and cross their legs, or be made uncomfortable and unsightly by a coat collar that crawls up to their ears, by sleeves that pull half way up their forearms, by trousers that strain mercilessly at the nether anatomy, and by waistcoats that slide three-quarters of the way up the abdomen.

The Overwhelming Genius of Literary America II.—

1. "William McFee puts Waldo Frank's new book, 'Virgin Spain,' by the side of Keyserling, Doughty and Emerson."—New York *World.*

2. "T. S. Stribling is an artist equal to Zola."—Toledo, O., *Blade.*

3. "Mary Roberts Rinehart is a story-teller superior to Dumas and Fielding."—Los Angeles *Daily News.*

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

O'Neill's New Play

N "Marco Millions," still awaiting roduction, Eugene O'Neill answers tidily nose of his critics who have long and btusely argued that he is without humor, nat he sees the world invariably as of a iece with an undertaking parlor, and nat his failure to perceive the various ssences of the mundane comedy operates o make his drama unnecessarily glum and ence suspect. Yet though O'Neill has ac-epted these critics' challenge in his ewest play, it must be obvious to most ersons who have taken the trouble care-ully to consider his antecedent work that, f ever we have had a dramatist who has een keenly appreciative of the derisory umor that lies imbedded in the heart of ven the most tragic dramatic translation f life, O'Neill is that man.

When these critics of O'Neill speak of umor, they mean not true, deep and earching humor, but apparently only he surface humor of the theatrical stage. 'heir idea of humor would seem to be hiefly that species which is extracted from he superficialities of life and character, ot that—that profounder and more with-ring and more eternal humor—which is istilled from the aspirations and defeats, he hopes and trials and despair of man-ind. Of this latter humor, O'Neill is ssuredly acutely mindful; it trickles out rom the bulk of his work like an ecto-lasm and vanishes, as such humor must n the hands of an artist, even as the pectator begins vaguely to be sensible of ; it is suggested, hinted at, never em-hasized. Emphasis of humor often simply etrays a dramatist's failure to plumb eeply his complex theme, and his effort to onceal his shortcoming by laughing his audience out of a perception of the fact.

O'Neill is not a humorist, in the signal sense of the word? Then what of the bitter humor that flows beneath the top layers of "Beyond the Horizon"? What of the unmistakable and more apparent ironic humor of "The Hairy Ape"? What of the romantic humor of certain of his short sea plays, notably such a one as "The Moon of the Caribbees"? What of the permeating sardonic humor of "The Emperor Jones"? Is there no humor, rich, low humor, in "Anna Christie"? The circumstance that O'Neill's humor usually proceeds from mankind's deep perplexities and miseries and not, as is the more general theatrical situation, from mankind's petty moments of relative glee contrives to delude his less meditative critics. The latter wish to laugh not with their sympathetic and understanding minds, but with their jaws. When they speak of humor, they speak of external, not internal, humor. They fail to reflect that God often swathes the slapstick with which He rules the universe and directs the movements and destiny of mortal man in black crêpe.

The critics here, as is their custom, are simply deluded by labels. Call a play a tragedy and they will no more appreciate the devastating ironic humor that, like a critical eel, undulates beneath its surface, than they will detect the tragedy that undulates beneath the surface of some such comedy as one of Schnitzler's or Pirandello's. Yet consider, for example, certain of the tragedies of, let us say, Hauptmann. "Before Sunrise" is tragedy, but does not the dramatist offer his own humorous commentary upon it by bringing down his final curtain on a laugh? In "The Festival of Peace," he slyly criticizes his theme by predicating its turn to-

ward tragedy upon an ironically lighted Christmas tree. What is "The Rats" but a comic *reductio* of the tragic central idea of Strindberg's "The Father"? What is "Lonely Lives" but a bitter joke at the expense of Platonic friendship? Is there not an obscene humor in the fight of the two women for Gabriel Schilling? What is Flamm if not a shrewd comedian; and isn't August Kreil simply a bladder with which the dramatist belabors the seat of Puritanism? A certain school of criticism, however, elects to be oblivious to such humorous undertones of tragedy and to centre its attention wholly upon the grim misery that proceeds from those undertones. It sees the death of Hamlet, but not Hamlet's antecedent skeptical humor before a world whose jig-saw puzzle makes mock of his efforts to solve it. It hears Hedda's pistol shot, but not her ideas of her husband. It feels the agony of Strindberg's Julie, but fails to feel the spirit of Saint John's Eve.

As if in disgust over the failure of his critics to discern the fact that he is a profound humorist working in the forms of dramatic tragedy, O'Neill has now for the moment abandoned those forms and come forward with a play whose humor can't fail to be clearly evident even to the most thick-headed. He has translated Marco Polo, his central figure, as a prototype of the modern American Babbitt, which in good truth the fellow was. And this character he has inserted into a play that gilds its thematic slapstick with beauty, with a cloud of romance, with wit, and with poetic loveliness.

O'Neill himself, tongue in cheek, has this to say of "Marco Millions": "This play is an attempt to render poetic justice to one long famous as a traveler, unjustly world-renowned as a liar, but sadly unrecognized by posterity in his true eminence as a man and a citizen. This failure to appraise Polo at a fair valuation is his own fault. He dictated the book of his travels and left the traveler out. He was no author. He stuck to a recital of his facts and the world called him a liar for his pains. This moves one to pity, to indigna tion, to a crusading between the lines o his book, the bars of his prison, in orde to evoke the true ghost of that self-ob scured Venetian. And lo and behold, on sees him there, alive to this, and at thi day, and one gives him the fraternal grip and drags him forth and sets him upon the stage to introduce him to the rest of us while the band strikes up 'For He's A Jolly Good Fellow.' "

The prologue discloses a sacred tree in Persia near the confines of India toward the close of the Thirteenth Century. Three merchants, one a Christian, an agent for Polo Brothers and Son, one a Magian, another a Buddhist, are discovered complaining of the heat and discoursing on their business affairs like any three modern cloak and suit dealers. Through the mouths of this trio, O'Neill establishes at once the tone-pitch of his fable. In the distance, a cloud of dust suddenly appears and presently there sweeps across the scene a cavalcade bearing the glass coffin wherein lies the body of the beautiful Tartar princess, Kokachin. The stage grows gradually darker and from the branches of the tree comes the sound of sweet, sad music, "as if the leaves had become tiny harps strummed by the wind," and the face of Kokachin becomes more and more living, and from her lips comes a message of love-in-death for Messer Marco back in Venice. There is a sound of tender laughter; the laughter flies heavenward and dies as the halo of light about her face fades and noonday rushes back in a blaze of lighted plain. The captain cracks his whip over the backs of the human span, now amplified by the three merchants, and the caravan is on its way as the leaves of the tree play again their lamenting farewell to the dead princess.

The first act of the play proper discloses the exterior of Donata's home on the canal of Venice. Marco is revealed as a handsome lad of fifteen; Donata, a pale and pretty little girl of twelve. In a scene of calf-love as colloquial as any of Tark

gton's, young Polo and the little enetian pledge their adolescent affection the former is about to start on his avels at the behest of his father and ncle. "Uncle says taking chances—*cessary* chances, of course,—is the best hooling for a real merchant; and father as a saying that where there's nothing sked there's nothing gained." Donata ves Marco a small medallion locket to member her by; he promises to write to er regularly; they kiss the kiss of senti-ental children; and the lad leaves Venice ehind him. Six months later in the palace f the Papal Legate at Aere. The two elder olos, with Marco, on their trading way to ie court of the great Kublai Khan, have opped here to discuss religious matters, ways with a shrewd eye to their busi-ess, the while Marco sits to one side mposing a poem to his Donata, a Rotary ric about ruby lips, eyes like pearls, the elight of a lot of money in the bank. The der Polos, laying hold of the composi-on, give issue to a pragmatic horselaugh Marco's expense. News of the choosing f Tedaldo as Pope is brought in and romptly the elder Polos set about trying gain his influence for their business deal-gs with the Khan. This help Marco, the ed of an infinite line of more modern go-etters, contrives eventually to get, and ie journey is resumed.

We meet the travelers now at a Mahome-n mosque; the Polos are in Islam. Marco is busy collecting spurious souve-irs of an Atlantic City boardwalk species, hile the elder Polos consider the best eans to beat the competition offered iem by "those damned Ali Brothers," a val Mahometan firm. The two firms eet. "You folks are a welcome sight!" nthusiastically lies Uncle Maffeo Polo. Sealing a big bill of goods hereabouts, ll wager, you old rascals!" A Kiwanis ssion proceeds, with the merchants ffecting a great brotherly love for one nother and exchanging smoking-car *ntes* about Bagdad sweet ones. The back-round changes presently to a Buddhist temple. As before, the Polos, like true Christians, constitute themselves harsh critics of the religion of these other people, discreetly *sotto voce*, however, that their animadversions may not alienate trade. A Rotary session with a couple of Buddhist merchants takes the place of the previous one with the Mahometan. The smoking-car stories are again on tap. In the meantime, Marco is picked up by a loose hussy and preserves his chastity with moral self-remonstrances.

The travelers, with the passing of the years, are at length before the great wall of China, still lugging their battered sample cases. Marco is now eighteen, a brash, self-confident youth, assertive and talky. "Welcome to that dear old Mother-land, Mongolio!" he cries, staring about him with an appraising contempt. Again, the Polos snicker at the crazy gods of these heathen, with Marco now telling to a couple of Tartar business men the one about the Irishman who got drunk in Tangut and, wandering into a temple, mis-took a female statue for a real woman. The story, however, falls flat; the Tartar merchants yawn; and Papa and Uncle Polo tell Marco that he had better get hold of hotter stories if he doesn't want to lose his customers. The loose hussy reappears and makes sport of Marco for letting thoughts of "the girl back home" keep him from enjoying himself. Messen-gers come to inform the Polos that the Khan is ready for them. "On the job, Mark!" commands Uncle. "Don't forget the sample cases." "Giddap!" replies Marco. "Cathay or bust!"

Act III is the grand throne room in the palace of Kublai, the great Khan, in the city of Cambaluc. Before the throne stands Marco with his sample cases, his pa and uncle at his side. An usher of the palace comes quietly to Marco and makes violent gestures for him to kneel, whereupon this George F. Polo observes, "Thank you, Brother," and sits down on one of the suit-cases. A discussion of the immor-tality of the soul proceeds to engage Marco

and the Khan, with the latter elaborately kidding the young Christian Babbitt. The elder Polos observe the good humor of the Emperor and whisper to Marco to take advantage of it to get a good commission business. Marco asks what there will be in it in the way of mazuma for him, at which Uncle Polo, with a fine show of geniality, claps him on the back. "Ha-ha! Good boy, Mark! Polos will be Polos!" The Khan takes whispered counsel of his private wise man, Chu Yin, as to what to do with Marco, whose go-getter manner entertains him. It is decided that Marco shall be appointed a commission-agent of the second class, in return for which he is to relate periodically to the Khan his impressions of the Khan's country and subjects. "I won't fail," says Marco in all seriousness, the while the Khan privileges himself a covert chuckle. "I'll take copious notes. And I can memorize any little humorous incidents and tales—." The elder Polos are so overwhelmed with delight at Marco's sagacity that they announce he is henceforth a member of the firm and with the right to have his name on their letterheads. The Khan, hearing the great news, sardonically orders the band to play a triumphal march as the Polos leave the palace. Marco turns to him. "Thank you, your Majesty," he observes. "I'm fond of music, and I'll always serve your best interests, so help me God, to the height of my ability; and if hard work and the will to succeed—." He goes on grandly, as the Khan snickers quietly and turns to Chu Yin who, too, is smiling. The full imperial band in the garden now bursts into a military march with a deafening clangor of gongs and cymbals. Chu Yin goes to the window. "He has taken off his hat and is bowing to right and left," he reports.

Act IV brings us to the little throne room in the bamboo Summer palace of the Khan at Xandu. About fifteen years have elapsed. It is a sunlit morning in June. The Khan reclines comfortably on his cushioned throne, and sitting at his feet is the lovely princess, Kokachin. Her air is grief-stricken. She recites in a low voice a poem of parted lovers, of the heart's desolation. The future holds for her only the throne of Queen of Persia, with marriage—the Khan's wish—to a ruler of the blood of Chinghiz. In her bosom stirs another love. Here, the poet that is O'Neill takes over the stage from the humorist O'Neill. The scene is interrupted by news of the approach of His Honor, Marco Polo, mayor of Yang-Chau, come to refresh the Emperor with new copious notes and quips. It appears that Marco has been an active civic official. "Yang-Chau," observes Chu Yin to the emperor, "is the most governed of all your cities. I talked recently with a poet who had fled from there in horror. Yang-Chau used to have a soul, he said. Now it has a brand new Court House. And another, a man of wide culture, told me our Christian mayor is exterminating our pleasures and rats as if they were twin breeds of vermin." "He is beginning to weary me with his grotesque antics," muses the Khan Kublai. "A jester inspires mirth only so long as his deformity does not revolt me." The young princess, thus far silent, shows concern. She comes to Marco's defence. The Khan, aghast, searches her face. "I have suspected her love for him for a long time," Chu Yin confides to the Emperor. The latter inquires why his wise man did not warn him. "Love," replies Chu Yin, "is to wisdom what wisdom seems to love—a folly." Out of Kokachin's love for Marco there will remain only a poignant memory to recompense her when she is no longer a girl but only a Queen. Love comes like the shadow of wind on water and is gone leaving calm and reflection. Thus Chu Yin. "And now—listen!" He goes to the window as the band crashes. "He wears," Chu Yin announces, "over his mayor's uniform the regalia of Cock of Paradise in his secret fraternal order of the Mystic Knights of Confucius. The band of the Xandu lodge is with him as well as his own. He is riding on a very fat white

orse. He dismounts, slaps a policeman
n the back and asks his name. He chucks
baby under the chin and asks the mother
s name . . . He gives the baby one yen to
art a savings account and encourage its
rift. The crowd cheers. He keeps his smile
ozen as he notices an artist sketching him.
e shakes hands with a one-legged vet-
an of the Manzai campaign and asks him
is name . . . He waves one hand for silence.
he other hand rests upon—and pats—the
ead of a bronze dragon, our ancient sym-
ol of Yang, the celestial, male principle
f the Cosmos. He clears his throat . . ."
At the Emperor's order, Marco, with
apa and uncle, are brought before him in
neir costumes which, notes O'Neill, are
jumble somewhat resembling the parade
niforms of Knights Templar, of Col-
mbus, of Pythias, Mystic Shriners, etc.,
c., including the Ku Klux Klan. Of
nese uniforms, they are obviously proud.
Marco "has the manner and appearance of
successful movie star; his features are
arefully arranged into the grave, re-
ponsible expression of a Southern Senator
bout to propose an amendment to the
onstitution restricting the migration of
on-Nordic birds into Texas." Kokachin
ares at Marco with boundless admi-
ation. "To what," inquires the Khan
ryly, "do I owe the honor of this un-
xpected visit?" "Well," replies Marco,
welling with confidence, "I was sending
n to your treasury the taxes of Yang-Chau
or the year, and I knew you'd be so
stonished at the unprecedented amount I
ad sweated out of them that you'd want to
now how I did it—so I just made up my
nind I'd travel right along with the caravan,
nd here I am!" Then, to Kokachin:
'Pardon me, Princess. I didn't recognize
ou before; you've gotten so grown up."
There ensues Marco's dissertation on
axes in the best present-day congressional
nanner, together with his Babbitt phi-
osophy of Liberals, System, morals, cul-
ure, et cetera, to which the Khan gives
olite, cynical ear. He has done his
reat work, he confides to the Emperor;
everything is ship-shape; bigger enter-
prises call him; he would resign. As if
losing a priceless gem, the Emperor with
mock melancholy accepts the inevitable.
Here, O'Neill produces some excellent
intellectual bladder farce-comedy, partic-
ularly in a scene wherein Marco demon-
strates the "big ideas" he is about to em-
ploy by way of reforming the Khan's
currency system and ending all wars, his
demonstration being periodically inter-
rupted by the Emperor's irrelevant and
sardonic queries as to Marco's immortal
soul and kindred constituent elements of
his Christian faith. Kokachin, the senti-
mental, her eyes of love resting on Marco,
requests the Khan to appoint the latter
to attend her and command the fleet that
is to take her to the throne of Persia.
"It is the last favor I shall ever ask. I wish
to be converted to wisdom, too—one or
another—before I become a name." The
Khan agrees and Marco wishes to know
if he may have permission to trade in the
ports along the way. "You see," he says,
"the trouble with a ship, for a man of
action, is that there's so little you can do,
and all play and no work makes Jack a
dull boy." "But," puts in the Khan, "we
shall have dancers on the ship and singers
and players and actors who will entertain
us with plays—!" Whereupon Marco
heartily replies, "That'll be grand! I like
dancing and music. And there's nothing
better than to sit down in a good seat at a
good play after a good day's work in
which you know you've accomplished
something, and after you've had a good
dinner, and just take it easy and enjoy
a good laugh and get your mind off serious
things . . ." Kokachin's eyes are wide
with admiration. The Khan and Chu
Yin have been staring at the two with
amazement. "Life," muses the Khan, "is so
stupid it's mysterious." And the act ends.

Act V begins on the wharves of the
imperial fleet at the seaport of Zaitou,
several weeks later. The Khan is saying
farewell to Kokachin, the while old Chu
Yin philosophizes with Marco, plays

against the latter's bone-head morsels of Oriental wisdom and instructs him, the while Marco is damning the lazy deck-hands and getting system into the crew, in the details of the voyage with the princess. Marco hardly listens, for when love crosses his path, he thinks ever of "the best little girl in the world"—Donata—who is waiting for him back home. "After all," he ruminates, "I've had my fun and I suppose it's time I settled down. There's nothing like your own fireside with a wife and children beside you when you're getting on in years, is there?" He tells Kokachin to go to her cabin as he is afraid she will catch cold standing bare-headed in the night air. The band, hired by Marco, strikes up; to Chu Yin he shouts, "Tell the Khan—anything he wants—write me—just Venice—they all know me there and if they don't, by God, they're going to!"; and the ship moves away.

Two years later we are in the moonlit harbor of Hormuz, Persia. Kokachin is upon a throne of silver on the deck of her royal barge, serene, sad, beautiful in a robe of gold. With the chorus of sailors she chants the song of the peace that is deep in the sea where the surface is sorrow. Her heart, spurned by Marco, is broken. An official notification, delivered by Marco, informs her that her intended husband, Arghun Khan, is dead and that she must become the wife of his son. Vainly she tries to awaken Marco's interest in her, while Marco, oblivious of her, boasts of the way he has handled the ship on the voyage. When she hints of love, he tells her not to get morbid and asks her if she feels a bit bilious. Kokachin is the poet O'Neill; Marco, all those Americans who prefer Winchell Smith. While the lovely Kokachin speaks, through Marco's head run only thoughts of business, of duty, of Christian morality. He expatiates to her upon the virtues of the girl back home, of common sense, of a safe marriage that will protect his business interests. The chorus takes up its lament—"Centuries wither into tired dust; a new dew freshens the grass; somewhere this dream is being dreamed . . ." The lad who is to take Kokachin for wife comes aboard. Kokachin, with a laugh of mild irony, commands that Marco be rewarded for his obedience to duty with a chest of gold. Marco thinks that the princess is not herself because she hasn't taken enough exercise during the voyage . . . Kokachin suddenly runs up to the upper deck and stands outlined against the night sky, her arms outstretched, and in a voice which is final, complete renunciation, calls "Farewell, Marco Polo!" Marco's voice, cheery and relieved and very Joe Jefferson, comes back over the waters: "Good-bye, princess—I mean, your Majesty—and all my prayers for your long life and happiness!"

A year later. Again the imperial palace at Cambaluc. A message arrives from Kokachin. Her thoughts, though she is wedded, are still with Marco, though—"You were right about his soul. What I had mistaken for one I discovered is a fat woman with a patient virtue. By the time you receive this they will be getting married in Venice." A second message arrives from Marco—"In spite of perils too numerous to relate, I have delivered my charge safely. In general, she gave but little trouble on the voyage, for although flighty in temper and of a passionate disposition, she never refused to heed my advice for her welfare and . . . the responsibilities of marriage and the duties of motherhood will sober her spirit and she will settle down as a sensible wife should." The courier observes that Marco didn't give him any change for delivering the message, but said that the Khan would reward the messenger nobly. In a fine rage of disgust, the Khan declares that he will proceed forthwith to a war which will not leave one Christian alive. But presently, under the counsel of the wise Chu Yin, the anger passes and the emperor bids a crystal that he may peer therein and learn the future. In this crystal, his eyes—and those of the audience—see the fat and brainless Donata,

the family Polo, and the home-coming feast. Marco orders drinks for the crowd and grandly tosses small coins right and left. The festivities proceed on a Chamber of Commerce scale. The Polos, Papa, Uncle and Marco, display themselves as aboriginal Henry Fords and Rockefellers, distributing largesse where it will bring the best publicity results. There are cries of "Bravo!", "Welcome home!" and "Hurrah for the Polos!" Marco pulls the bovine Donata to one side. "Now, if I was a prince, I'd never have remained single all those years in the East. I'm a hero, that's what! And all the twenty-six years I kept thinking of you, and I was always intending to write—" "But I know all the heathen women must have fallen in love with you," says Donata. "Oh, maybe one or two or so," replies Marco, easily, "but I didn't have time to waste on females. I kept my nose to the grindstone every minute. And I got results! I don't mind telling you, Donata, I'm worth over two millions! Worth your waiting, eh?" The betrothal is announced by Donata's father and above the loud congratulations sounds Marco's voice: "Let's eat, friends!"

The next act shows Marco's cell in the fortress at Genoa. Marco is still talking grandiloquently of what a great success he has been in the world. Yet he misses the comforts of home, he laments, and his wife. "For twenty-eight long years she waited for me, never doubting my promise that I'd come back rich and marry her. And I *did* come back rich, and I *did* marry her!" To which his literary cell-mate slyly observes: "It resembles somewhat the story of Ulysses." Marco brags of the chance he had with a royal princess. But —his duty, his common sense, his hardheadedness, his word! The book that Marco is to write of his travels and adventures engages the attention of the cellmates. Rusticiano, the other, reads the outline of his ironically confected preface, the irony of which is completely lost upon the vainglorious Polo.

The scene changes to Cambaluc again, and to the grand throne room of the Khan. Before the throne lies, upon its bier, the body of Kokachin. "Girl whom we call dead," speaks the Emperor, "whose beauty is even in death more living than we, smile with infinite forbearance upon our wisdom, smile with infinite remoteness upon our sorrow, smile as a star smiles—." His voice appears to break. "No more! That is for the poets!" He seeks to regain his strength in memory of his power, greatest of the great, sovereign of the world. But his heart is sick. "Her little feet danced away the stamp of armies. Her smile made me forget the servile grin on the face of the world. In her eyes' mirror I watched myself live secluded from life in her affection—a simple old man dying contentedly a little, day after pleasant day . . ."

The play is over. "The lights," writes O'Neill, "come up brilliantly in the theatre. In an aisle seat in the first row a man gets up, conceals a yawn in his palm, stretches his legs as if they had become cramped by too long an evening, takes his hat from under the seat and starts to file out slowly with the others in the audience. But, although there is nothing out of the ordinary in his actions, his appearance excites general comment and surprise, for he is dressed as a Venetian merchant of the later Thirteenth Century. In fact, it is none other than Marco Polo himself, looking a bit sleepy, a trifle puzzled and not a little irritated at his thoughts which, in spite of himself, cling for a passing moment to the play just ended. He appears quite unaware of being unusual and walks in the crowd without self-consciousness, very much as one of them. Arrived at the lobby, his face begins to clear of all disturbing memories of what has transpired on the stage. His car, a luxurious Pierce-Arrow limousine, draws up at the curb. He gets in briskly; the door is slammed; the car edges away into the traffic; and Polo, with a satisfied sigh at the comfort of it all, comes back to life."

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

The South Looks Ahead

THE ADVANCING SOUTH, by Edwin Mims. $3. 8⅛ x 5¼; 319 pp. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Page & Company.*

Dr. Mims, who hails from Arkansas, is professor of English at Vanderbilt University, in Tennessee, and a member of the Joint Hymn-Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He has lectured at Chautauqua, N. Y., and is secretary of the Tennessee Law and Order League. He thus makes the grade, by Southern standards, as a critic of literature and life. But in the less Christian North, I suspect, there will be scoffers to cavil at him, especially when it is noted that he is very suspicious of James Branch Cabell, and, in fact, puts Ellen Glasgow above him. And even in the South there will be heretics to repine that a more competent and sympathetic historian was not found to tell the story of their heroic (and perhaps vain) struggle to haul the Confederacy out of its wallow. For the good Dr. Mims, despite a laudable diligence and a high degree of uplifting enthusiasm, constantly gives one the impression of a scrivener laboring valiantly with a theme that he doesn't quite understand. Perhaps I may throw some light upon his equipment by observing that, when he comes to discuss Southern journalists, he has high and sweet praises for Mooney of Memphis, the most passionate defender of the Bryan theological imbecilities in all Tennessee, and not a word for Hall of Montgomery, Wright of Columbia, S. C., Jaffe of Norfolk, Dabney of Richmond, Saunders of Elizabeth City, or Sanders of Mooney's own town. In brief, Dr. Mims seems to know little more about the current journalistic situation in the South, and hence about the political and cultural situation, than a village schoolma'am. He has heard of Johnson of Greensboro, now that Johnson has left the South, and of Harris of Columbus, Ga., now that Harris has the Pulitzer prize, and of such women as Miss Newman, Miss Lewis and Miss Haardt, now that the North has discovered them, but one cannot escape the suspicion that they were outside his ken in the days of their first and hardest labors, as their heirs and assigns are outside his ken today. Call me a Union spy, if you will, but I give you my solemn word that in his book of 319 pages, devoted largely, if not principally, to the renaissance of literary endeavor below the Potomac, there is absolutely no mention of Emily Clark, of Richmond, founder of the *Reviewer!* Or of Mrs. Julia Peterkin! Or of T. S. Stribling! Or of Clement Wood! Or of J. W. Krutch!

It is, perhaps, the worst of all the curses of the South that it is interpreted for the nation by just such amiable obfuscators. They love it as no Scotsman ever loved his smoky crags, and their yearning to see it go forward has all the violent passion of an evangelical religion, but they are seldom clear as to what is the matter with it, and they seldom differentiate accurately between its genuinely enlightened leaders —mainly young and extremely unpopular —and its mere windjammers. Dr. Mims, I should say in all fairness, is better than most, but he is still far too much the orthodox Southerner to see what is the matter with the South. A resident of Tennessee for a generation, he shows all the peculiar Tennessee prejudices and puerilities. For the pious Mooney, bawling for Genesis, he has high praises; for the intelligent and courageous John R. Neal he has only sneers. Where was he himself

when Bryan marched in, and the hillbillies came down to drive all sense and decency out of the State? Was he in the forefront of the fray? Was he heard at Dayton, on the side of educated and self-respecting men? If so, his voice was small indeed, for I got no echo of it in the courtroom. Like all the other so-called intellectuals of the State, journalistic, legal and pedagogical, he left the heavy burden of the fight to Dr. Neal, and now all he can say of Neal is that he is "a local attorney" and "an often defeated politician." It is the tragedy of Tennessee that such men as Neal are defeated and such men as Peay, the current Governor, are kept in high office. It is the greater tragedy of the South that when, by some act of God, a Neal springs out of the land all the Mimses combine to cry him down.

That they succeed only too well is proved by Mims' own evidence. His book is strewn with the names of Southerners who have been forced to come North for air—Walter Hines Page, William E. Dodd, John Spencer Bassett, W. P. Trent, Woodrow Wilson, Ashby Jones. Of some of these men, especially on the political side, I am surely no romantic admirer, but they were the best that the South could produce, and the South obviously needed them. All came North—and the younger men and women of today are following them. The best newspaper editorial writer that the South has produced in my time is Gerald W. Johnson: he is now in Baltimore. The best newspaper reporter is Paul Y. Anderson: he is now in St. Louis. The most promising critic of letters and life is Joseph W. Krutch: he is now in New York. The list might be lengthened almost endlessly. In particular, the names of many women are on it, for the South, despite its gabble of chivalry, still knows how to be unpleasant to a woman who is intelligent. True, enough, a few hard-boiled and heroic men, their veins filled with manganese, manage to hold out: for example, W. L. Poteet, John D. Wade and Howard W. Odum. But Poteet is of such years that his mere antiquity now begins to protect him, and Wade and Odum, though they remain in the South today, will probably be on their way tomorrow. The kind of "leader" who survives down there is mainly the yellow dog kind. The Underwoods pass out and the Peays and Bleases come in. The South loses Johnson and keeps Clark Howell. It lets the *Reviewer* die and reads and admires the *Manufacturers' Record*. The enlightened Pastor Jones departs for Kansas City and the medieval Bishop Candler holds the fort. Who *goes* South? I recall two salient emigrants: William Jennings Bryan and the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton.

What is to be noted in all this is that the South is by no means sterile. It still produces a very respectable annual crop of bright young men and women. Considering its backwardness in education, indeed, it probably produces more of them, relatively, than some of the States of the North—for example, New Jersey, Ohio and Vermont. The best blood of the South, I am inclined to think, is the best in the whole Republic—that is, taking account only of so-called Anglo-Saxons. But that best blood, save in a few areas, mainly along tidewater, is no longer dominant. The lower orders of Southerners, having been lifted out of poverty by the general economic rise of the region, have got the reins of political power into their hands, and through the medium of politics they are trying to force their ignorance upon their betters. Every emerging leader must pass their tests—and their tests are scarcely to be distinguished from those of the savages in the Borneo jungle. Culturally, indeed, they are precisely on the level of the anthropoid blacks surrounding them. They share the same suspicion of knowledge, they show the same primitive emotionability, and they practise the same barbaric and preposterous religion. This religion, as is always the case with people only superficially civilized, colors their whole lives. The *shaman* is the principal functionary among them, and his fiats have the force of divine revelation. Nothing can be un-

dertaken that does not meet his approval; nothing is regarded as sound, or even as decent, that violates the tenets of his hog-wallow theology. The troubles of the South, it seems to me, all revolve around that simple fact. The *shaman*, who has been reduced to inocuousness in more civilized regions, is still too powerful down there. All the Southern politicians flatter and cajole him, and he is treated with elaborate respect by practically all the Southern newspapers. No wonder he believes in his own magic! And no wonder it is difficult, in the face of his ignorance and his power, to launch a sound idea!

It seems to me that the more intelligent Southerners, rising one by one out of the general darkness, are all doomed to failure until they concentrate upon this chartered enemy of every intellectual dignity and decency, and clear him off the scene. Their error, at the moment, consists in trying to compromise with him. They are all too eager to avoid violating the religious pruderies of his victims. It is an error that is not new in the world, and wherever it has been followed it has greatly prospered *shamans*. In its final form it converts itself into the doctrine that any and every religious notion, however insane and outrageous, deserves respect. I can imagine nothing more unsound. If the men of past ages had cherished that delusion we'd still be sweating under the Inquisition—nay, we'd be consulting oracles and trembling before sorcerers. In other words, the whole human race would still be on the level of the Haitian voodoo-worshippers and the Georgia Baptists. The way to get rid of such ideas it not to walk softly before them, but to attack them vigorously and with clubs. If Mims and his fellow pussy-footers had done that in Tennessee, there would have been no Scopes trial, and no ensuing disgrace of the State. I don't think the yokels themselves were to blame for that obscenity. Such of them as I met during the trial seemed to me to be decidedly above the general level of American peasants. They were not noticeably stupid; they were simply grossly misinformed. The rubbish that was preached to them four times a week by their pastors went unchallenged. The Mimses hesitated to attack it, I daresay, for fear of being accused of attacking religion. Well, why should religion *not* be attacked when it is idiotic? What gives a theological imbecility superiority over any other imbecility? Why should a moron dressed up as a Methodist preacher get any more respect than a moron behind the plow? The doctrine that there are differences here greatly burdens the South. If it is ever to have a general intellectual awakening, and not merely a series of gallant but unimportant one-man revolts, it must first get rid of its superstitious reverence for sacerdotal mountebanks. They are the common enemies of every enlightened Southerner, including such liberal but faithful churchmen as Dr. Jones and Dr. Poteet quite as much as such skeptics as Miss Newman and Cabell. No tolerant and progressive civilization will ever rise in the South with their consent.

Thus the central problem down there is a religious problem, and soon or late it must be squarely met. The question is whether the South is to be run by its educated and intelligent men, or by a rabble of hedge theologians, led by blood-sweating fanatics and followed by a docile tail of crooked politicians and boot-licking editors. As I have said, it produces plenty of admirable candidates for leadership—perhaps more, relatively, than any other American section save the Northeastern seaboard. But they are driven out almost as fast as they arise. The village pastors flush them instantly, and they are soon in full flight, with a baying pack of Ku Kluxers, Methodist bishops, Fundamentalist legislators, Daughters of the Confederacy, and professional wowsers after them. Suppose that, by some miracle, a competent biologist were produced at Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, which Dr. Mims serves as a professor. Where could he pass on his learning in Tennessee, save at Vanderbilt University? Suppose a

competent journalist arose in Mississippi. What paper in that State would employ him? Certainly the same questions could not be asked in Illinois, say, or in Wisconsin, or in Maryland, or even in Pennsylvania, as dull and degraded as it is. Such States utilize their own good men. They welcome the free play of ideas. They have got beyond that elemental stage of civilization in which all questions are questions of faith. They have thrown off the tyranny of the *shaman*. The South, I believe, will some day follow them. But the road is long and full of perils, and many a head will be cracked before the end of it is reached.

Fiction

THE SILVER STALLION: A COMEDY OF REDEMPTION, by James Branch Cabell. $2.50. 7¾ x 5; 358 pp. New York: *Robert M. McBride & Company*.

COUNT BRUGA, by Ben Hecht. $2. 7⅛ x 5; 314 pp. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.

ROUNDABOUT, by Nancy Hoyt. $2.50. 7⅛ x 5; 254 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf*.

MANTRAP, by Sinclair Lewis. $2. 7⅛ x 5; 308 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company*.

TEEFTALLOW, by T. S. Stribling. $2. 7⅜ x 5; 405 pp. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Page & Company*.

SHOW BUSINESS, by Thyra Samter Winslow. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 321 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf*.

There was a time, before this great family periodical came to life, when I made shift, from another pulpit, to notice all the principal new novels, American and English, each month. But that time is long past. Today they gush from the presses, and especially from the American presses, in such numbers that only a convict in solitary confinement could hope to so much as glance through them. Thus I am reduced to the plan of making occasional grabs into the stream, hoping ever for juicy rewards. Sometimes they come. For the art of novel-writing has reached a high development among us, and has many adept practitioners. They know all the tricks, and they not infrequently proceed to devices that are rather more than tricks. Their stories have good design, and are well written. They see clearly and record amusingly. What they lack, in general, is sense of character. Their tales become more important than the people in them. And so those tales, living a brief day, are forgotten.

This defect often shows itself where one scarcely expects to find it. I point, for example, to the new Sinclair Lewis book, "Mantrap" by name. It seems to me that Lewis, more than any other novelist in practise among us, knows how to get character upon the printed page. He sees people with sharp and merciless eyes, and what he sees he knows how to put into words. If any better character study than "Babbitt" has ever been done by an American, then I have yet to hear of it. Babbitt himself is only one of the half dozen brilliant and searching portraits in the story. They are all recognizable at a glance. No reader who knows America can conceivably have any doubt about them. Yet this same Lewis, in "Mantrap," sets before us only a herd of stuffed dummies. They are never real for an instant. They creak dismally when they are first hauled on, and they are creaking still as the final curtain comes down. How is this failure to be accounted for? I linger in doubt. Perhaps the book is a mere pot-boiler, done with the left hand. But more likely it is simply a proof that an Americano, however extraordinary, remains an Americano still—that there come moments when he returns inevitably to normalcy, and reveals all the national stigmata. I have presented "Mantrap" to my pastor, and return joyfully to a re-reading of "Babbitt."

Cabell's "The Silver Stallion," it seems to me, also falls below his highest level, but it is certainly no such botch as "Mantrap." The story is too dispersed and amorphous to stand beside, say, "The High Place" or "Jurgen," but it is saved by the superb artfulness of the writing. "Miramon's personal taste in art," one reads on page 65, "was for the richly romantic sweetened with nonsense and spiced with the tabooed." Then Miramon, I venture,

would have delighted in "The Silver Stallion." It is a book of magnificent details—sly and devastating jocosities, lovely rows of musical words, turns of phrase and thought that bring one up with a gasp. The net effect is that of a fine fabric, of exquisite texture and gorgeous color. The thing shimmers and glows. As a story it has its lacks, but as a piece of writing it is Cabell at his best. Much the same thing may be said of Ben Hecht's "Count Bruga." The fable here is deliberately artificial. The essential point about it is that it is obviously not so. But Hecht gets so much gusto into the writing of it, and adorns it with so many flashes of insight into motive and character, that the impossible, toward the end, takes on a sort of possibility. Its people, however fantastic their acts, always keep their feet upon the ground. One not only comes to believe in the preposterous Count Hippolyt Bruga, alias Jules Ganz; one also comes to believe in McTavish, the police lieutenant, in the sorcerer Panini, and even in the libidinous Mrs. Antonica Rodenja. Hecht is probably the nearest approach to Rabelais that this great Christian Republic has yet produced. He lacks the stupendous learning of the immortal Benedictine, but there is in him the same furious impatience of fraud, the same heroic zest for folly, and the same gaudy delight in words. His writing is often careless, but it is never banal. There is a whisper current that "Count Bruga" is a lampoon on a living American poet. If so, let the poet rejoice: it will cause him to be remembered.

"Teeftallow," "Roundabout" and "Show Business" all show serious defects; nevertheless, I have found all of them interesting. "Roundabout" carries a load of somewhat naïve melodrama, but the fact doesn't destroy its charm. It is a tale of calf love—not done with superior snickers, but seriously and even a bit tragically. I think you will find more of genuine youth in it than is to be found in most such compositions. "Show Business" is the life-story of a chorus girl. She ends neither in the divorce courts nor in the gutter. Instead she proceeds to a safe and highly respectable marriage, and as we part from her she is on the way to the high estate and dignity of an American grand lady. Mrs. Winslow is an ironist both subtle and merciless. The stage is neither a region of romance to her nor a hell of sin. It simply amuses her, and she gets her own sardonic delight in it into her book. Mr. Stribling's "Teeftallow" would be better if some of her humor were in it. Only too often, as it stands, it gets perilously near to the border of moral indignation. But as document it has many sound merits. In no other volume known to me is there a more truthful picture of life among the Tennessee hillbillies. Here, at last, they are done by one who knows them intimately. Here a light is thrown into the contents of their crania. Here the Scopes trial is made comprehensible to the bewildered unbeliever.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

Nels Anderson *is a teacher in the New School for Social Research, New York. He is the author of "The Hobo."*

Herbert Asbury's *first book, "Up From Methodism," will soon appear.*

William Monroe Balch *is a native of Wisconsin, and a graduate of the State university there. He is now professor of sociology at Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas.*

Catharine Brody *has served on the staffs of the* World *and other New York papers. She was a foreign correspondent for the now defunct* Globe. *At present she is engaged in magazine work.*

Charles E. Clark *is professor of law at the Yale School of Law. He graduated from Yale in 1911 and from the Law School in 1913, and was in practise until 1919.*

Chester T. Crowell *has served for many years on Texas and New York papers. He is now engaged in writing for the magazines. His first novel is to appear soon.*

Sara Haardt's *first novel, "Career," will be published in the near future. She is a graduate of Goucher and a resident of Montgomery, Ala.*

Idwal Jones *is dramatic editor and special writer on the staff of the San Francisco* Examiner. *His most recent book is a gypsy novel, "The Splendid Shilling."*

Edwin Markham *is the author of "The Man With the Hoe," which has been called "the greatest poem of the century" and "the battle-cry of the next thousand years." "The Ballad of the Gallows-Bird" was nine years in the writing. It will lead a series of ballads in his "Collected Poems," to be published next year.*

Edgar Lee Masters *is the author of the famous Spoon River anthologies. He has been interested in politics from his early youth.*

Elbert Peets *is an architect, co-author with Werner Hegemann of "Civic Art."*

Charles F. Pekor, Jr., *is a Georgian, now living at Columbus. He was educated at the University of Georgia and later entered journalism. At present he is engaged in business.*

Samuel Putnam *is a graduate of the University of Chicago, and for the past ten years has been a newspaper man. He is at present on the editorial staff of the Chicago* Evening Post. *He was one of the organizers of the Chicago* Literary Times.

Samuel W. Tait, Jr., *was educated at Washington University. He is now engaged in business.*

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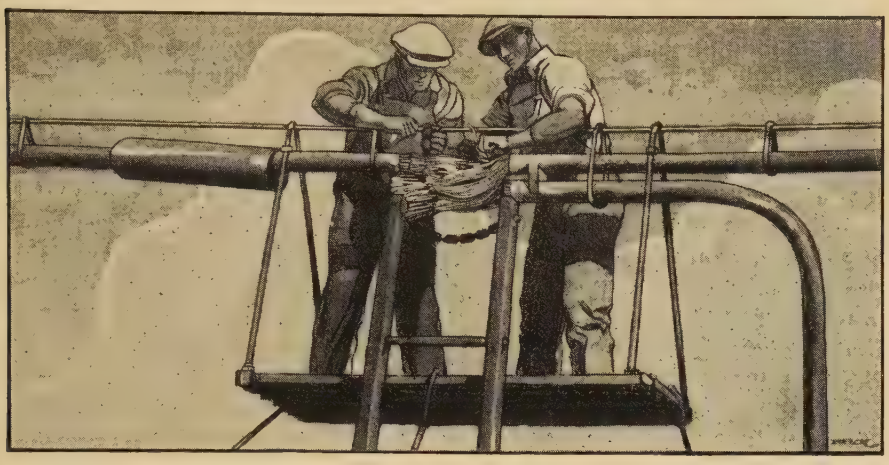

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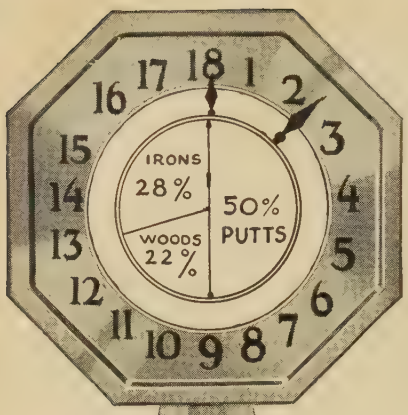

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Editorial NOTES

The following commentary on Mr. Upshur's article, "Diplomat," in the M issue, comes from an American diplom officer of long service:

> I have been reading Mr. Upshur's article with the interest felt by one who has spent the best years of his life in the diplomatic service, but also with a little disappointment. Perhaps I have been too accustomed to find in THE AMERICAN MERCURY something explosive. I admit enjoying its dynamite and the spirit of faith with which it carries on its crusade against the smugness of so much of our life. So I looked for something startling and something novel about diplomats, and instead I found the old, old caricature which ranks with the mother-in-law joke and those other forms of humor which began in Noah's day. When one of our career-diplomats remarked before a Congressional committee that the diplomatic service was more spat upon than spatted he told the truth in fewer and wittier words.
>
> Blaine-Smith is what THE AMERICAN MERCURY would style a boob. I have known some secretaries like him, though they are no longer ornaments of the American diplomatic service. There may still be some. But why not? Is any profession or career or walk of life free from idiots? Where is there a monopoly of supermen? Would not a service perfect and above reproach be intolerable? No nation could bear it.
>
> Mr. Upshur reproaches our diplomats for lacking the graces of the British or the foreign of the Babbitts. But who is Blaine-Smith himself? Is he not a Babbitt of the third generation? And would not Babbitt himself, appointed Ambassador, be worse than Blaine-Smith? It is notorious that certain of the most admirable snobs who have graced our diplomatic service were not of the career but were selected or injected from the outside. It is they who still regard diplomatic life as modelled on Sardou dramas and see it in a limelight of arc duchesses and fights over precedence. Those who have had many years of the career

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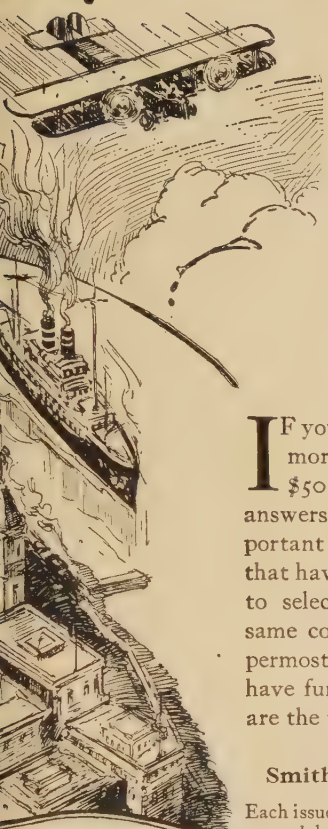

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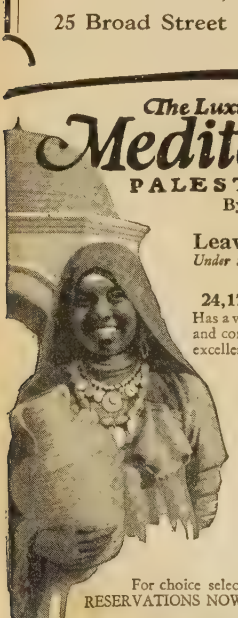

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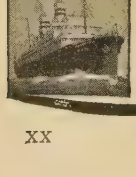

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xviii

which "they also serve who only stand and wait" know that the real curse of diplomacy is not its snobbishness but its dullness, and that the glamor with which it is invested in the popular mind exists only in the popular mind.

No, Babbitt would not bring new life into diplomacy. I fear the only effect it would exercise on him would be to ruin Babbitt.

A learned customer at Ann Arbor, Mich makes this sociological remark:

> The cruelty of Prohibition, as I see it, is not that it has taken away from man his closest ally, the Demon Rum, and left him defenseless against the Demon Life, but that in another generation there will be scarcely a boy grown to manhood who will be able to pick up a nickel off a wet bar. Is the knack to be lost to mankind entirely? I ask as the father of three growing boys.

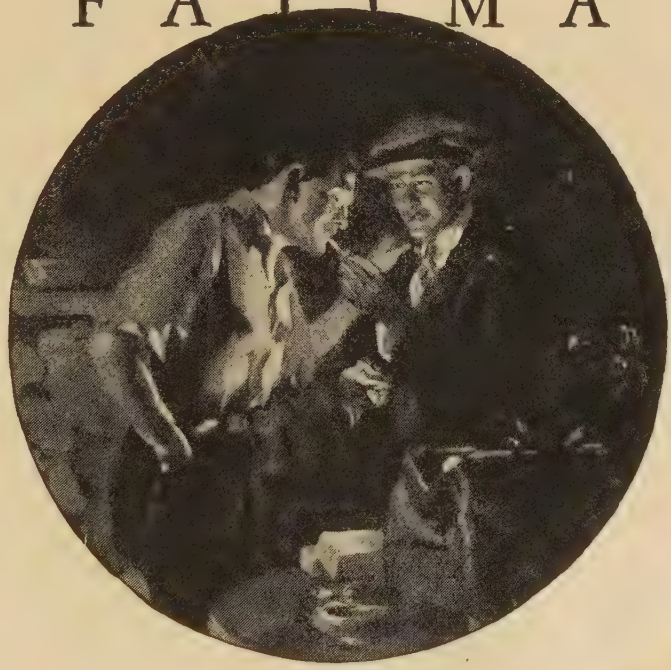
This lexicographical note comes from M Geoffrey C. Hazard:

> It has been pointed out by greater philologists than I that the sound of the syllable *-umbl* always conveys a feeling of unpleasantness or disaster to the Anglo-Saxon ear and that for this reason many English words containing it signify trouble or misfortune. Consider the following:
>
> Bumble—to move about clumsily.
> Crumble—to fall into ruin.
> Cumbled—cramped or benumbed with cold (obs.).
> Drumble—a sluggish or dull person (obs.).
> Fumble—to muff, as a football.
> Grumble—to growl.
> Humble—of low or mean station.
> Jumble—to disarrange, to throw into confusion.
> Mumble—to speak indistinctly.
> Stumble—to trip.
> Tumble—to fall.
>
> These words are all ancient and honorable ones, and deeply rooted in the language. But to prove my theory of universal onomatopoeia as the foundation of spoken thought, I now cite the case of an artificially compounded word possessed of the *-umble* sound purely by accident, which has been converted by the younger generation into a slang epithet meaning a stupid boob. I refer to the word *dumb-bell*.

Ample argument

THE OLD CHINESE proverb says, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." By much the same reasoning... and it is sound reasoning, too... the best argument for Fatima is Fatima. Taste one... for just one taste is worth a bookful of description

F A T I M A



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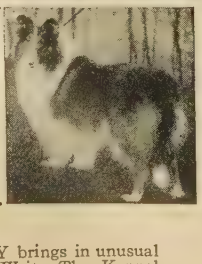

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BIOGRAPHY

G. STANLEY HALL. *A Biography of a Mind.*
By Lorine Pruette. *D. Appleton & Compan*
$2.50. 8¼ x 5¼; 267 pp. *New Yor*

This is not a formal biography, but an elaborat character sketch of Dr. Hall by one of his forme students. It steers clear of mere eulogy, and is full o curious and often astonishing details. There come out of it in the end an extremely vivid and arrestin portrait of one of the greatest teachers ever in practise in America. The book lacks an index, and presents bu two portraits, one of which is on the slip-cover There is a preface by Carl Van Doren.

HAVELOCK ELLIS. *A Biographical and Critical Study*
By Isaac Goldberg. *Simon & Schuste*
$4 8⅜ x 5⅜; 359 pp. *New Yor*

This is the first book on Ellis to see the light. I embodies a great deal of material hitherto unavail able, and so throws a new and unfamiliar light upo one of the most remarkable Englishmen now living There are many specimens of Ellis's early writings, i prose and verse, and a large number of photographs In an appendix Dr. Goldberg discusses the work c Mrs. Ellis, who died in 1924.

THE VERDICT OF BRIDLEGOOSE.
By Llewelyn Powys. *Harcourt, Brace & Compan*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 204 pp. *New Yor*

Mr. Powys, who is an Englishman, came out t America for a taste of wild colonial life, and this i the record of his observations in New York and else where. He writes sound English and is not witho charm, but he seldom has anything of much impor tance to say.

MEMOIRS OF HALIDÉ EDIB.
The Century Compan
$4 9 x 5¾; 472 pp. *New Yor*

The autobiography of the first Turkish woman c prominence to discard the veil, and the first head c the first Turkish department of education. Ver interesting reading, and valuable as an historica document. There are numerous illustrations fro photographs.

Continued on page xxiv

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MAPE. *The World of Illusion.*
By André Maurois. *D. Appleton & Compan*
$2.50 8 x 5; 247 pp. *New Yor*

A romaticised sketch of Goethe's love affair with Charlotte Buff, a portrait of Mrs. Siddons as a tragédienne, and a tale of a young man who tried to emulate in life a character in one of Balzac's stories—all written with the purpose of showing that we often try to escape the unpleasantness of reality in art. Very thin stuff.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FUNDAMENTAL THOUGHTS IN ECONOMICS.
By Gustav Cassel. *Harcourt, Brace and Compan*
$2 7½ x 5; 153 pp. *New Yor*

Professor Cassel, the distinguished economist of the University of Stockholm, here brings together in one volume the fundamental principles of his political economy. The basic idea in his system is the theory that "the purpose [of prices] is to restrict demand in every line so much that it can be satisfied by the supply available."

WOMAN'S DILEMMA.
By Alice Beal Parsons. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Co*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 311 pp. *New Yor*

A conservative, and, on the whole, extremely sensible discussion of the changes brought about by the increasing economic independence of women. Mrs. Parsons believes that it will modify the existing social structure, and even the prevailing *mores*, profoundly, but she is by no means sure that it will bring in Utopia.

INTERNATIONAL ANARCHY: *A Study of Peace and War.*
By G. Lowes Dickinson. *The Century Compan*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 505 pp. *New Yor*

A detailed analysis of the history of Europe since 1870. It is Mr. Dickinson's belief that the existence of armed states is the chief and perhaps the only cause of war, and that disarmament must be a necessary condition of every sober effort to abate the turmoil which now rages in the world.

EUGENICS AND POLITICS
By F. C. S. Shiller. *The Houghton Mifflin Compan*
$2.50 8¾ x 5½; 220 pp. *Bosto*

The author, who is the well-known Oxford philosopher, is by no means a Utopian. He believes that science has still to teach us what changes in the race would be beneficial, and that, pending the receipt of that revelation, it is well to go slowly. But he holds nevertheless that the general eugenic position is sound one, and that much may be accomplished by

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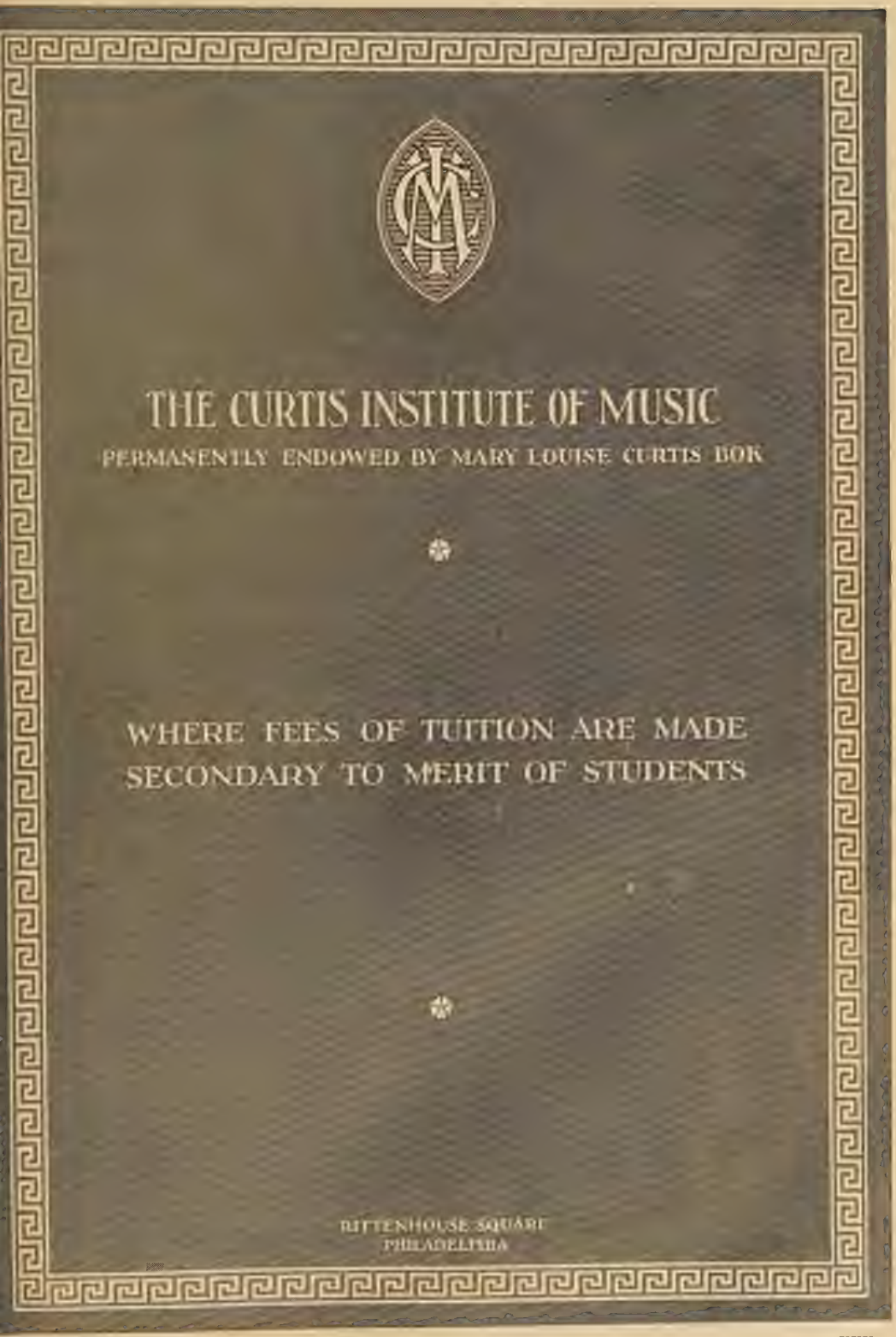
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SCIENTIFIC HUMANISM.
By Lothrop Stoddard. *Charles Scribner's Son*
$2 7½ x 5¼; 177 pp. *New Yor*

After careful investigation Dr. Stoddard has com to the conclusion that "our civilization is in danger because of "the grave disharmonies and maladjust ments, together with the ominous increase of emo tionalism, which is perhaps the most disquietin symptom of the times." But the danger can be averte by encouraging the common man to "understand a least the broad significance of what a humanistic age deep-rooted in the soil of scientific knowledge an flowering in the genial air of enlightened idealism would mean *to him.*" (Italics the author's.) Whe this has been done "the common man will hearke to the voice of reason rather than to the tocsin o passionate emotion." The author was given the titl of Doctor of Philosophy by Harvard University.

THE FINE ARTS

BLUES: *An Anthology.*
Edited by W. C. Handy. *Albert & Charles Boa*
$3.50 11½ x 8¼; 180 pp. *New Yor*

This is the most painstaking and important wor upon Negro music yet published. The introduction by Abbe Niles, traces the history of the so-calle blues with great care, and analyses the form in musicianly and adequate manner. The examples, se lected by Mr. Handy, who reduced the first blues t paper, really illustrate that history. There are man excellent drawings by Miguel Covarrubias.

DRAWING: *Its History and Uses.*
By W. A. S. Benson. *The Oxford University Pres*
$2.25 8 x 5¾; 109 pp. *Oxfor*

The author, who died in 1924, was for many year chairman of the decorating business founded in Lon don by William Morris. His book is not a handboo for students of drawing, but a treatise on the import ance of the art in modern life.

REFERENCE BOOKS

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE
By H. W. Fowler. *The Clarendon Pres*
7s. 6d. 7¼ x 4¾; 742 pp. *Oxfor*

Under one alphabet Mr. Fowler ranges not only hi own vast lexicographical knowledge, but also tha of his brother, the late F. G. Fowler, who died i 1918. They began the book together in 1911. It is veritable encyclopedia, and covers punctuation an

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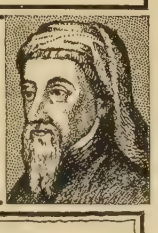

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various grammatical questions as well as words. With some of the learned author's conclusions (for example under Period) few Americans will agree, but he is unfailingly plausible and never dull. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a more readable dictionary

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY.
By Will Durant. *Simon & Schuste*
$5 9⅜ x 6¼; 577 pp. *New Yor*

This is an excellent book. The aim of the autho is to rehearse the principal philosophical ideas tha have come into the world since Plato, in plain lan guage and for the general reader. He makes his wa through that vast material very adroitly, and neve fails to be both clear and interesting. The philosopher chiefly discussed are Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Spinoza Voltaire, Kant, Schopenhauer, Spencer, Nietzsche and, among living men, Bergson, Croce, Bertran Russell, Santayana and John Dewey. The book sadl lacks an index.

FOLK-LORE

BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE SHANTY-BOY
Edited by Franz Rickaby.
The Harvard University Pres
$3.50 8½ x 5½; 244 pp. *Cambridge, Mass*

A collection of lumberman's songs from the Michi gan, Minnesota and Wisconsin woods, all of them sung during what the editor calls the Golden Age o American lumbering, 1870–1900. There are fifty-on in all, and most of them are accompanied by tunes The editor appends careful and useful notes, and there is also a glossary.

FOLK-SONGS DU MIDI DES ÉTATS-UNIS.
By Josiah H. Combs. Les Presses Universitaires de Franc
40 fr. 10 x 6¼; 230 pp. *Pari*

Dr. Combs is professor of modern languages at the University of Oklahoma, and the present work wa presented as a thesis for the degree of *docteur-ès-lettre* at the Sorbonne. It deals with the folk-songs of the Appalachian highlanders, a subject to which Dr Combs, himself a Highlander, has devoted himself for many years. The collection is valuable and very interesting, and the commentary is full of shrewdness

MISCELLANEOUS

25.
By Beverly Nichols. *The George H. Doran Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 256 pp. *New York*

The greater part of this amusing book is devoted to personal glimpses of the more popular figures in

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current English life, but the first few pages are giv over to the author's views of Dr. Nicholas Mur Butler, the late President Wilson and Chief Just Taft.

OSCAR WILDE FROM PURGATORY.
By Hester Travers Smith. *Henry Holt and Comp.*
$2 8½ x 5⅛; 179 pp *New Y*

About half of this absurd book is filled w "spirit messages" from Wilde, while the remain is devoted to a discussion of psychical matters general. In his "messages" Wilde speaks harshly Joyce's "Ulysses," but he is rather friendly tow Galsworthy.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE AND MISCE LANEOUS PAPERS OF SAMUEL PEPYS.
Edited by J. R. Tanner. *Harcourt, Brace and Comp*
$12.50 8¾ x 5½; 2 vols; 382 + 392 pp. *New Y*

Pepys' famous Diary ends on May 31, 1669. T present collection of correspondence and old pap 530 in number, many of them never before publish *in toto* or at all, ranges in time from April 14, 167 sometime in 1721 or thereabouts (exact date known). The last nine papers have nothing to with Pepys directly, and they have slight inte otherwise. Most of the stuff in these two volu is of a personal nature, and while it sheds additio light on the type of man Pepys was, it contribu little to an understanding of his times. There ar few letters, however, from people high in the Engl government of the time and from friends on Continent that are full of the color of the hig English spheres of those days and of the goings in France, Holland, Spain and Italy. There are a lo and useful introduction by the editor, a chronologi list of the whole collection, and an index. E volume has a frontispiece portrait of Pepys.

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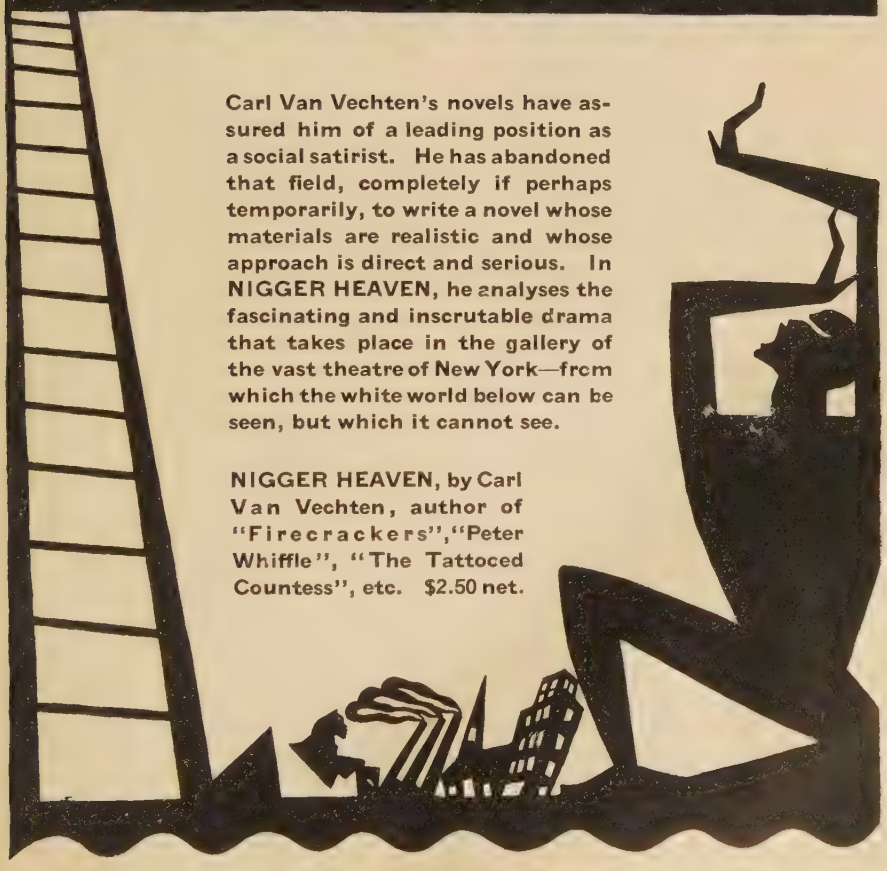

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First and Fifth Estates

SOON after the inauguration of the kennel department of *The American Mercury*, The Borzoi announces two books on a sport for the pursuit of which members of his species, if not his breed, are indispensable. Perhaps as many riders to hounds follow their favorite diversion (for no one does it at all as a secondary diversion) in the capacity of dog-lovers as in that of horsemen: the dogs, at least, seem to enjoy themselves.

Be that as it may, the accounts of hunting in England given by *Charles James Apperley* and *Charles Simpson*, separated by nearly a hundred years, establish more than the fact that tradition in England is a living force. They establish further that of all British habits which have influenced American habits, the sport of kings is that in which the New World has least to amend. It has been taken over bodily.

Charles James Apperley wrote, between 1810 and 1840, under the name of *Nimrod*. He might be called the *Grantland Rice* of his time, for purposes of identification; they certainly have in common the capacity to invent a language of their own: a language which gives the feel of their subject and the smell of the turf—or the links, as the case may be. NIMROD'S HUNTING TOURS appeared in 1835, and has ever since, for those fortunate individuals who wanted its particular kind of comfort, been of the greatest solace in calling up, in or out of season, the feeling o the turf when the turf was inaccessible.

Charles Simpson, joint master of the Quorn, ha added to this invaluable literature LEICESTER SHIRE AND ITS HUNTS, a more modern picture which he has illustrated profusely both in color an in black and white. *Mr. Simpson* has been in a admirable position to describe the Quorn, the Cottes more, the Belvoir—and the other favorite hunts o the contemporary Britisher.

These are companionable books—books for a life time to those who want them. Returning to America and to a more recent discovery, The Borzoi announce THE FIFTH ESTATE, a history of golf in America The first golf club to be formed in America had it inception in Savannah, Georgia, in the first decade o the last century; but golf as it is now played ha existed only forty years. THE FIFTH ESTATE is a informal history of those years, by *James R. Crowe* and *Jerome D. Travers*—a collaboration that ensure a fair show of both the human and the technical side of the game, and produces a book to fascinate ever lover of golf and convert every opponent.

NIMROD'S HUNTING TOURS *A New Edition. With an introduction b* W. SHAW SPARROW. $7.50 *net.*

LEICESTERSHIRE AND IT HUNTS *by* CHARLES SIMPSON R.I., R.O.I., *with an introduction b* MAJOR A. E. BURNABY, J.P., *Join Master of the Quorn.* $12.00 *net.*

THE FIFTH ESTATE: THIRT YEARS OF GOLF, *by* JEROME D TRAVERS *and* JAMES R. CROWELL $3.00 *net.*

Hot Saturday

Harvey Fergusson has written equally well of Nev Mexico and Washington, D. C.; the difference i mainly that he writes less objectively of the South west than of the East, and conveys, in the midst o whatever unpleasant events, the sense of an attrac tive locality. His first novel, THE BLOOD O THE CONQUERORS, concerned itself intimatel with the moribund Spanish, presenting the Anglo Saxon only in contrast. Of *Mr. Fergusson's* abilit to speak for the Southwest, the El Paso *Times* which ought to know, sufficiently convinces, in call ing THE BLOOD OF THE CONQUERORS "th best, and almost the only realistic, novel eve

(*Continued on page 14*)

A Prize Novel

PRIZE contests among novels have generally the purpose of discovering and developing a new writer, and the established novelist, who has become known without the assistance of this gratification, cannot qualify as an entry. Last year, however, *Liberty Magazine* and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation conceived of prize contest without this restriction—indeed thout any restriction—and were rewarded with a luge of almost a hundred thousand manuscripts. nong them was MANNEQUIN, by *Fannie Hurst*, ich was awarded the prize of $50,000 by *J. N. heeler*, Executive Editor of *Liberty*, *Jesse L. Lasky*, d *Rex Beach*, acting as judges.

Miss Hurst's name is known to millions, but few e familiar with the career that led up to the success her new novel. She began to write at the age of rteen, and later joined the staff of a St. Louis wspaper. After graduating from Washington Uniersity, she went to New York, and while she wrote ory after story that was unsalable, she collected aterial for the stories of New York life that made r famous. At the same time she was studying social search, doing graduate work at Columbia Univery, and playing small parts on the stage as they me her way. She began to travel after living in ew York a few years; like Stevenson, she has ossed the ocean in steerage to gather material; and e has traveled extensively in Slav and Latin untries.

Perhaps more than any other writer she has thus come intimate not only with the nature of the nerican melting-pot, but with the origins of what es into it. Her sympathetic, searching studies of e foreigners in New York, in all the stages of nericanization, and originating in all European untries from Finland to Italy, gave her acknowlged supremacy in her own field.

With her last two novels she has branched out rther. APPASSIONATA dealt with Irish-Amerins as a medium for portraying the heroine's igious life, and only secondarily to describe the ocess of naturalization in a previous generation. er latest work, MANNEQUIN, abandons the melting-pot altogether, and tells a straightforward story of an American family. The subject is a tribute to *Miss Hurst's* versatility, and the plot brings out again her qualities of power and ingenuity in realizing intimately for the reader situations and characters unfamiliar to him.

MANNEQUIN. *By* FANNIE HURST, *author of "Appassionata."* $2.00 *net.*

Grins and Genius

Wyndham Lewis, English art critic and man of letters, published his first novel during the war—a novel of the Latin Quarter, intense in its criticism of some of the personalities characteristic of that quarter's polyglot Bohemianism. Long out of print, TARR is now published again, with the original preface in which the author, while disclaiming responsibility for most of his artistic hero's eccentricities, declares himself in agreement in one respect:

"The artists of this country make a plain and pressing appeal to their fellow-citizens. It is as follows—They appeal:

"(1) That at the moment of this testing and trying of the forces of the nation, of intellect, of character, they should grant more freedom to the artists and thinkers to develop their visions and ideas. That they should make an effort of sympathy. That the maudlin and the self-defensive Grin should be dropped.

"(2) That the Englishman should become ashamed of his Grin as he is at present ashamed of solemnity. That he should cease to be ashamed of his 'feelings': then he would automatically become less proud of his Grin.

"(3) That he should remember that seriousness and unsentimentality are quite compatible. Whereas a Grin usually accompanies loose emotionality.

"(4) That in facing the facts of existence as he is at present compelled to do, he should allow artists to economize time in not having to circumvent and get round those facts, but to use them simply and directly.

"(5) That he should restrain his vanity, and not always imagine that his leg is being pulled. A symbolism is of the nature of all human effort. There is no necessity to be literal to be in earnest. Humour, even, may be a symbol. The recognizing of a few simple facts of that sort would help much."

TARR. *By* WYNDHAM LEWIS. $2.50 *net.*

Science and Religion

In a letter to the publisher, *Gyldendal*, dated June 23, 1925, *Anker Larsen*, author of the Danish prize novel, The Philosopher's Stone, explains the point of view of his present—and future—writings:

"Are not religion and science both rooted in the human mind? Is not harmony between them a final necessity for mankind? And is this harmony possible?

"The train of thought on which my books are based is this:

"Most of us remember from our childhood certain moments strangely *charged with eternity*, which seemed to be altogether of a different *kind* from the moments we *now* know. In The Philosopher's Stone I called childhood's moments respectively *open* and *closed*. In the open moments lies eternity; in the closed ones this transitory, variable life. Now what happens to a man whose memory of the open moments is so powerful as to enable him to recapture them? What happens to him is this: he experiences *eternal life*. Several people have done so; here I need only mention Wordsworth. But to him who thus experiences eternal life *here* and *now*, the words of the great religious geniuses prove to be the simple, natural expression of the laws of spiritual life. The great founders of religions were not strange beings of a different nature from us everyday men and women. They were merely geniuses in the open, eternal world, as others were geniuses in the closed, temporal world. Religions are revealed, but revealed through human souls. Therefore to this day they speak to the human soul—to the open half of it."

Mr. Larsen's new novel, Martha and Mary, deals with two opposite varieties of religious experience. As the title indicates, the story of two sisters is an extended analogy to the parable.

MARTHA AND MARY. *By* J. Anker Larsen, *author of "The Philosopher's Stone."* $2.50 *net.*

Mediterranean Politics

It is a constant wonder that tourists, who arrive and stay on the Côte d'Azur, so seldom seek the privacy of Corsica. Travelers at least tell an attractive story. Here is one from *Réné Juta's* introduction to the account of her Corsican adventures:

"This is the true story of a Corsican journey.

"I have written little or nothing on bandits o their habits, as the last of the famous bandits prac tically hires himself out to dinner parties, and s thwarts the accepted theories. Unless it be that immortalize the epic story of the Corsican elections wherein a bandit figures impersonally. All Pari knew this story, but it is only Corsica that coul have made it.

"Two well-known deputies sought re-election. On had a pull with the police force. One hadn't, though he had more money and possibly more influence The day of the elections the hotel in which the Firs Deputy was living was surrounded by a cordon o police, and no one was allowed to go in or to com out; it was suspected that a famous bandit was i the hotel—one they had been looking for for years

"First Deputy from his hotel window, where vir tually he was imprisoned, watched all day his rival Second Deputy, busily distributing his handbill amid the populace, busily speech-making, busily being re-elected.

"Of course there was no bandit caught there— never had been one. The First Deputy is still unabl to laugh with Paris over the best election story of th year."

CONCERNING CORSICA. *B* Réné Juta. *With eight illustrations i color by* Jan Juta. $3.00 *net.*

Is Science Interesting?

J. W. N. Sullivan calls himself "a man with a scien tific education and a taste for writing"—a dua capacity reflected in his experience. He has don technical work in the field of electricity, and ha been scientific editor of the London *Athanæum* Bertrand Russell has said of him, "He never pre tends that a theory is easier than it is, and h assumes a genuine intellectual interest in the reader not a mere desire for marvels."

Mr. Sullivan's new book contains fifteen essays on a variety of subjects, such as Art and Science The Structure of the Atom, Psycho-Analysis Exam ined, On Being Oneself, The Sense of Possibilities The Materialist Creed, and Herman Melville.

ASPECTS OF SCIENCE: Sec ond Series. *By* J. W. N. Sulli van, *author of "Three Men Discuss Relativity," "Aspects of Science."* $2.5 *net.*

Civilization and the Theatre

WALD SPENGLER'S theory of history, to the ect that each civilization developed by mankind s gone through the same typical stages, ending h extinction and the necessity of beginning all er again, is a theory that might well be applied to drama. If the scale of application is smaller, the t *can be* more precise. In each of its origins— d the drama has had at least two—it has been an rescence of religious ceremony; in each of its col- ses—and it has had at least one and a half—the use has been found in the theatre's having sepa- ed itself too much from its origin.

This is undoubtedly what was found by the early ristians, who gave the death blow to the Roman eatre; by the later Christians, who, although the racle plays developed out of Church ceremony, nsidered them precisely a distraction from Church remony; and by the Puritans, who succeeded ring the seventeenth century in closing the thea- s for eighteen years. The intelligentsia, under ose circumstances, argued that it was not the eatre that had got away from the Church but the urch that, in substituting morality for ceremony, d got away from the theatre. These arguments re never very convincing, particularly when the urch happened to be more powerful than the eatrical managers; and their revival in our own neration is felt to be weak, in that they do very le to stem the rising tide of censorship.

George Jean Nathan, in his new book on the thea- , favors the abandonment of these arguments ogether. He suggests that the theatre come into e open not as a potential ally but as an avowed emy to morality: for the artistic emotion, argues r. *Nathan*, is naturally and inevitably subversive morality. This is a considerable step beyond the rrent critics' statements that art and morality ve nothing to do with each other—and no reader THE HOUSE OF SATAN will deny that it is re effective.

THE HOUSE OF SATAN. *By* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, *author of "The Autobiography of an Attitude," "Materia Critica," "The Popular Theatre," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

A Lord of Spain

HAT the effect of distinguished critical opinion on blic taste is generally negligible has become a titude; it is therefore gratifying to point out an exception to the rule. *Jacinto Benavente*, one of Spain's foremost dramatists, known in America particularly through his play THE PASSION FLOWER, wrote several years ago:

"*Pío Baroja* is the most compelling personality in the contemporary Spanish novel. His people reflect the intense life of Spain, and exemplify all that is most characteristic of our race. The insight of *Pío Baroja* will be found invariably penetrating and exact. *Baroja's* novels are the most illuminating introduction to the psychology of the Spanish people."

Whether or not it is the effect of *Señor Benavente*, *Pío Baroja* has now been voted the most popular novelist of Spain, according to a letter from *Herschel Brickell* to the New York Evening Post, of which he was formerly literary critic:

"Heraldo de Madrid, an afternoon newspaper here, which has been conducting for some time an investigation into the relative merits and popularity of contemporary Spanish novelists, has brought its inquiry to a close and announces the results. Four full columns were devoted to an analysis of the opinions of the paper's readers. *Pío Baroja*, a little of whose work is known to American readers in translation, although several of his best novels are only available in Spanish, led the list in Heraldo's investigation, with *Blasco Ibañez* a close second. . . .

"I have had the good fortune to meet two of the novelists in the list, *Pío Baroja* and *Gabriel Miró*, both unusually interesting and as strikingly different in appearance, in manner, in speech, as they are in their books. *Señor Baroja* is a typical Basque, short, thick-set, with a round head, a close-clipped beard and keen, light-brown eyes, often alight with humor. I was told he seldom emerged from his workroom for social events, but he came to a tea and talked of many things, including the small sale of good books in Spain, his own and others, the tremendous growth of interest here in sports, the newspaper space devoted to football, boxing and other such matters as compared with the space given to literature."

THE LORD OF LABRAZ is the latest novel of *Baroja* to be translated; it represents a new aspect of his work, which is flexible and continually experimental—constant only in its high quality.

THE LORD OF LABRAZ. *By* PÍO BAROJA, *Author of "Red Dawn,"*

"Weeds," etc., translated from the Spanish by AUBREY F. G. BELL. *$2.50 net.*

The Meaning of Pan-Europe

"PAN-EUROPE signifies—self-help through the consolidation of Europe into an *ad hoc* politico-economic federation.

"The objection will be raised against PAN-EUROPE that it is a Utopia, but this objection leaves it unscathed. No natural law is opposed to its realization. It harmonizes the interests of an overwhelming majority of Europeans; it violates the interests of only a dwindling minority.

"This small but powerful minority which today directs the fortunes of Europe, will endeavor to brand Pan-Europe as a Utopia. To this the reply is that every great historical happening began as a Utopia and ended as a reality.

"In 1913 the Polish and Czecho-Slovak republics were Utopias; in 1918 they became realities. In 1916 the victory of the communists in Russia was a Utopia; in 1917 it was an accomplished fact. To a politician, in inverse proportion to his power of imagination, the realm of Utopia seems greater and the realm of possibility smaller. World history has more imagination than the puppets who make it; and it is compounded of unending surprises—of Utopias come true.

"Whether an idea remains a Utopia or becomes a reality usually depends upon the number and the energy of its supporters. While thousands believe in Pan-Europe, it is a Utopia; so long as millions believe in it, it is a program; but once a hundred millions believe in it, it becomes a fact."—*From the Foreword.*

PAN-EUROPE. *By* RICHARD N. COUDENHOVE-KALERGI. *With a Foreword by* NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER. *$2.50 net.*

Climate and Mystery

THERE is something inherently English about the mystery story. This has been the case since the popular Gothic romances of the eighteenth century, and the art has grown and flourished, down to *Conan Doyle* and *J. S. Fletcher*. The reason is probably the grey, impenetrable atmosphere, in which for a man of imagination anything may lurk. Even American mystery stories—those of any standing—call on the conveniences of the English scene, the abandoned house, the lonely moor, the chalk cliff, and the fog. The advent of automobiles, machine-guns, and airplanes can make no impression on the contrivances provided for the mystery writer by a sinister nature.

His appreciation of these contrivances is perhaps the surest mark of a good mystery writer; and no one handles them more skilfully than the happily prolific *Mr. J. S. Fletcher*, whose latest novel, THE GREAT BRIGHTON MYSTERY, has just been published. Brighton can be identified as the English equivalent of Atlantic City—with the advantage of those unscalable cliffs of the South coast of England, as welcome to Fletcher's readers as to the traveler from Calais.

THE GREAT BRIGHTON MYSTERY. *By* J. S. FLETCHER, *author of "The Cartwright Gardens Mystery," "The Kang-He Vase," "The Amaranth Club," etc. $2.00 net.*

Hot Saturday

(*Continued from page 10*)

written about the Southwest. . . . If you realize that your Southwest is big enough to do without boosting and to endure a little true artistic representation, this is by long odds the best account of its life and progress to give to your Eastern relatives."

HOT SATURDAY, just published, returns to New Mexico and gives the modern picture: one day of the pursuit by an Albuquerque maiden of an Eastern husband.

HOT SATURDAY. *By* HARVEY FERGUSSON, *author of "The Blood of the Conquerors," "Capitol Hill," "Women and Wives." $2.50 net.*

Cavaliers and Cony-Catchers

THE Blue Jade Library has brought many things to light. Its latest discovery is the key to the complexity of motives underlying the execution of one of America's first appreciators, *Sir Walter Ralegh*. The author of his biography, *Martin A. S. Hume*, appears to have foreseen as early in 1897 the method from which biographies were to derive their popularity twenty-five years later, for he makes an altogether interesting story of it; but this did not prevent him from taking steps towards completeness and authority. For instance, he showed for the first time the contents of Gondomar's—the Spanish Ambassador's—correspondence, which makes it clear that

alegh's death was demanded of James, not for a rsonal reason, but as a sign that England meant interfere no further in South America.

* * *

Another discovery is an expostulatory letter, sup-osed to have been sent by a Persian diplomat to *ames Morier*, author of HAJJÎ BABA, a tale of a ersian picaroon which, according to *Sir Walter ott*, "affords an easy and humorous introduction the oriental manners and customs, but especially those which are peculiar to the Persians." The tter in question was accepted as *bona fide* by Scott; ut opinion subsequently made it out as a publicity unt. In either event it is worth reproducing, so far space permits:

"Tehran, 21st May, 1826.

"My de.. Friend,—I am offended with you, and ot without reason. What for you write HAJJÎ ABA, sir? King very angry, sir. I swear him you ever write lies; but he say, yes—write. All people ery angry with you, sir. That very bad book, sir. ll lies, sir. Who tell you all these lies, sir? What for ou not speak to me? Very bad business, sir. Persian eople very bad people, perhaps, but very good to ou, sir. What for you abuse them so bad? I very ngry. Sheikh Abdul Russool write oh! very long tter to the king 'bout that book, sir. He say you ll king's wife one bad woman, and king kill her. very angry, sir. But you are my friend, and I tell ng, sheikh write all lie. . . .

"P. S. As you write so many things 'bout Mirza rouz, I think you send me some seeds and roots ot bad; and because I defend you to the king, and ear so much, little china and glass for me very ood."

IR WALTER RALEGH. *By* MARTIN A. S. HUME. *$3.00 net.*

HE ADVENTURES OF HAJJÎ BABA OF ISPAHAN. *By* JAMES MORIER. *With an introduction by* E. G. BROWNE. *$3.00 net.*

A Gallant Chronicle

T WAS in 1885 that *Arthur Machen* began to write is book, as a young man who had "knocked about ondon for two years." During those years he had ad the chronicles and stories that foreshadowed ie Renaissance—from Geoffrey of Monmouth and Ialory to Brantôme and Rabelais.

"It is conscious archaism, of course," writes the *Weekly Westminster*, "this chronicle of the 'witty and facetious discourses, jests and histories' of Master Perrot and his convivial fellow-Silurists; such archaism that every separate mention of tobacco comes as a shock. This young *Mr. Machen* mixed his periods rather, but we fail to see any particular objection to that. If one cannot possess quite all the vigour of Rabelais, the spice of Brantôme and the wit of Boccaccio, one must be able to substitute what one has—a pleasing modern humour and a delight in the subtleties of monastic theology, the graces of chivalry and the joys of Merry England—or Gwent—that one's originals may or may not have had."

THE CHRONICLE OF CLEMENDY. *By* ARTHUR MACHEN, *author of "The Canning Wonder," "The Anatomy of Tobacco," "The Hill of Dreams," etc. $2.50 net.*

Origins of the Chauve-Souris

OF THE latest volume added to THE COLLECTED WORKS OF NIKOLAY GOGOL, the London *Times* writes:

"*Mrs. Garnett* may soon be compelled to give her attention to the lesser Russian writers. Two or three more volumes will complete her translation of Gogol, the last but earliest of the five great prose writers whose work she has so largely helped to make known in England. None of them is easy to translate, and *Gogol* is in many ways the most difficult of them all. The rather high-flown style he affected at the outset of his career occasionally runs to the verbose, but it has also a truly lyrical exuberance which calls for something more than skill in the translator. We have nothing but admiration for *Mrs. Garnett's* work in this volume. . . . There are eight stories in the volume, all of which originally appeared in various magazines when the author was twenty-one or twenty-two. Published shortly afterwards in book form, they purported to be tales told by a village sacristan and written down by Rudy Panko, a bee-keeper. The bee-keeper introduced something quite new into Russian literature (this was in 1831) and *Gogol* won instantaneous recognition."

These stories are light, humorous, fantastic, with nothing of the "Russian gloom" of literary tradition.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF NIKOLAY GOGOL: VOLUME IV, EVENINGS ON A FARM NEAR DIKANKA. *Translated from the Russian by* CONSTANCE GARNETT. *$2.50 net.*

The BORZOI BROADSIDE *for* AUGUST 1926

The Rising Eastern Star

Marmaduke Pickthall, author of SAÏD THE FISHERMAN and THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS, was born in England of pure English ancestry; but, having lived in the East since he was eighteen years old, and having acquired Eastern sympathies quite the reverse of the usual British colonial attitude, he has actually been referred to both as half-Turk and half-Arab.

One of the incidents of his career was his acceptance of the editorship of the Bombay Chronicle, in June, 1920. This put him in charge of the official organ of Indian Nationalism, where he expounded the ideas of Gandhi, to the approval of the Mahatma, but not of the Bombay government. This led to a situation which he describes as follows:

"I resigned the editorship of the Bombay Chronicle at the beginning of August, 1924, in the following circumstances. Three suits for defamation of character were brought against the paper and myself, ostensibly by three officials, really by the Bombay Government, in connection with the Dharwar Shooting incident of July 1, 1921, when a sub-inspector of police fired on a crowd in the dark without warning (three killed, forty wounded). Our strictures on the Weal officials for their subsequent behavior gave offence to the authorities, who chose to regard us as 'the enemy.' We were really tried for nothing less remarkable than 'blasphemy'—the Advocate-General used that word to qualify our strictures in the High Court of Bombay. Among other curious features of the trial (to an Englishman of England) one of the prosecuting counsel was the brother of the Judge. The trial came on after three years, and the judgment went dead against us (as every Indian had predicted that it would inevitably), so much so that the directors of the paper had to look about for funds wherewith to pay the damages and costs. They found them in a transaction with the egregious Swaroj Partymen who have always been untrue to the Mahatma. I was asked if I could change the policy to suit the programme of that party. I could not, and so resigned.

"Since then I have been offered various posts, but have refused them, waiting for some good thing to turn up, and devoting much of my time to an attempt to translate the Koran into worthy English. It has never been done yet. I am not free to leave India until the costs and damages have been paid in full by the Bombay Chronicle.

"Before I came to India I had received at various times the thanks of the Egyptian, Turkish, Albanian, Persian and Afghan Governments for the little I had been able to do, on my own account, to give the English understanding of the problems of the East. I had also had the thanks of the International Red Cross Committee, Geneva."

THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS.. *By* MARMADUKE PICKTHALL, *author of "Saïd the Fisherman," $2.50 net.*

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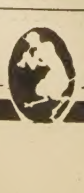

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IN

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Stories and Articles by

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